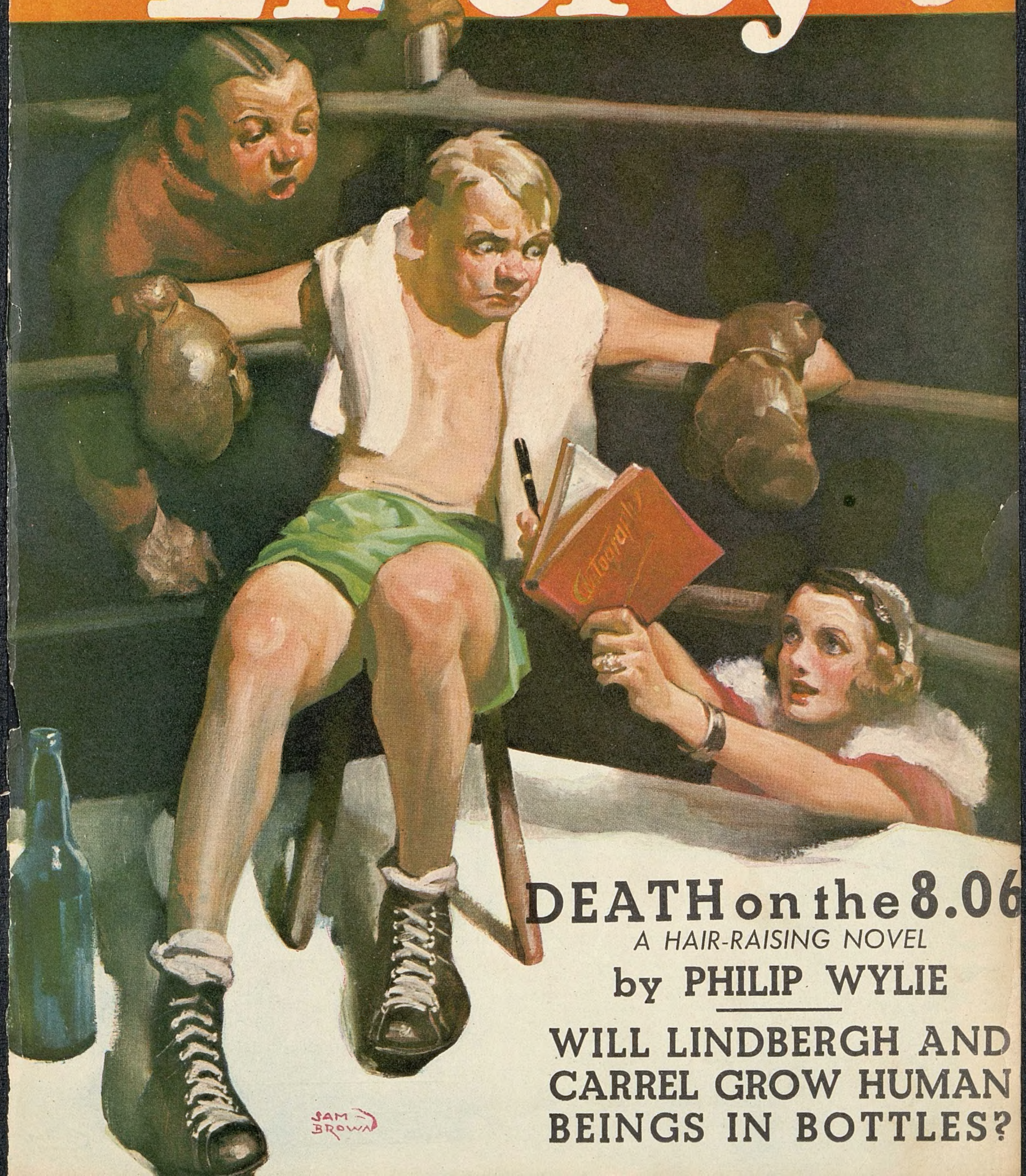
OW I SHALL BEAT JOE LOUIS WHERE ALL OTHERS FAILED

BY MAX SCHMELING

JUNE 13,
1936

Liberty

5¢

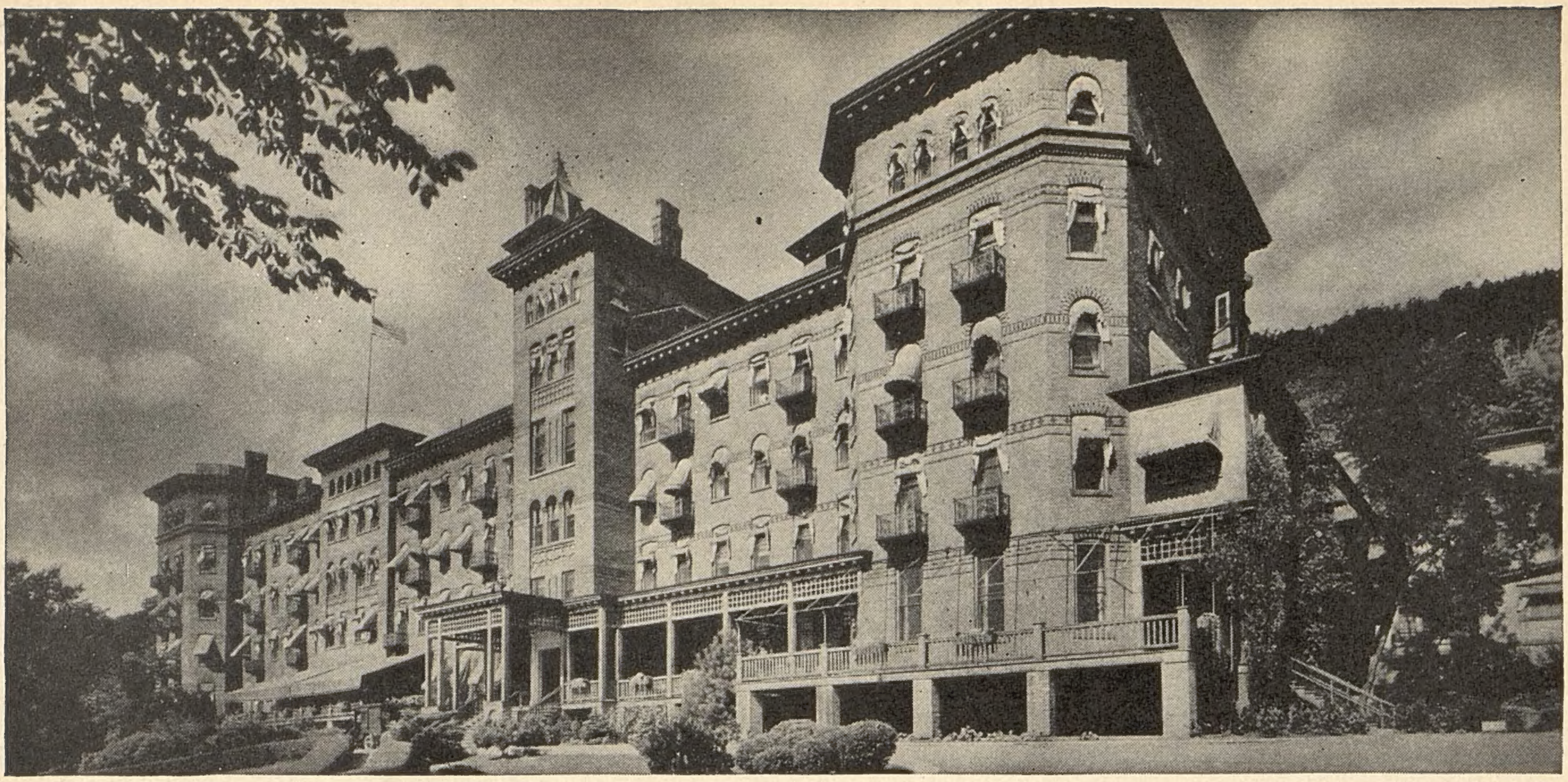

Autographs
SAM BROWN

DEATH on the 8.06

A HAIR-RAISING NOVEL

by PHILIP WYLIE

WILL LINDBERGH AND CARREL GROW HUMAN BEINGS IN BOTTLES?



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IF you or some member of your family has a knotty health problem, by all means investigate the Physical Culture Health Resort where hundreds of amazing recoveries have taken place. ● Controlled by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation this is the largest health center in the world where every health regimen is administered in full accordance with natural law and consequently receives the complete cooperation of Nature in whose power it is to remedy most human weaknesses. ● Located in the heart of the gorgeously beautiful Genesee country of western New York, its surroundings are ideal. Fellowship and friendliness abound. None of the depressing air of pain and misery so common at many health resorts. Here building health is a happy game. A delightful place to spend a few days or weeks in rest, recreation or health training. ● Write for full information, moderate rate schedule and details regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

Note: The New Deauville Hotel, Miami Beach, Florida, opened as a pleasure resort last winter, will soon be ready to give the same health building regimes that have been so phenomenally successful in Dansville. For further information write New York Information Bureau, Room 1517, Chanin Bldg., New York, N. Y.

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DANIEL FROHMAN, FAMOUS THEATRICAL PRODUCER, ENTHUSIASTIC OVER PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

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Bernarr Macfadden, founder of the Macfadden Foundation, announces the opening of the Foundation's first FOOT CLINIC at the PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL HEALTH RESORT, Dansville, New York. Here the foot sufferer may receive in connection with other prescribed drugless treatments and instruction and with the desired privacy and comfort, scientific corrective foot treatments which have been definitely proven as a major aid in correcting many of the present day deformities and ailments resulting from the wearing of improper footwear.

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excepting the 3 lowest-priced cars?

*Money-Saving Dodge Touring Sedan (with built-in trunk) $760**

Here's Why

They say the big, Money-Saving Dodge gives them 18 to 24 miles to the gallon of gas . . . saves up to 20% on oil . . . and can be bought for not much more than $25 a month

WITH thousands of owners, all over America, reporting Dodge as giving them from 18 to 24 miles to the gallon of gas and saving up to 20% on oil, it's easy to see why more people are buying this big, money-saving car than any other make, with the exception of the three lowest-priced cars!

But those are only *two* of the reasons! The great popularity of Dodge, which made it the fastest selling car in its field, has also made possible the low prices of only $640 and up, list prices at factory, Detroit. And at these low prices, Dodge is continually providing new thousands with big-car luxury, at an operating cost which owners themselves say is actually less than small, competitive cars!

Consider, too, the many extra-value features Dodge gives you! Safety-steel body . . . *genuine* hydraulic brakes . . . safety-beam headlights . . . equalized weight distribution . . . longer, more flexible springs . . . Chair-Height seats . . . patented Floating Power engine mountings . . . and many other advancements! And, now, under the new Commercial Credit Company low-cost terms, Dodge is so easy to pay for!

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Division of Chrysler Corporation

"I'd heard a lot about the economy of Dodge," writes Ben W. Breer, St. Louis, "but I only had to drive my Dodge a few weeks to have Dodge economy proved right before my eyes. I am getting nearly 22 miles to a gallon."

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Big **MONEY SAVING DODGE** *at new low price-only* **$640***

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JUNE 13, 1936
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BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR IN CHIEF
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

Various Planks Suggested for the Republican Platform

BERNARR MACFADDEN

FIRST: Return to the principles that made us the world's wealthiest nation with half of the riches of the world and with a standard of living for the workers far above all other countries.

SECOND: Discard absolutely the wild experiments of fanciful and inexperienced dreamers and hold fast to the principles that have been tested and proved dependable in this country through several generations.

THIRD: Eliminate or cut to the bone colossal expenses running into billions of dollars—the cost to taxpayers of the bureaucracy—and the Socialistic activities that aim to usurp the governmental authority now vested in Congress.

FOURTH: Return to the various states the governmental powers which the national government has seized from them in recent years.

FIFTH: Drastically reduce the expense of the federal government, outside of loans and soldiers' pensions, until they approximate the amount expended in the early part of this century, namely, half a billion dollars—less than 7 per cent of the present cost.

SIXTH: Turn over the supervision of all relief measures to the states, the federal government lending the various states the necessary funds to meet emergencies.

SEVENTH: Make every worker a partner in the business in which he is employed through a system of protection for workers which will make violent and costly strikes unnecessary. To accomplish this, class every business organization as a separate unit and give the workers a percentage of the profits over and above an agreed percentage.

EIGHTH: Distinguish clearly between earned and unearned income in personal taxation. Remove all taxes on earned income of employers, with the understanding that a percentage of the amount goes to the workers and the balance to business promotion.

NINTH: Remove all taxes that are excessive and discriminating from American business and thus promote investment and increase opportunities for workers.

TENTH: Annul all fool laws, especially those that support blackmailing and racketeering crooks and their legal leeches.

ELEVENTH: Balance the budget, or present a plan that will convince every business man in the country that he can depend upon a balanced budget within a reasonable time.

TWELFTH: Stabilize the currency on a gold basis that will enable us to compete commercially as nearly as possible on an even basis with foreign countries.

THIRTEENTH: Make it unlawful for the government to issue tax-free bonds, thus making it easier for legitimate business to secure capital for business promotion.

FOURTEENTH: Take the government out of business absolutely, leaving it to business men whose long experience and training fit them for the management of industrial and commercial affairs.

FIFTEENTH: Make every possible endeavor to bring the farmers into direct contact with the consumers by means of markets in which free space is allotted them in all thickly populated communities, where they may sell their products to dealers and consumers. Also urge that farmers sell their products wherever feasible to farm organizations or co-operatives similar to the fruit exchanges of California. Furthermore, give the farmers a bounty on their foreign shipments, enabling them to compete on equal terms with the farmers of other lands.

SIXTEENTH: Aim gradually to exchange our national system of taxation so that eventually we pay only one tax which embodies all levies and which may be altered from year to year with a view to insuring a balanced budget.

SEVENTEENTH: Tax foreigners residing here permanently; and if here illegitimately, or if on the dole, return them to their own countries.

EIGHTEENTH: Have a tariff that will protect farmers, the workers, and industry in general from the competition of cheap foreign labor.

NINETEENTH: Strengthen national defense, including land, naval, and air forces, to protect us against invasion by foreign foes.

TWENTIETH: Replace unemployment insurance with job insurance.

TWENTY-FIRST: Insure the youth of America gainful occupations that will give them opportunity for marriage and home building.

TWENTY-SECOND: Extend old-age insurance to include crippled and helpless citizens of all ages who cannot be supported by relatives.

Bernarr Macfadden

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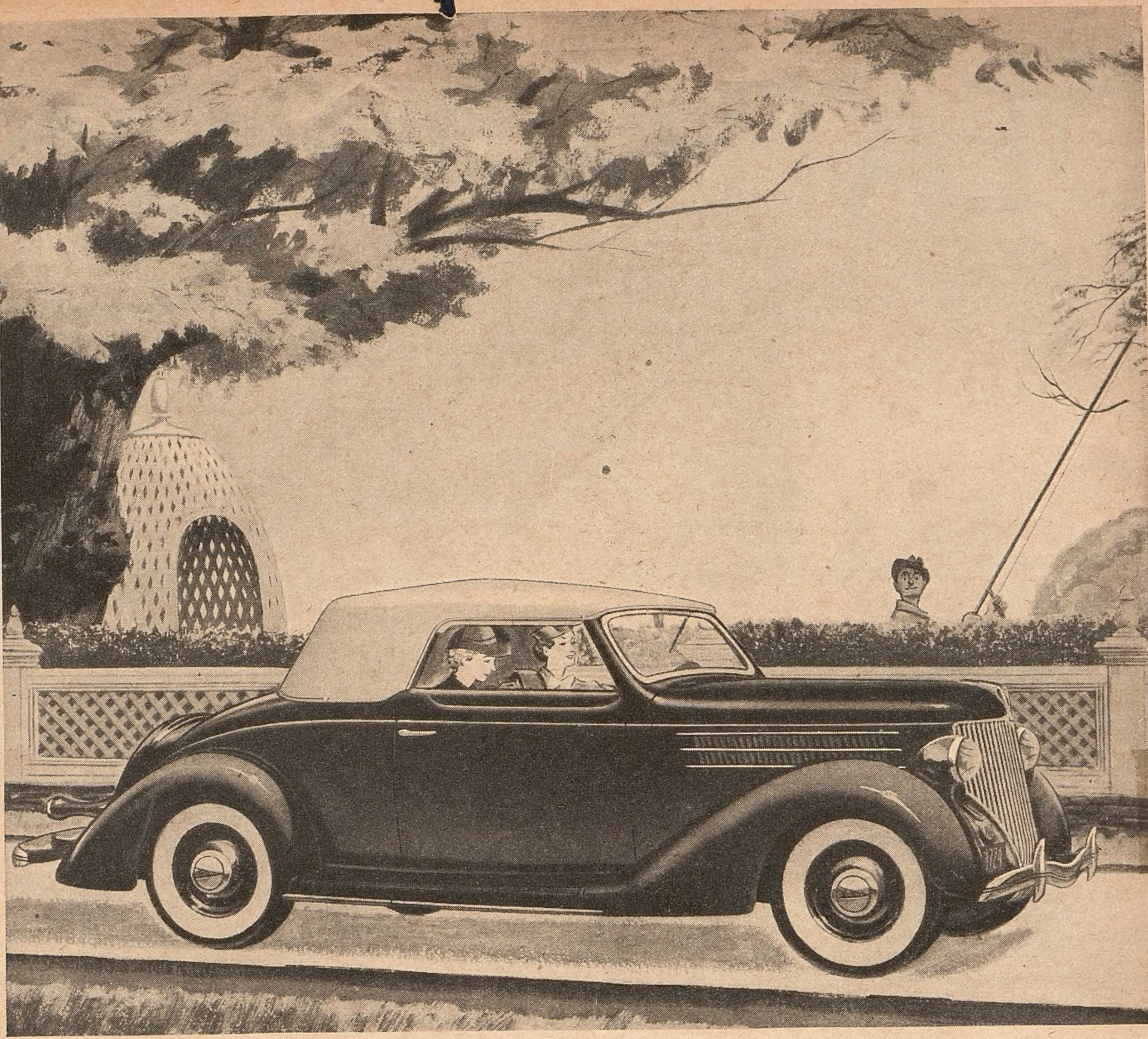

THE NEW FORD V-8 CLUB CABRIOLET

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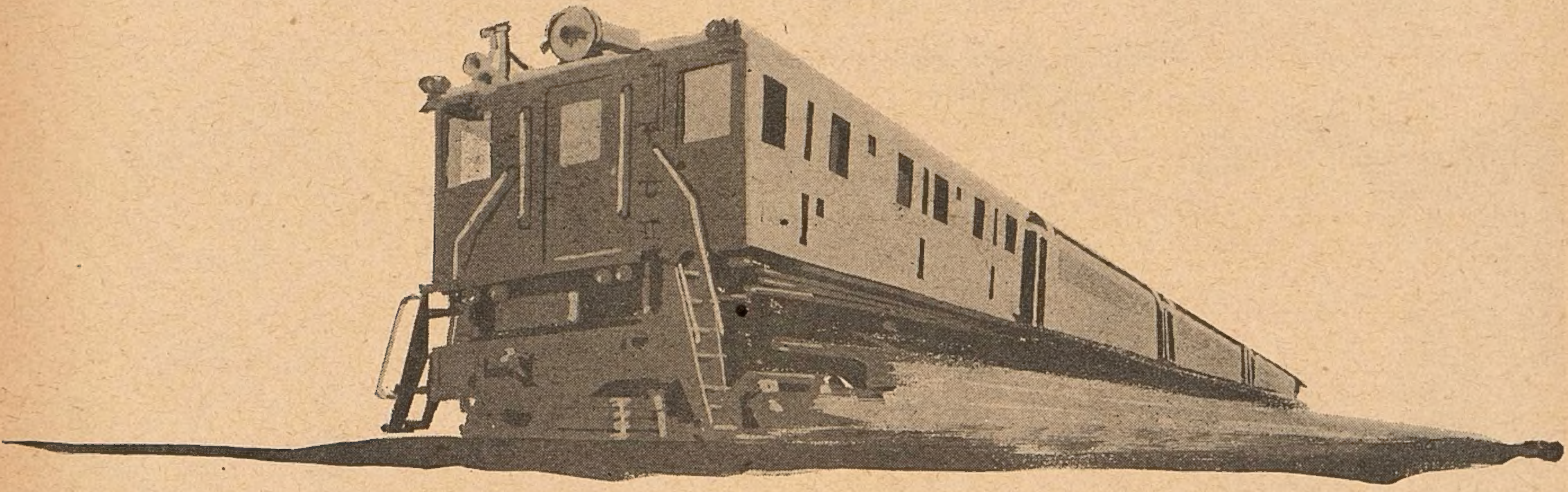
★ BEGINNING ★

DEATH on the 8.06



READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

PART ONE—THE REDHEADED MAN

FOR one week I ate excitement. Not long ago I had a different name. I lived at a different address. My occupation in life was different. I have even changed the way I cut my hair, and make up my face, and dress.

I am not the same person I was a few weeks ago.

Those changes were brought about by events—appalling events—which took place on the friendly family-like commuters' train which leaves Bellefountain at 8.06 every weekday morning and reaches New York at ten minutes of nine.

They had their beginning three weeks ago—although the prelude was not alarming.

Alice Verney and I were riding together on a May morning so beautiful that I had hated to board the train. Alice had just said, "Janet, I'm getting so sick of the crowd on this train that I am thinking of asking for permission to get to the office late every day, so I can switch over to the territory on the 8.20."

Alice is one of those girls who pretend, with a sort of coy forwardness, to be perpetually on the lookout for a husband. There is something quite serious under her pretense. She's twenty-seven, and not pretty. Her family lives three doors away from mine on Maple Street. I like her—most girls do.

The 8.06 stops twice between Bellefountain and New York: at Eumoria, which is a garden-apartment suburb, and at Wayne, which is Bellefountain's rival for the suburban championship in miles of paved streets, number of rich citizens, estates, excellence of fire department, and so on.

At Eumoria a new passenger boarded the train. A young man. A young man is good for several days' excitement among us who are secretaries.

Naturally, Alice and I gave our full attention to the young man. He became very important in my life. When we saw him first, he was in the vestibule with his back toward us. He was big. He had tightly curled rusty hair. He carried a valise.

Alice said, "Damn! He's going in the next car!"

But he didn't. He turned around—and both of us were shocked. His nose was bandaged and the arm he wasn't using hung in a sling. The electric engine yanked the train away from Eumoria, and he hit the side of the door. He didn't wince, but his face became momentarily pale and I knew he had been hurt. The paleness brought out freckles on his cheeks. He had very blue eyes with crinkled corners, a good-looking mouth—although he compressed it as he walked into the car—and a swell chin. He sat down right across the aisle from Alice and me.

She said, "I saw him first!" and crossed her legs.

He looked at both of us quickly and looked back at me a second time. It was quite a long look, so I didn't need to say anything to Alice. She immediately opened a magazine and tried to make everybody believe that she had not noticed him.

I read my newspaper, and he caught me looking at him once. I think, when he turned his head away, he was grinning.

There is a tunnel through a hill about ten minutes ahead of the place where the train dives under the river. Just beyond the tunnel is a banked curve. Pete, the conductor, and Jim, the trainman, turn on the lights for the tunnel. Once in a while they forget and a car goes through dark. On this particular morning, however, they remembered.

When we hit the curve, something happened. The redheaded young man had tossed his valise up on the rack with his good arm, and it had sat there wobbling. The curve knocked it off and it fell at his feet. It burst open and a heavy blue-steel revolver skittered out on the floor. I saw it because I was sitting on the aisle. Nobody else did. He grabbed it, replaced it, snapped the bag, and looked around vigilantly.

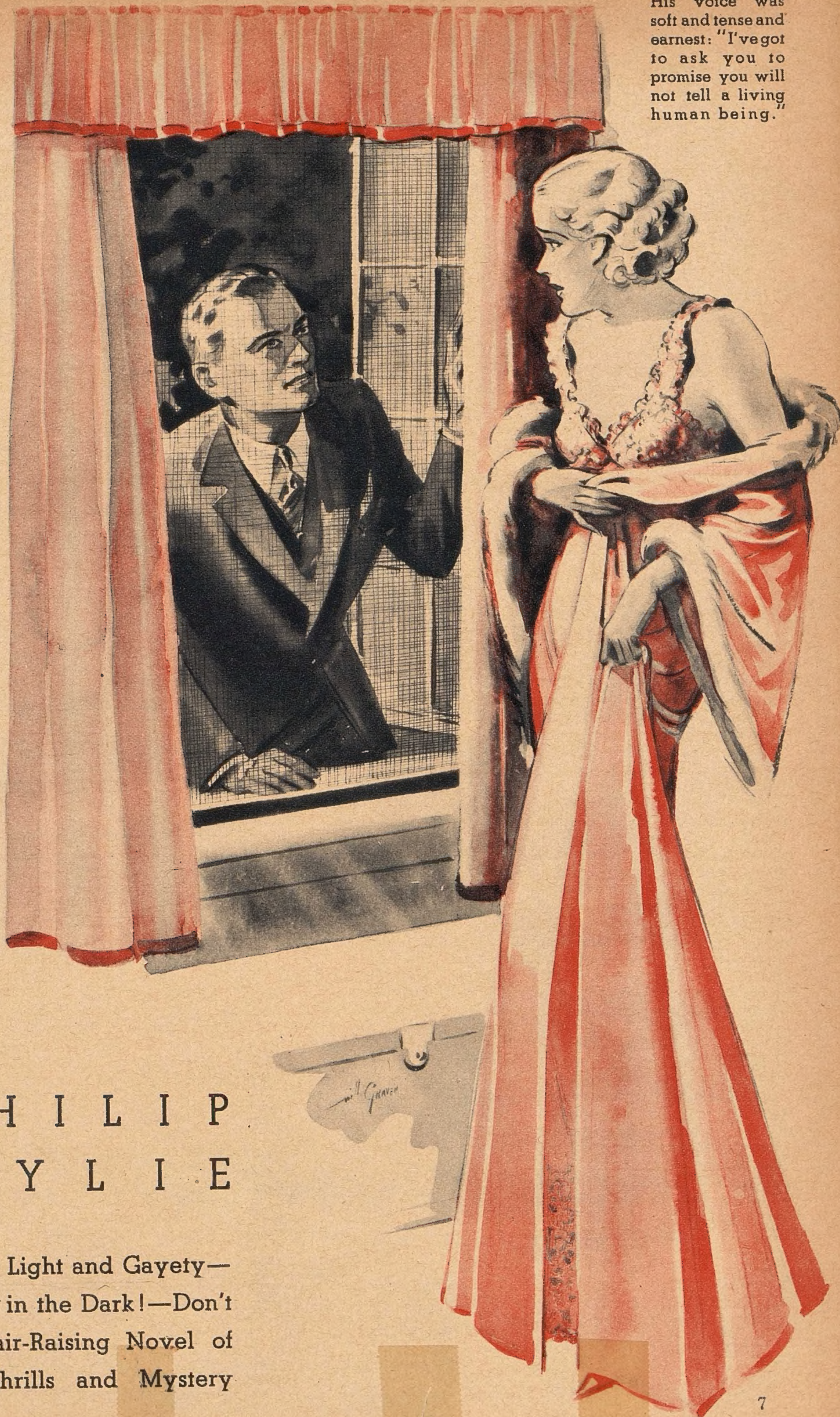
Of course I pretended that I had been reading my newspaper. . . .

Most of the people who come into town on the 8.06 catch the 5.11 back to Bellefountain. That evening, after thinking several times during the day about the young man, I went through the whole train looking for him; but he wasn't aboard.

He did get on the next morning, however. I had made just as sure not to be sitting with Alice as she had not to be handicapped by me.

He was not carrying the bag that had contained the revolver. He looked at me with a remote expression of recognition, and there was something in his eyes that made me want to return the look in kind; but I didn't.

When we pulled out of Eumoria, Harry Hartman came through the train. He's about forty and a bachelor. He lives at the Bellefountain Hotel and is connected with a law firm in New York. He's fat, half-bald, and always cheerful. A little bit baby-faced, with bright empty eyes. He pretends to be madly in love with all the girls on the train. Once, when we were going through the tunnel in the dark, he grabbed me and kissed me. He hung on until



His voice was soft and tense and earnest: "I've got to ask you to promise you will not tell a living human being."

by PHILIP WYLIE

Laughter and Light and Gayety—Then Murder in the Dark!—Don't Miss This Hair-Raising Novel of Love and Thrills and Mystery we came out on the other side, so that everybody in the car could see what he was doing. Then he got up and yelled that it was perfectly all right, because we were engaged. Harry is a born practical joker. Nearly everybody on the train likes him. I don't.

He sat down beside me, chuckling. " Did you ever hear the story about the three holes in the ground? " he asked.

I nodded. " Well, well, well."

" And the dirty shirt? "

" One on you."

Harry giggled, " The older they are, the funnier." He caught sight of the redheaded young man. " A new face."

" I saw him yesterday."

" I suppose all you girls are agog. He looks a little the worse for wear. Probably fell down somebody's fire escape." Harry sighed. " In my capacity of matchmaker, I expect I had better bury my own hopes and introduce him."

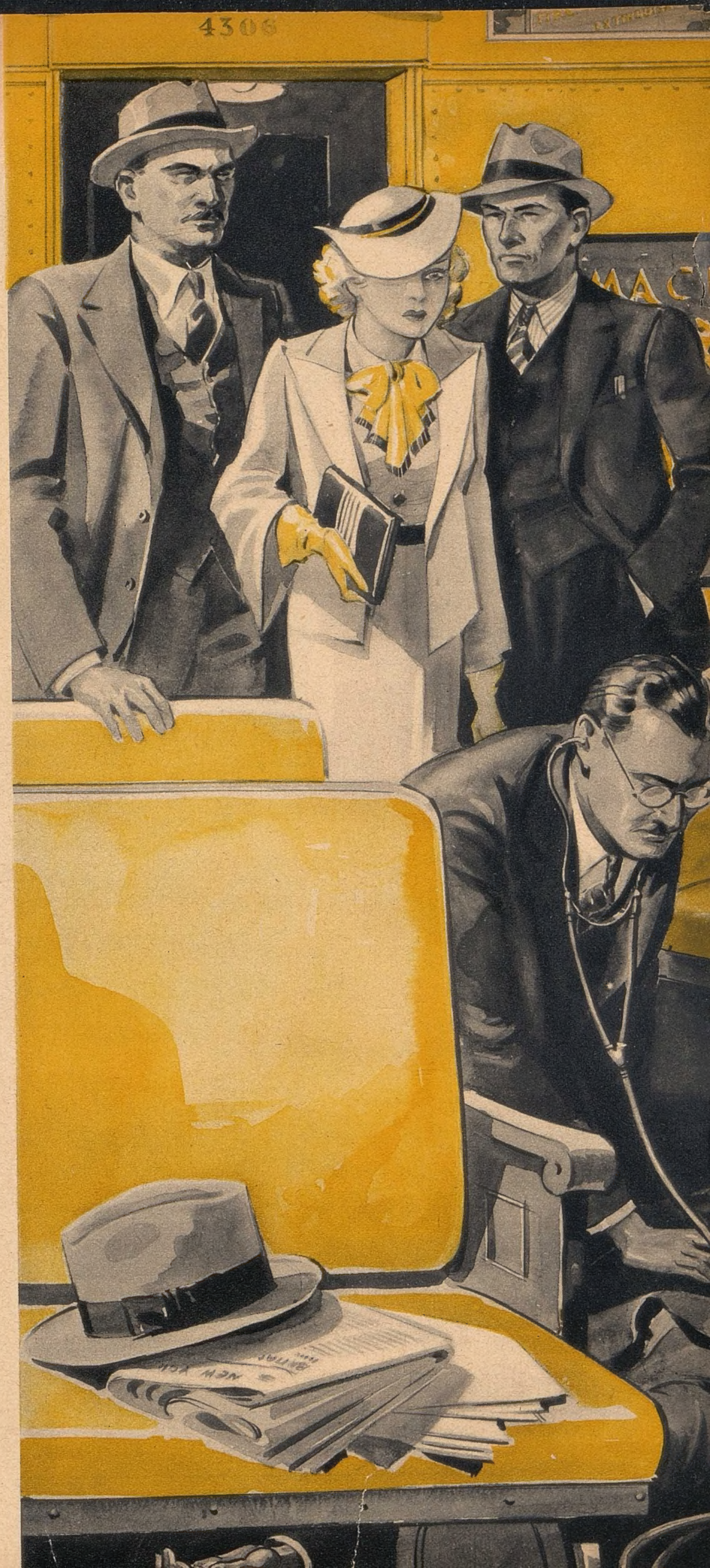
Harry, the unofficial master of ceremonies aboard the 8.06, can be blamed for at least two marriages that started with introductions he made.

He shot across the aisle, and after a pleasant " Good morning " he sat down and made friends with the new commuter.

The next day I arrived at the station a little early and parked my rattletrap secondhand Ford roadster. I stood out in the sunshine looking at the gardens around the station. When you rise at seven in order to be at work at nine, when you return to your home after dark in winter and after the gaudiest part of day has diminished in summer, you treasure such little opportunities to stand in the heat and radiance and smell the fresh vegetation.

Clara Brock was crossing the wood-block turnaround. She's one of those smart reserved late-thirty spinsters. The confidential secretary of Paul Higgins—the man who built so many skyscrapers. The kind of girl who is always composed outside and always internally jittering. Harry Hartman whirled his big roadster outside the drive, honked at her, pretended he was going to run over her, parked, and hopped out laughing.

Clara snooted him indignantly. He trotted over to me and patted my shoulder. " How's tricks? Impossible in



The doctor was kneeling beside the banker. He listened with a stethoscope. He looked up once to say : " I think we're too late."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL GRAVEN

my case. No house is big enough to house all my tricks."

I didn't bother to smile.

"Today," he said, "I'll introduce you to the redheaded cripple. His name is Randy McDonald. A glum fellow. Wouldn't tell me his business, his address, or if he likes the golden-haired cream-puff type like you."

There wasn't any use protesting that I didn't care to meet Mr. McDonald. We'd all been riding on that train for so long—we'd all lived in the same suburb for so many years—that we understood each other pretty well.

I said, "I think he looks nice."

"What you can see of him," Harry answered. He went inside and joined the regular crowd of pre-train coffee drinkers at the station lunch counter.

I watched him go rather gratefully. Through the big windows I saw him breeze up to a number of men who were members of the "8.06 Club" and order a second breakfast. Harry had his personality and his gags. Bad gags—but cheerful. I shrugged and climbed on to the train. Harry was the soul of kindness—except for an occasionally hard to bear practical joke. And he kept his word. I met the spring attraction of our daily train—Randy McDonald.

When Harry politely scrammed, I said perfectly calmly and to see what would happen, "Why do you carry a revolver?"

"I'll tell you, Miss Barlowe. I am a gangster. I am also a counterfeiter and a kidnaper. Two weeks ago I was taken for a ride and barely got away with my life. I often carry a machine gun in a violin case. But I would much rather you didn't tell anybody else on the train about it."

I said I wouldn't, but I felt uncomfortable. I even wondered if he had told me the truth in the expectation that I wouldn't believe it because he had acted as if it were a gag. The next day I introduced him to Alice and Clara and Mr. Francis, the cranky banker, who happened to be sitting across the aisle, and to a lot of other people.

A couple of days after that, he appeared without the bandage on his nose. Everybody on the train was interested—including me. His face, seen completely, was young but very stern. Hard, you would have said, except for his eyes. On Friday he began coming out on the 5.11. By that time every one knew him—although nobody had found out what he really did.

He came over to my seat and asked me if I'd go to the movies with him some evening. I said I would. He said, "Tonight?"

HE came at eight.

And we went to the movies. He didn't talk much on the way there. He drove me in a rented car. I saw the label of the company, but I didn't let him know it. I chattered along about the girls in town and my job and life in general, and we looked at the picture.

Over a soda afterward he said I was swell. Right in the middle of a speech I was making about—how to knit sweater sleeves, probably.

When we were on my front porch, I asked him in. But he said he couldn't—had work to do. I thought for a minute that he was going to take advantage of the shadows to kiss me. I didn't make the task difficult. But nothing happened. He shook my hand.

He went.

I knew it then. I was sunk. He made you feel grand and important and comfortable and relaxed. All those things all the time. He had fun without hooting, hollering, boozing, or shooting off fireworks. He was the guy. But a strange guy. Reserved. Silent. I thought that night as I undressed that maybe he was swell—and quite possibly not. And if not, I was in for trouble. Lots of trouble. Because I didn't seem to care.

He wasn't on the train Saturday morning.

He was back again on Monday—and Monday was the first day of the week during which I ate excitement. . . .

It rained. I was cross—partly because two girls were on vacations from my office and that meant a tough day for me. Randy and I had fallen into the custom of sitting together; but on this particular day Alice flopped damply beside me and said, "Why give up all your old friends just because you've made a new one?"

I didn't answer. The train pulled out—hot and stuffy. Alice poked me. "There's Mrs. Weaver."

So it was. Mrs. Weaver was a large good-looking widow. Mr. Francis, according to the abundant and carefully nourished local scandal, was in love with her.

Mr. Francis had been one of the founders and developers of Bellefountain twenty-five years ago. He'd made money in subdivisions—but much more in the banking business in New York City. His home, in the middle of several acres of pines and rhododendrons, looked like a cross between a library and a mausoleum. He had never married. Mrs. Weaver had moved to Bellefountain about seven years before my dizzy week commenced. Seven almost to the day, the newspapers said later on.

She had come from the Far West—California, they said—and settled down in a pretty cottage. She had met Mr. Francis somewhere, and he had fallen into the habit of calling on her once or twice a week. When I was in high school I used to see one of his enormous limousines parked at her door quite frequently. But in seven years there had been no hint of matrimony. Nobody dared ask Mr. Francis about it—he was too formidable. And when neighbors worked up a leading conversation with Mrs. Weaver, she smiled and turned it aside.

She didn't become intimate with anybody. She didn't go out much. She spent much of her time in the very swell gardens she made around her cottage. And she was regarded as eccentric because she was a penny saver. Butchers and grocers told publicly plenty of anecdotes about her stinginess. And if she was laughed at for it, the laughter was partly her own fault. Because she did have one genuine eccentricity: she always carried her money and personal effects in a big black handbag—and she invariably wore the handbag shackled to her wrist with a bracelet and chain just like those used by Wall Street messenger boys when they carry bonds in briefcases.

On this particular muggy Monday morning she walked into the train and found a seat. I noted the black handbag, the chain, and the bracelet—but only casually. I saw her glance through the train, and I remarked to myself that she looked especially handsome. She had dark wavy hair and wide cool blue eyes. She was a trifle gray, but it only added to her inborn dignity.

I saw old Francis bow and smile to her. She smiled back amiably but not invitingly. Harry loped through the car and sat on the arm of her chair talking to her for a while. He passed us and leaned over to say that he'd at last discovered why Francis rode in the coaches instead of the club car: he was too mean to tip the porter. Mr. Francis was generally given second place by the town in the matter of petty economy and scrimpiness. We smiled acidly at Harry and he barged along.

Alice asked me what Randy's business was.

"I don't know."

"You should—by now. Never fall for a guy without seeing his pay check."

I said nothing. I felt sore and depressed.

THE train splashed a sheet of dirty water over the railroad tulips in Eumoria and dragged to a stop. Randy came aboard. I left Alice deliberately and sat with him. I caught several eyes and nudges. But I didn't care. It was a sour morning and my mood matched it.

Randy looked at me glumly. "Hello, Janet. Mind if I take a glance at my paper? Something important."

I did mind. I minded more when the section he turned to proved to be the sports pages. I could imagine Clara observing to herself that I had boldly sat down beside Randy only to be snubbed by his reading.

I said, "What do you do, Randy?"

He looked up from his paper with annoyance. "Do? I told you. I'm a burglar, con man, and forger."

"I mean, really."

"Mind my own business." He meant it to be a decent rebuke. He meant it to be so tough that it couldn't be taken seriously. I knew that. But I took it seriously anyway. I got up and found another seat.

Behind Mr. Francis, who was dozing.

Clara smiled wickedly when I sat down. I was boiling.

Randy had looked around. Harry came roistering through the car and edged into my seat and stood facing me. He made a few wretched jokes. Then he pointed at my blouse, and when I looked down he rapped my nose with his finger. After he had had his laugh he went on to the rear of the car.

Then Mrs. Weaver caught my eye and, although I scarcely knew her, she came and sat down beside me. I don't know what we talked about. Shopping of some sort. She was going to town to shop. I thought that she was trying to get Mr. Francis to overhear her—because she was very vociferous about how economical she was when circumstances forced her to buy anything. To judge from the back of his head, however, he wasn't listening. I hardly was.

When we hit the tunnel, Harry and Mr. Simley—the world's most henpecked man—and Gracie Dodge waited until the conductor had departed after turning on the lights. Then they turned them off. They stayed beside the switch, roaring with laughter. Harry was doing most of the wisecracking.

Mrs. Weaver was startled. She stood up and gave a faint scream. My general rage had reached a high point by that time. I tried to pull her down. I told her that this was the way we generally spent our mornings on the 8.06. Fun and frolic from Bellfountain to New York.

HARRY and his nitwit gang were cackling in the rear of the car. Mrs. Weaver was standing beside me, jittering. People walked along the aisle and stopped to talk to each other—people, I presume, who managed to eke a little excitement from the brief blackness.

Then the train poured out into the drizzle again.

Mrs. Weaver said, "Mercy!" or some such thing, and walked to one of the two vacant seats across the aisle. She sat down hard and looked out the window.

Harry strolled by and leaned over me. "Gave you a swell chance to make up with Randy."

"Thanks." I was furious—and about ready to cry.

We sank under the river, and this time the lights stayed on. All in all, I thought bitterly, a very pleasant trip. A little gayer than the usual morning journey. And Randy hadn't looked at me again. He was still reading the sports pages when Pete, the conductor, announced the New York terminal.

People began to get up.

My fine friends from Bellefountain and Eumoria and Wayne. Kids I had gone to school with, and kids who had lived next door. Men who had held local offices in the suburb, or who occupied adjacent pews in the same church. Women who belonged to the same bridge club as my mother. A few rich persons whose names we knew and whose smiles of recognition were rare.

They straggled down the aisles toward the vestibules.

The train ran through the light-spangled track maze under the terminal.

I rose.

Mr. Francis, the top of whose head barely showed in front of me, was apparently asleep.

I thought that perhaps Mrs. Weaver would waken him, and I looked for her. But she was already crowding the others—on the way, I guessed, to do her vaunted economical shopping.

So I came around to Mr. Francis's seat.

I bent over to speak to him—and I saw his face.

It was white and red and purple—splotched and dreadful.

I thought he had had a heart attack. Then, as I stared, I realized that something else was wrong with him—something that made me hesitate in calling for help until I had ascertained its nature. I wasn't thinking. I looked. There was no necktie on his shirtfront. I bent farther over. A necktie knot—a tight one—was visible in the soft collar of his shirt.

I knew—then. I pulled back his coat. Somebody had knotted the ends of his tie together behind his neck and strangled him. They had tucked in the ends so they wouldn't show at the back of his coat. In the dark—while we were going through the first tunnel.

I grabbed at that knot. I broke a fingernail. But I couldn't pick it. I whirled. The train was stopping. Randy looked back—I suppose, now—in apology for his rudeness to me. I waved him toward me—feebly. He realized that something was the matter with Mr. Francis, and banged a couple of people out of his way.

I couldn't speak—but I pointed.

I saw the blood sink out of his cheeks.

He couldn't get a finger under the tie at first. But he finally managed one and then two. He broke the tie. Mr. Francis very slowly and limply fell forward on the floor between the seats.

Randy looked around. People were going out. They didn't turn back to observe us. They all had to hurry to make their offices by nine.

I said in an idiotic voice, " Is he dead? "

" I think so. Get the conductor."

I pushed toward the next car. It was empty. I yelled, " Pete! Pete! Pete! "

He answered from somewhere and hurried up. " Lose something? "

" Pete! There's been a murder on the train! Or a near one. What is the quickest way to get a doctor and a pulmotor in the terminal? "

Pete's watery gray eyes were popping. " Doctor—pulmotor—" he whispered, like a man trying to remember rules. Then he ran awkwardly out to the platform.

I hurried back to Randy. I didn't see him in the car where I had expected he would be found. I thought I'd miscounted. I started to race through the empty car—and midway through I saw Mr. Francis lying between the seats. I rushed out on to the platform. Far off at the small-seeming and brilliant end of the platform, where steps led up to the main waiting room, I saw Randy. He was running—away.

I stood there, dumfounded, with people who knew me walking past. Some of them said, " Hello," but nobody stopped to ask me what was the matter. I hated them for it. I hated Randy for running away most of all. There wasn't any doubt that there was something fishy in his background now. It's ridiculous how thoroughly your own minor emotions pervade your brain in crises.

All sorts of other ideas shot through my head. I ought to go in the car and try to give artificial respiration to Mr. Francis. I knew how—I'd been a Girl Scout once.

Then Pete ran back with a doctor and another man carrying a pulmotor. Behind them were two hefty toughs: railroad detectives. They rushed into the car. The pulmotor began to pump.

Pete said to the detectives, " This is the girl who found him."

They edged up so that one stood on each side of me. The doctor was kneeling beside the banker. He listened with a stethoscope. He looked up once to say: " I think we're too late."

They took me downtown to police headquarters in a taxicab. There was a lot of confusion and telephoning before we went. One of the railroad detectives said over a phone to somebody, " He was an old duck and couldn't take much choking. The doc says that he probably passed out the minute he felt that tie pull up around his neck. . . . Yeah—shock."

AT police headquarters they let me tell my office I would be late. I wasn't allowed to give the reason. Then I was taken into an office where there were two cops in uniform, some other men, a stenographer who took down all that was said, and a gray-haired man in a swivel chair who asked me questions. Hundreds of questions:

" You say Mr. Hartman turned out the lights? "

" Yes, he did. Just as a joke. It was his idea of something very funny. He and a lot of people stood around the switch when we went through the tunnel."

" What people? "

" Grace Dodge and Paul Simley."

" In other words," he said, " for about three minutes it was pitch-dark. Mrs. Weaver was standing up within reach of Mr. Francis. But anybody else walking along the aisle might have bent over and done it? "

" Yes."

" You could have done it yourself. It's an old trick and an easy one—strangling a man from behind."

Everybody was looking at me as if they were trying to make me say I had done it.

I said, " I couldn't have tied the knot as tight as that."

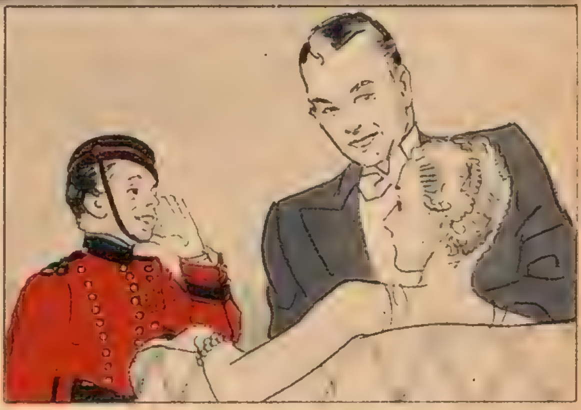
" You untied it? "

Johnnie learns what THROAT TESTED means

Johnnie: Call for Philip Morris, Sir?

Laura: I thought you were wedded to your old brand, Dick. What made you change to Philip Morris?

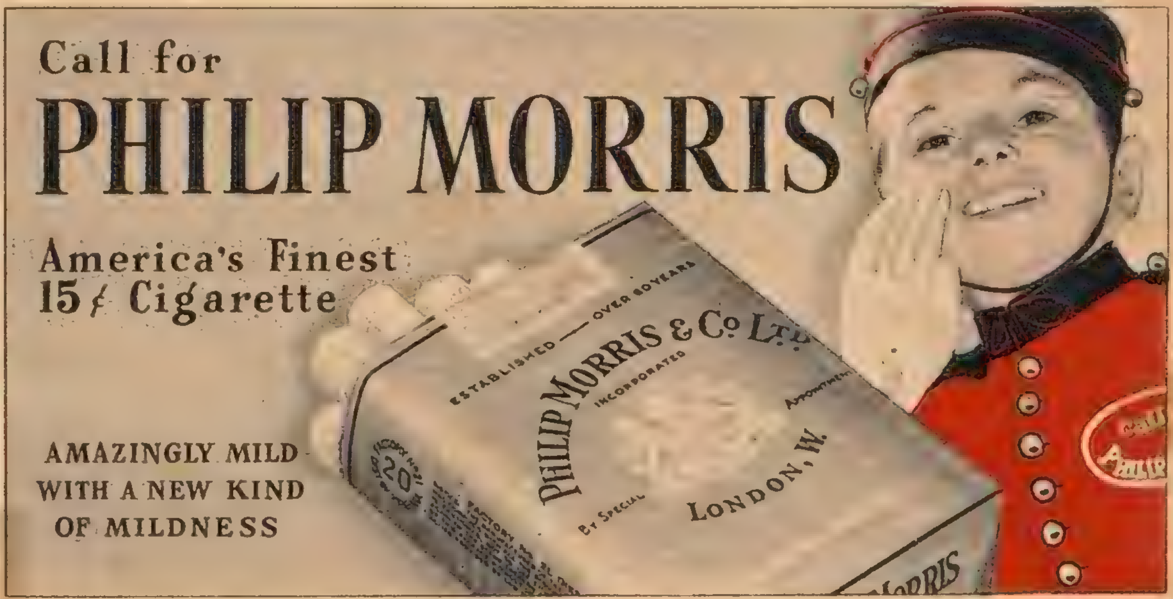
Dick: That throat irritation I had. My doctor told me tests made on smokers show that on changing to Philip Morris the majority of cases of irritation due to smoking clear completely.



Johnnie: Tell the lady what happens when they change back to cigarettes made the ordinary way, Sir.

Dick: My doctor says, these tests showed irritation returned in 4 out of every 5 cases!

Laura: Amazing! That must be what's meant by Throat Tested! But I smoke Philip Morris for taste. Smoked them for a year now—and I guess I always will!



Call for
PHILIP MORRIS
America's Finest
15¢ Cigarette

AMAZINGLY MILD
WITH A NEW KIND
OF MILDNESS

I didn't want to talk about Randy, but I had to. “One of the men on the train broke Mr. Francis's tie.”

“Who?”

“Randolph McDonald.”

“Why didn't he stay, as you did, waiting for the doctor?”

“I don't know. I ran for the conductor, and when I got back Mr. McDonald had left.”

“What's his address?”

“I don't know.”

“Where does he work?”

“I don't know. He's only been commuting for a few weeks. He gets on at Eumoria.” I felt as if I had betrayed Randy, but there wasn't anything else I could do.

Finally they let me go. Pete, the conductor, was waiting outside the room where I had been questioned.

I took a subway to my office and sneaked into the dressing room first. The mirror showed me that I was a wreck. Probably heaven intended me to be an innocent baby doll with big blue eyes, and a heart-shaped mouth, and curly hair the color of taffy that has been pulled just half enough. But if you work for three years in a depression after leaving high school, if your father is a perfectly swell person who somehow never manages to keep a job, if your mother is employed in a bookstore at ten dollars a week, if—in other words—your salary is the mainstay of family credit, you can't make a career of being pretty. I fixed myself up and didn't tell anybody what had delayed me.

PHILIP WYLIE *manages to combine a lot of fun with hard work. Short stories, books, writing for the screen do not interfere with his big-game hunting or deep-sea fishing. He has a wife who gypsies around with him, and a little daughter, Karen.*

When I caught the 5.11, I wished immediately that I had taken another train—or a bus. Everybody was in a furor. Harry Hartman and Paul Simley and Grace Dodge had been at police headquarters. Mrs. Weaver was still there. Clara had been questioned at her office in the Higgins Towers.

People stood around in the aisles and sat on chair arms. Paul Simley was about the only silent person. A little man with pale eyes and complexion and mustache—in a tizzie about what his wife would do when he got home.

Harry Hartman was pretty subdued. I heard him say several times, “Golly! When you think that I turned out the lights for a gag!”

My roadster found its way out of the crowd and the parking yard and along the quiet streets of Bellefountain without any effort at driving that I could feel. I was pretty numb.

Our house was a shock, almost. So familiar and ordinary. White clapboards, and white arbors for the roses. Green roof and shutters. The stones that edged the flower beds.

Father said, “Well, well, daughter. You've gotten yourself considerable notoriety since you left home this morning.”

Mother cried a little—even before I got out of my car. “Poor child,” was the gist of her words.

Two reporters called in the evening. I talked to them out in the lawn swing.

ABOUT ten Alice phoned. She was alarmed. I could tell when she said, “Jan!” and followed it with: “Is anybody listening?”

“Just me.”

“Good. Because I've something to tell you. Randy McDonald has been hanging around Mr. Francis's house at night for two weeks.”

“How do you know?” I asked.

“Mr. Francis's upstairs maid is Pauline's mother's cook's second cousin. Pauline told me. She's here now. She says the maid says that she's seen Randy several times, lurking in the shrubbery. She goes home at nine thirty.”

“How does she know it was—Randy?”

“She's sure because he had his right arm in a sling, and a bandaged nose. She saw a big man with curly hair. He just hung around—and once, when he saw her spying on him, he ran into the grove beside the house. Pauline came to me, knowing I was your friend. She was afraid to go to the police—afraid they'd arrest her.”

“And what am I supposed to do, Alice? I'm not a detective.”

“No. But you liked him. There's a lot more in all this than meets the eye. Remember, somebody in that car yesterday is a murderer. And you know most about it—being the closest.”

I must have gasped. “Alice—do you think I know any more than I've already told?”

“Don't you?” Then she hung up.

I didn't get to bed until after twelve. It wasn't easy to go to sleep. But I had practically managed to when I heard a noise.

I KNEW somebody had climbed on to the small balcony that's outside my windows. I saw a figure crouched there. I heard a whisper: “Jan—it's me. Randy.”

“What do you want?” I whispered back.

“To come in.”

“No. You'd better go. Maybe the house is being watched.”

“All right. I'll stay out here.”

I was jittering. I said, “Why did you come?”

“Because I wanted to see you. I like you, Jan. Very much. I don't care what other people think; but I had to find some way of telling you that I'm lying low not because I had anything to do with what happened today—but for other reasons.”

“Such as what?”

His voice was soft and tense and earnest: “I've got to ask you to promise you will not tell a living human being.”

“Why should I promise?”

“Because I'm nuts about you, that's why.” He said it as if he meant it.

“You didn't show it—especially yesterday.” A girl standing in her nightie and hastily flung on robe, scared to death, is in no shape to talk with a young man with curly red hair and one of those voices that you remember in your dreams, a young man who sneaks around millionaires' bushes. I didn't do very well. I said, “You told me you were a gangster. I'm going to call the police.”

It didn't take him long to think that over. Randy was a fast thinker. “It would be silly. If you moved, I'd beat it. If the cops came and found no trace of what I insist is a brave and romantic man, they'd take you to the station. Now—are you listening?”

“What do you think?” I answered.

“All right. Get this. I'm crazy about you.”

“You said that.”

“I'm in trouble.”

I peered through the gloom. “Why don't you give yourself up?”

“I don't want to.”

I answered, “I think you killed Mr. Francis.”

“Do you?” His voice was cold again.

“No—maybe I don't. But why have you been sneaking around in his bushes?”

“Jan! Deny that for me. Say it never happened!”

I said, “I'm going to call the cops.”

He spoke once more: “You won't. You like me. I love you. Good night.”

Again I heard his feet on the shingles, and a metallic sound as one of the gutter pipes was kicked. Then he stood silhouetted against the dim illumination from a distant street light. I held my breath. He jumped.

He had said he loved me! Loved me! He had admitted hiding around Mr. Francis's house. He had climbed up to my bedroom in the middle of the night, when detectives were looking everywhere for him. And he had said he loved me!

So I did what many and many another girl has done, to her subsequent agony. I became a conspirator.

“Conspirator”! What has innocent little Janet let herself in for? Who is this baffling Randy McDonald, and is he a criminal of the worst kind? And did he have anything to do with the train murder? In the next issue of Liberty there are strange answers awaiting you.

1415 CASH PRIZES

For The Public

FIRST PRIZE		**$2000.00**
SECOND PRIZE		**$1000.00**
THIRD PRIZE		**$500.00**
2 *Prizes*	***each***	**$100**
5 *Prizes*	"	**$50**
25 *Prizes*	"	**$10**
100 *Prizes*	"	**$5**
40 *Prizes*	"	**$3**
040 *Prizes*	"	**$2**

Additional entry blanks can be obtained from your dealer.

•

375 CASH PRIZES FOR HIRES DEALERS

your customer is among the first 375 winners of a cash ize of $3.00 or more, you win a cash prize – $2,500.00 will awarded to Dealers. In order to qualify for a cash prize, ealers must handle Hires R-J Root Beer, distribute as any entry blanks as possible and urge customers to enter. your supply of entry blanks runs out, send for more. Cash izes for dealers: First prize $300.00, second prize $200.00, ird prize $100.00, 2 prizes of $25 each, 370 prizes of $5.00 ch. In order for dealers to win cash prizes, they must sist contestants upon their request in the preparation of eir entries.

•

HERE ARE EASY RULES

. This contest open to all in the United States and Canada except employes of The Charles E. Hires Company, its advertising agency and members of their families. No purchase necessary.

. Write another reason of 20 words or less, why you prefer Hires R-J Root Beer below the six reasons printed. Then number the seven reasons in the rank of importance. For instance, put the figure "1" before what you consider most important, the figure "2" before the second most important, etc.

. Send your filled-in blank with names and addresses printed plainly to: Hires R-J Root Beer, Philadelphia, Pa., or Toronto, Ontario, before midnight, July 31st, 1936. Winners will be notified Sept. 1st.

. You may make as many entries as you wish, provided each reason you give is different. Extra entry blanks can be secured at grocers, soda fountains or wherever beverages are sold or direct from us.

. Keep your entry blank simple—don't dress it up. Use pencil or pen. All prizes awarded by competent Board of Judges. Their decision is final. No entries returned. Contest closes midnight July 31st, 1936. In event of a tie, identical prizes will be awarded to tying contestants.

LPFUL HINTS TO GUIDE YOU

know of only two types of root beers he market today:

The original Hires Root Beer type, ous for over 60 years, still made by acly extracting *Real Juices* (R-J) from ts, herbs, barks and berries, a method requires many days to prepare.

he delicious beverage is not only fas for its fine, natural flavor, but it is e, nutritious and wholesome.

There are many root beers, mostly eless, made only with imitation or estial oil flavoring. They are "just mixed" nd cost but a fraction of a cent to make, contain no Real Root Juices (R-J).

hese types of root beers cannot posy have the rare, natural flavor—furtherre they vary in taste because the oils etimes separate and become rancid. ne contain artificial coloring and foam.

o remember—all root beer is not *Hires*. ou want the Real Root Juices contained genuine Hires, ask for "Hires" by name on't merely ask for "root beer."

$10,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES

So Easy Everybody Can Enter—Nothing To Buy

To its countless friends Hires R-J Root Beer offers liberal cash awards. Its makers desire to know why the public prefers root beer made with real Root Juices rather than imitation oil flavoring. . . . Three years ago Hires added the symbol R-J (real juices) so that the public could distinguish Hires from the oil imitations. . . . Yet Hires costs no more at fountains or in small bottles than imitations. The cost to the manufacturer of the R-J (real juices) type is naturally considerably more. . . . To enter this contest all you have to do is to add one reason why you prefer Hires R-J Root Beer to the six reasons printed, and then number the seven features in what you consider their rank of importance. . . . At good soda fountains Hires R-J Root Beer is served by the glass, iced and sparkling. *The R-J symbol stands for the real juices in Hires.* . . . You can get Hires R-J Root Beer in bottles at grocers, stands or where bottled beverages are sold. Look for "Hires" and "R-J" on cap. . . . You can also make delicious Root Beer from Hires R-J Extract. Just mix it with sugar, water and yeast – then bottle. A little work, but the finest home-made beverage of low cost.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Committee on Foods

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Hires protects you by the R-J symbol, our Registered Trade Mark, which stands for the Real Root Juices in Hires. Look for this symbol.

IN BOTTLES

Hires
R-J
ROOT BEER
FOR REAL-JUICES
Hires Root Beer
Hires R-J ROOT BEER

MAKE IT AT HOME

AT FOUNTAINS

Mail this coupon entry blank before midnight (July 31st, 1936) to Hires R-J Root Beer, Dept. B, Philadelphia, Pa., or Toronto, Ontario.

WHY I PREFER HIRES R-J ROOT BEER

Here are six reasons for the popularity of Hires—add one reason of your own, then number the list in the order of their importance.

☐ Real Root Juices—(R-J) give Hires its fine flavor—delicious, mellow, refreshing—a perfect thirst-quencher.

☐ Hires is absolutely pure, nutritious and wholesome — accepted by the Committee on Foods of American Medical Association, approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Hires is free from artificial coloring and drugs.

☐ Because of the Real Root Juices, Hires Root Beer blends more readily with milk and ice cream. It's delicious and children love it.

☐ Hires made with real Root Juices usually costs you no more than raw root beers cheaply made with imitation oils. (5c at fountains and in bottles.)

☐ Real Root Juices (R-J), carefully blended and properly aged, make Hires always uniformly appetizing and delicious, whereas most imitations vary because the oils separate, often becoming rancid.

☐ When I ask for Hires – not merely "rootbeer" – I'm sure of getting Real Root Juices. (R-J).

☐ ....

....

Hires Dealer's Name and Address

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Your Name..

Street..

City.................................State.................

What Is a Keynoter—and Who?

A Look at the Republicans' Orator from Oregon and the Riddle of Why He Was Chosen

by FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Senator Steiwer

STEIWER is big and friendly and graying, with curly hair that doesn't quite curl. To look at him, you'd know he had been in the war; but you'd know, too, he couldn't get into his uniform today. At that, he is more the soldier than the politician. He still shoots straight.

"The safety of American government," he declares, "depends upon loyalty to the fundamental principles of right and wrong."

How a man subscribing to such an unconventional political creed ever got to be a keynoter, God only knows—God and the Committee on Arrangements for the Republican National Convention to be held in Cleveland!

For a keynoter is usually a "safe" man, a "party" man, who can be depended upon to do as he is told. If his crowd is in, he points with pride. If his crowd is out, he views with alarm. And, judged by these standards, Frederick Steiwer, junior Senator from Oregon, chosen as Temporary Chairman of the Republican National Convention, is both unsafe and unpredictable.

Three years ago Steiwer was one of that not inconsiderable group who felt that the situation which confronted the present administration when it took office transcended party obligations, and in that belief he supported wholeheartedly its emergency measures.

Steiwer voted for NRA, for AAA, for TVA, for SEC, for the Wagner Labor Bill. He is not ashamed of these votes today. Neither is he ashamed to say that many of the measures for which he voted have, in his opinion, miserably failed.

"The most rapid improvement in business," he admits, "came after the Supreme Court invalidated the NRA and removed the governmental clutch from the throat of American business." And: "In its effort to meet the agricultural problem, the New Deal has failed."

It was loyalty to what he believed to be "the fundamental principles of right and wrong" that made Fred Steiwer defy his party bosses and vote for his opponents' measures. It is that same loyalty which gives him the moral courage to admit now that those measures were wrong. And it will be that same loyalty which will motivate the keynote speech he will make to the delegates.

"I would not waste my listeners' time," he said, "to make a purely political argument. I hope to stand before the Convention as an American citizen who will endeavor to present an argument to the American people in defense of the American system."

That he will do just that thing, no one who knows him can have the slightest doubt; and in the doing, it is altogether probable that he will strike what may seem like a sour note to several of the party bosses.

Then why did they pick him?

The better you know Steiwer, the more you wonder about that. One of his Democratic colleagues suggests it must be because Fred used to lead his college band, and so might know how to bring harmony out of the present Republican discord! His Republican friends, less inclined to be facetious, point to his obvious personal qualifications—his ingratiating personality, his strong platform presence, his clear full voice, his rugged, vigorous, slow-spoken eloquence.

Of the failure of AAA plowing-under, he says: "Curtailment is full partner with the hurricane and the drought." Of the administration's conduct of relief: "We have a right to denounce the wickedness of playing politics with human misery." Of the New Deal itself: "It is made up from the discards of all the old deals."

Yes, Steiwer makes a good speech. And he has other obvious political assets. He is not only an ex-soldier with a fine record of active service on the Western Front, but he has twice voted to override the President's veto of the Bonus. He is a stanch family man with a wife, married in the little Oregon town where he first practiced law, and two children, Frederick Herbert and Elisabeth, now Mrs. Ralph T. McElvenny. Lastly, he is a Sigma Nu, a Phi Delta Phi, an Episcopalian, a Mason, a Rotarian, and an Elk.

But none of these explanations wholly explains.

More logical are the geographical reasons advanced. Everybody is agreed that the Republicans cannot win this year without the West. Occupational reasons are also potent. To win the West, Republicans must have the farmer vote; and, although Steiwer practiced law for twenty-eight years, he is essentially a farmer. He was born on an Oregon farm, he studied at Oregon State Agricultural College before going to the university, and he has been actively identified with Oregon wheat farmers all his professional life.

THE very political considerations which would normally be against him as the choice of his party leaders for Convention keynoter made him conspicuously available this year. Republicans cannot win without the independent vote. Steiwer has proved himself an independent. Specifically, Republicans cannot win without those independents who patriotically supported President Roosevelt during the first years of his administration and turned from him just as patriotically when they believed him wrong. Steiwer, as we have seen, did that.

Every one of these considerations affecting the choice of a keynoter *might* apply with added force to the choice of a candidate.

More than anything else, Republicans cannot win without a man. And who knows what might happen in a year like this?

Perhaps, after all, the little group of Old Guard and Progressive leaders who brought about the choice of Frederick Steiwer as Temporary Chairman were playing a brand of politics which approaches almost to statesmanship in placing prominently before the delegates and the public a strong man upon whom all factions might conceivably unite.

They were doing more than choosing a keynoter. They were choosing a possible President of the United States!

THE END

Will Lindbergh and Carrel Grow Human Beings in Bottles?

DR. ALEXIS CARREL

COLONEL LINDBERGH

Here, Perhaps, Is Science's Supreme Adventure—Can It Penetrate the Eternal Mystery of Life Itself?

by

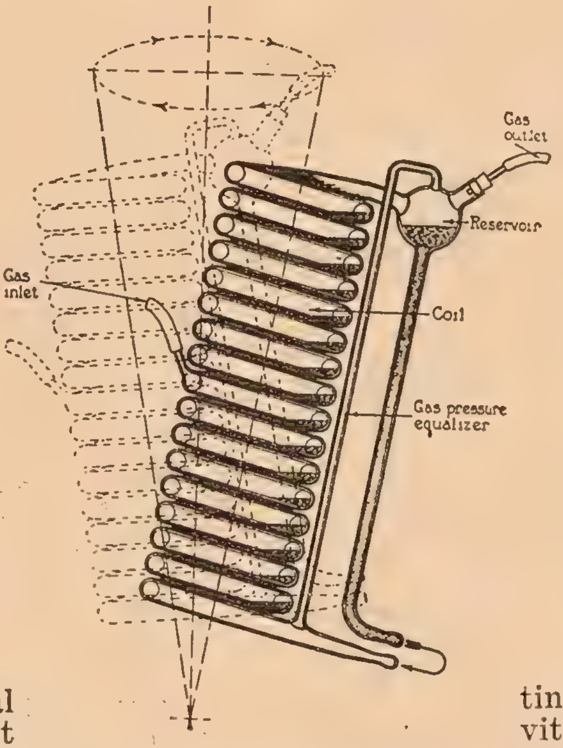
DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETS

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

WHEN Colonel Lindbergh recently announced that he had perfected a machine which enabled him to keep any organ of the body alive indefinitely in a glass jar, the scientific world gasped. The public at large was surprised also by Colonel Lindbergh's interest in science and his association with Alexis Carrel, the Nobel Prize winner. It has been announced that Lindbergh will continue his scientific investigations in England. Already his apparatus equips science with the means of assailing the mystery of life itself.

A step forward in this direction was recently made by Dr. Pincus of Harvard. He took the female and male elements of a rabbit, fertilized the ovum outside the body in a test tube, and later transplanted it into a living female rabbit where the embryo developed norm[illegible]d was born in due course.

Theoretically it is possible even now *to grow human babies in test tubes.* Carrel and Lindbergh can take an organ from the body of an animal and give it a separate and independent life, under glass. Before they gave the news to the world, they conducted or supervised twenty-six experiments. They carefully removed the kidneys, the liver, the sex glands, or the heart of a fowl or a cat, and transferred each to the Lindbergh life chamber. Under the glass dome the ovary of an animal functions as it would in the body itself. There is no reason why the male gonads should not function there likewise. There is no reason why eventually chickens, rabbits, cattle, or horses should not be produced in the laboratory. And if it is possible to grow such animals as these under glass, it should be possible to grow human babies.



The Lindbergh "robot heart"

Social and scientific thinkers have long foretold the coming of the ectogenetic child—the child conceived and nurtured outside the mother's body. Whether the idea offends or not, Lindbergh's invention has opened the way. If America hesitates, the miracle will be performed elsewhere. There are still mysteries to be solved. New devices will be needed. But there is no doubt that the thing can be done.

In Russia two scientists, Brjuchenenko and Tschetschulin, have experimented along the same lines. They utilized a contrivance which enabled them to keep the severed head of a dog alive for several hours by supplying an artificial heart and an artificial lung.

Lindbergh can keep the organs of animals and of human beings alive *indefinitely,* fed by a robot heart and robot lungs. In the experiments of the Russians and others the organ was set upon by micro-organisms carrying death.

Carrel devised methods of protection against bacteria. Lindbergh constructed a machine which keeps the organs free from infection.

Carrel's famous pioneer experiment with the sliver from the heart of a chicken showed that living tissues will grow in flasks provided they are supplied with the proper nourishment. The same sliver continues to grow and to retain its original vitality after twenty-three years. But that problem was comparatively simple. Lindbergh's was more involved. His fundamental idea is not new. It dates back into the nineteenth century. However, the maintenance of life in a whole organ or member isolated from the rest of the body remained idle speculation until Brjuchenenko and Tschetschulin devised their "autoinjector."

Lindbergh has given a detailed description, in the Journal of Experimental Medicine, of his apparatus. The Lindbergh-Carrel method differs in several respects from that of Professor Brjuchenenko. Instead of the blood of the animal, they use a synthetic substitute. Ovaries, hearts, kidneys have been transferred repeatedly from apparatus to apparatus. When the culture medium was diluted as to food elements, size decreased; when a growth-promoting fluid was added, the organs grew rapidly. It is not a long step from this experiment to the production of the test-tube baby.

THE END

How I Shall Beat JOE Others

The Former Champion Reveals to Liberty His Confident Formula of Victory: Courage and Caution—and a Knockout Right to the Chin!

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

I HAVE a beautiful wife, Anna Ondra, the actress. I have many friends and enough money to live comfortably the rest of my life. All the gold in the world would not bring me from Germany to fight Joe Louis unless I believed I could beat him. I'll win because I can punch hard and—I'm not afraid.

I am convinced Joe won most of his fights before he entered the ring. His opponents knew little about the science of boxing. They could not analyze his style. They fell victim to an elaborate ballyhoo and they were scared to death. King Levinsky was trembling so that his teeth shook, and Max Baer was so frightened he was paralyzed. Primo Carnera was like a baby led to slaughter, and his nervous rolling eyes showed it.

A good right hand will beat Louis.

There is nothing wrong with my right. I don't wish to underestimate Joe, but I feel certain that when he shoots his left I can cross my right over it and score.

Do you remember how Jack Dempsey trained for his second Tunney bout? Jack told me that all the stunts at his training camp meant nothing. He was merely getting in trim. Privately he drilled himself on a right hand to the chin, timed to cross over Tunney's left.

The night of the fight, Tunney jabbed, jabbed, jabbed, very neatly. And then, suddenly—bam!—Dempsey let him have it flush on the jawbone. Dempsey knew it was the only way to outscore a clever boxer. When a man shoots his left, fire that right and you've got him. I'm going to practice as Dempsey did. Joe will try to keep his shoulder high, but sooner or later he will stick out his left, shoulder down and chin exposed. It's a perfectly natural move; the thing to be set for is the *perfect timing*. You've got to have a fast right hand to do it. My right is every bit as fast as Dempsey's—and it's shorter. You haven't so much time to see it coming.

I know I have flaws, and I am always trying to correct them. But a study of Louis in action—I have slow-motion movies to help me—has proved to me that Joe has flaws, too. The clumsy Primo scored repeated lefts to Louis's face. And with his ponderous slow paws! Another shot shows Louis moving in on Carnera. Louis's right and left arms are straight out at his sides in scarecrow fashion. You cannot come in on a clever boxer as wide open as that.

I came over here purposely to see Louis fight Paolino Uzcudun. I went out of Madison Square Garden that night convinced that I could beat Louis. Much was made of his victory over Paolino; but the truth is that Paolino, old and fat, fought a strict retreat.

Paolino had beaten Baer. The Louis fanatics seemed to think that when Louis beat Baer he accomplished something great. Well, I had beaten Paolino twice when the Basque was younger and in better shape. Boxing writers say I probably softened him up for Joe.

Louis has not fought a young fighter of any rating. His matches have been hand-picked. Even his handlers will admit that. I am thirty years old and I have never knocked around. I am in perfect physical condition. There are no marks on me—no puffed ears like Levinsky's, no eye scars like Paolino's, no varicose veins and heavy leaden legs like those of the giant target Carnera.

"Joe Louis won most of his fights before entering the ring—"

I have an honest confidence, the confidence of a man who once was champion of the world. I would still have that title today if I had not experimented with my fighting style. I foolishly changed my successful weaving

LOUIS Where All Failed

by MAX SCHMELING

"—and I am certain I will not only beat him, I will knock him out!"

slam-bang crouching attack to a stand-up style while I was preparing for the second Jack Sharkey fight. Now I am back to my old way. It is the natural one.

To prove that it is the best, consult the records. The book shows a knockout over Walter Neusel in nine rounds. Some boxing writers say "Schmeling ruined Neusel." I hope that is not true. All I know is that I was hitting unusually sharp and hard.

Then there was my return match and revenge over Steve Hamas. Every champion has his "off night." I had a period in which I was experimenting, and when I said I was "off" the night Hamas beat me in Philadelphia, they all thought I was alibiing. I wasn't. I went back to Germany and worked out my problems just as I have methodically and scientifically worked on the Joe Louis situation. Well, I met Hamas again, in Germany, and knocked him out in nine rounds.

I was punching so hard that Hamas, young and strong, finished in the hospital. He has not fought since. If Joe Louis had done such a thing there would be horrible stories about his murderous punching, wouldn't there?

Whom has Joe paralyzed with one punch *à la* Dempsey? No one. He rained a thousand blows on Carnera. Carnera finished on his feet. Baer finished on one knee, got up quickly and walked out. I can name a half-dozen cases where Louis grew arm-weary trying to flatten a washed-up trial horse or a fading ex-champion.

EVERY one wonders whether Louis "can take it." He has been matched so shrewdly his backers themselves cannot answer this question. He has fought two types of boxers, brave ones and timid ones, and he has been lucky. The brave could not punch hard. The timid could but wouldn't.

It doesn't take much to make cowards out of some men. Once the idea that they are meeting a new deadly and horrible bogeyman gets into their brains, it balloons through the nights until they are wrecked. They punish themselves far more brutally than Louis ever could.

And now, here is how I think the fight will go: At the first bell we will spar cautiously. I don't promise any of the reckless wild slugging attacks Max Baer promised and failed to deliver. Louis will shoot out lefts. He uses those to measure his men. They are purposely slow and purposely short to trap the stupid.

I will carry the fight close. I always work better in close. My arms are short and I punch fast. I believe I will beat Louis to many exchanges in the first round.

In the second and third the pace will step up. A brisk tattoo to the stomach, one or two telling blows to the heart, and a clever "picture" boxer immediately comes loose at the seams. Then that right fist of mine will start to whistle. I don't want any one to think I am cocky. I will not predict any particular round for an ending, but I am certain I will not only beat Louis, I will knock him out. And with a right to the chin crossed over his left lead!

THE END

The Girl AT THE ORANGE JUICE STAND

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THEY looked at each other across the counter, while from the leaves of the great elm that spread over the orange juice stand drops of water pattered down.

"God, Mary," Jeff Kearny murmured, "it can't go on like this. It just can't! Two straight weeks of rain. The park will go broke. It'll have to close."

"I know," Mary said. Her eyes didn't move from Jeff's. She had beautiful eyes, soft brown, the color of a doe's, and like a doe's they were sad and rather frightened. Some of the fright had gone since she knew Jeff, especially when she was looking at him. It was her eyes which had drawn Jeff to her. She was pretty enough otherwise, but in a pale wispy way. In her eyes Jeff found the same loneliness which he carried with him.

"You should sell umbrellas instead of orange juice," Jeff said, resting his elbows on the oilcloth-covered counter. Their glances fed on each other.

Mary Fain said to Jeff: "No matter what happens, we'll stay together. Won't we?"

"Yes, we will, Mary," Jeff replied.

"You haven't got anybody, and I haven't. I used to feel awful bad about that. It's all changed now."

"Yeah." Jeff sighed and took his eyes from hers. He traced a pattern on the damp oilcloth with his fingernail. "We haven't got any money, either. Eight dollars. That's all I got."

"I've got eleven fifty."

Jeff shook his head. His blond hair was curled at the edges by the rain. He needed a haircut but couldn't afford it. The coat that covered his slim shoulders didn't fit well; the sleeves were too short for his arms; Jeff was tall and thin but not skinny. His eyes were clear deep blue. Irish, Jeff was. A blond Irishman.

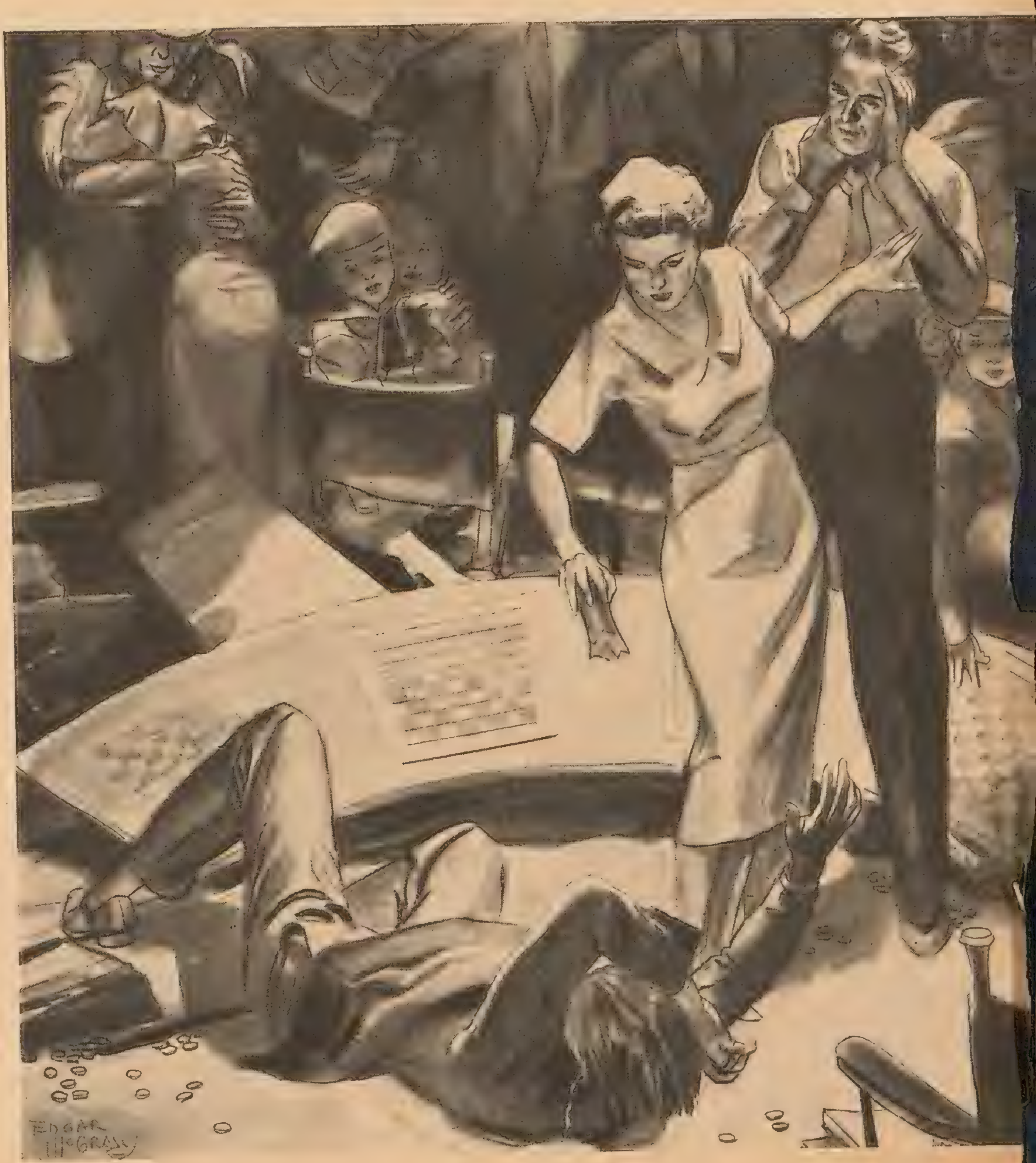
"You know, Mary, I got to figure something out," he declared.

"Yes, Jeff?" Mary said softly. She wasn't listening to what he was saying. She was gazing at him again.

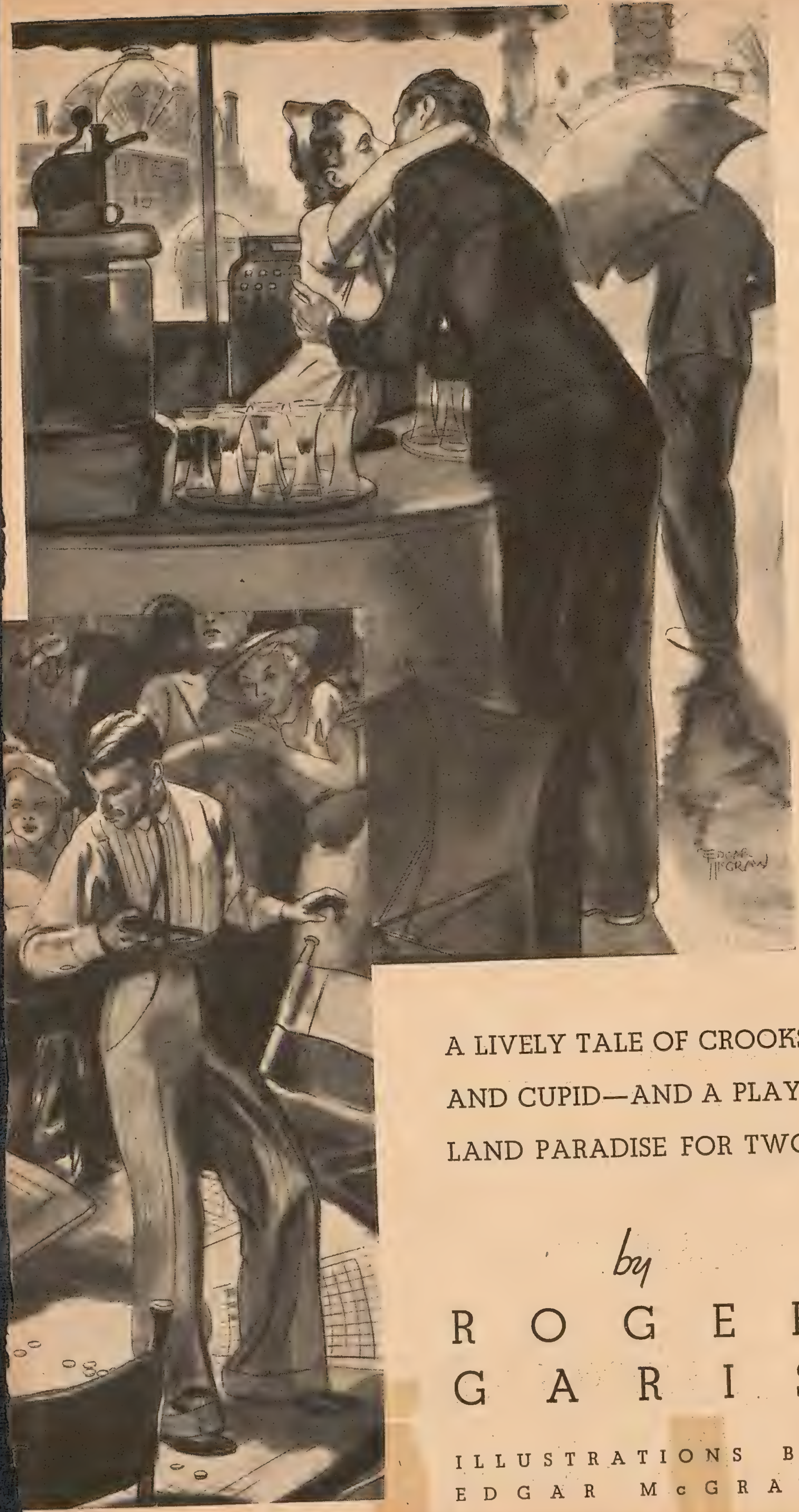
"Listen, darling," Jeff insisted. "We want to get married, don't we?"

"Oh, goodness, yes, Jeff!"

"Well, then, I've got to figure out. Now, for the last two weeks I only took in eight dollars at the checkerboards. That was the two decent nights we had. Two or three more days of this rain and Silcox will have to close the park. He can't stand the overhead. Understand, Mary? I got that from Les Connant at the roller coaster. He's known Silcox for years. Helps him out



Mary followed him, jabbing at his face.



He leaned over the counter and kissed her. She tried to hold him to her.

A LIVELY TALE OF CROOKS AND CUPID—AND A PLAYLAND PARADISE FOR TWO

by

ROGER GARIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDGAR McGRAW

in the office once in a while. He says Silcox is almost beat."

"It's too bad, Jeff."

"Too bad! It's worse than that. It means we're out of jobs. And I don't know where I can get another. Not at the boards, at least. I can't afford to buy a concession. Who wants a checker player in the middle of the season?"

"I do, Jeff," said Mary.

"Sweetheart," Jeff said; and looking swiftly about the deserted rain-swept park, he leaned over the counter and kissed her. She put her hands behind his head and tried to hold him to her; but he protested with boyish seriousness, "No more of that, Mary," and when she released him he straightened his tie and frowned. "It's a tough problem," he said gravely.

Half an hour after that the rain stopped. Completely, definitely it stopped, and by four o'clock the sun was shining brightly. At six, when Jeff came to take Mary out to supper at the park restaurant, it had turned so warm that the pool began to attract customers. Mary said to Isabel, the girl who relieved her from six to eight:

"If Gus comes by, tell him we need more oranges. Business should be good after all that rain."

"Yeah," replied Isabel, shifting her gum. "Listen. Don't be late, will ya? I got a date."

Mary promised. Jeff had to be back anyhow. There was a chance of making money tonight. Jeff got fifteen cents a game—nothing if the opponent won. But this hadn't happened yet. Whatever type of mind is necessary for success at checkers, Jeff had it. He took on as many as fifteen players at once. He told Mary that as he went from board to board something seemed to click in his mind, like a switch, and in an instant he recalled the problem before him just as though it were the only one he had to cope with. Mary said this was mystic and it frightened her. Always this got a laugh from Jeff.

In celebration of the fine weather they had steak with French-fried on the side, and Jeff had a bottle of beer. After the meal they walked slowly through the grove of trees back of the baseball grounds. Mary linked her arm with Jeff's and her hand nestled in his. They didn't talk much. The lowered sun shot shafts of red and deep purple through the trees. Faintly as an echo came the rising and falling sounds of discordant music, the wailing protest of steel on steel, the distant clang of bullets striking metal in the shooting gallery, the heavier *bong!* as some one wielding the mallet won a "good" cigar. All these, the collective voices of the Majestic Amusement Park, were pleasant to the two strolling through the dusk. They meant to them all they had known of romance.

Isabel was chewing with a petulant rapidity when they returned, for it was a quarter past eight. Mary got there in time to see her slop part of a glass of orange juice on the coat of a customer as she served him.

"Say!" the girl bawled. "I thought you said you'd be on time! Doan' you ree-lize I gotta go home and slip inna somepin' cool and fresh, so I can pair-lize Jack when I—"

"All right, Isabel; run along," Mary told her. "I'm sorry."

"Yeah, you're sorry," Isabel muttered. "Soon's you get with that checker player you forget what day it is!"

Jeff, at the boards, found several people waiting to play. He took his coat off and got inside the circular counter, feeling great.

"Who's the first victim tonight?" Jeff asked, looking around. "Hello, Mr. Morris! You here again? Still think you can beat me, hey?"

"Still think I can," the stout man laughed. "Been practicing at home while it rained. Go ahead. You move first!"

Eleven boards were in action when Jeff looked up to see Connant, from the roller coaster, standing at the rear motioning to him. Glancing at the boards to fix the position of the checkers in his mind, Jeff excused himself and went to Connant.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "You seem excited."

"Plenty is the matter," Connant declared feverishly. "Silcox committed suicide. Shot himself! They found him home just a few minutes ago."

"Good Lord!" Jeff gasped. "Silcox! Why—what—"

"He didn't wait for the rain to stop," Connant said simply. "Doc said he did it right after lunch. He was all alone. Poor guy!"

"Yeah, poor guy," Jeff repeated dazedly.

CONNANT waited a moment and then said:

"You know what it means, don't you?"

"What?"

"The end of the park. I know Silcox. He wouldn't have quit if there had been a way out. Only—if he could have hung on a little longer—until the rain had stopped—"

"Then this is the last night?" Jeff asked dully.

"Yep. The last night. Mortgage company wanted to turn the park into building lots a long time ago, but Silcox wouldn't let 'em. Said he'd spend his last nickel to keep the park open. And that's what he done. It was the two-weeks rain that killed him—" Connant bit his lip. He turned away.

"Damn it all," Jeff groaned, and went slowly back to his boards. Mr. Morris, at one end, grinned at him triumphantly.

"Think I got you beat this time, Jeff; think I got you!" he cackled. His fat face was beaming. "I got you sewed up!"

"Have you?" Jeff said heavily, and tried to set his mind on the game. It was most difficult. He had to stare at the boards minutes at a time before he could assimilate the problems.

When he came to Mr. Morris again the stout man was jubilant. He made his move and bellowed: "Got you, Jeff! You're licked!"

Jeff gazed at the checkers through a mist. He shook it off and bent all his efforts at concentrating. Morris was right. He was beaten. Morris had him so he couldn't move without losing his single remaining king or two other men. No sacrifice move would be of any avail. He said thickly:

"Yeah, Mr. Morris, I guess you're right. I'm licked."

"For the first time, hey, Jeff?" Morris gloated. "Say, wait till I tell my wife! She said I'd *never* beat you! Wish she was here. Listen, Jeff. When I bring her tomorrow night, you'll tell her, won't you? You'll tell her I *did* beat you?"

"Tomorrow night?" Jeff laughed harshly. "Sure, I'll tell her, Mr. Morris. You bring her. You'll find me at—"

HE noticed, then, two men who were standing directly back of Morris. One was a husky red-necked fellow and the other a little skinny guy with a black string necktie and a pleated shirt. A park lady-killer. He was arguing with his friend.

"Come on, Louie, come on," he was saying. "Don't hang around here. We got to—"

"Listen. Don't tell me what I got to do," Red-Neck snarled. "If I want to play I'll play. I can beat this dope. He's lousy. Hey, buddy!"

"What?" Jeff muttered.

"How about takin' me on?"

Automatically Jeff glanced about the counter. "No room," he said.

"Well, I guess I can find room, all right—"

He laid a big hand heavily on Mr. Morris's shoulder. Morris, a good-natured innocuous soul, looked up in surprise.

"You're done, ain't you, buddy?" Red-Neck demanded.

"Why, I—" Morris spluttered.

"He gets a free game," Jeff said sharply. "When there's a place vacant you can play."

"I can't wait," declared the man flatly. "Listen, you. You're finished."

"Well, I—of course if you—"

"Mr. Morris," Jeff broke in softly, "if you want to play any more, stay right where you are. Don't move. Stay put."

"Oh, a wise guy!" Red-Neck sneered. "Listen, wise guy—"

"I'm through," Morris said hurriedly. "I was going to stop anyhow. Don't want to force my luck. You can play here, if you wish—"

"Thanks," said Red-Neck, and laughed.

Morris slid from the bench nervously. The other plumped himself down in his place.

His friend leaned over and told him tensely: "You're foolish, Louie. This ain't right. You know it ain't right."

"Pipe down." He began to arrange the checkers. "Say, buddy, I'll play you for ten bucks."

"We don't allow gambling," Jeff said stonily. "Mr. Morris! Are you sure you don't want to play any more?"

"No, thank you, Jeff—I'm through, really."

"Sure he's through," Red-Neck chuckled. "Come on, wise guy. Let's get started. If you're afraid to bet, I'll beat you just for the fun of it."

Without replying, Jeff swung around and took up the games at the other end of the counter. As he made his moves he found, to his surprise, that his mind was crystal-clear, that he visualized each problem wholly and concisely, and that he was able to foresee the tactics of his opponents as though they already had employed them. He shifted his pieces without a moment's hesitation.

When he got to Red-Neck, Jeff made his return move contemptuously. Tough boy who thought he was good at anything. Jeff knew the type. Red-Neck advanced another man. Jeff jumped. So did Red-Neck. Jeff moved again, and Red-Neck laughed and took a checker, and Jeff jumped three times.

"Hey, Louie," whined the narrow-shouldered fellow pleadingly. But Louie snarled, "Pipe down!" and, with his head in his hands, studied the board. Jeff walked to the other side.

When, after nine exchanges, Louie had but two pieces left and Jeff still had his king row intact and four others, Red-Neck conceded defeat. He handed Jeff a fifty-dollar bill.

"I can't change that," Jeff said.

"Can't, hey?" Louie exclaimed. "Well, I ain't got any smaller."

"Here's fifteen cents," his friend said hurriedly. "Now let's go, Louie."

"Like hell I will! I can beat this guy. You button your mouth."

Mr. Morris was still there, watching. When Jeff won the second game from Red-Neck as easily as the first, Morris burst out:

"That's the boy, Jeff!"

Louie turned, scowling. "Who asked you to put in your oar?"

Morris whitened. "I didn't mean to interrupt. Pardon me."

"You keep your trap shut, or I'll shut it for you. All right, wise guy"—to Jeff—"I'll go you again. Think you're pretty hot, don't you?"

"Hot enough to take you," Jeff replied. "Any time."

"Yeah? Maybe you'd like to—"

"Aw, go on and play, if you're going to," Jeff snapped. "You're holding up the others."

Red-Neck half-arose, then resumed his seat. Jeff walked off. Louie's friend whispered in his ear, and Louie jabbed him in the pit of the stomach with his elbow and rearranged his checkers. The little fellow held his stomach, pain on his face. He said nothing more.

THIS time Red-Neck played slowly and carefully. He studied every move with narrowed eyes, deliberating long before making a decision. Jeff realized suddenly that this wasn't going to be any push-over. Fortunately, the others at the table were the rankest of amateurs. Jeff could afford to conserve his best efforts for Louie. And he discovered this was necessary; for, in a way that he could not fathom, Louie suddenly had him in a very precarious position.

Jeff stood before the board and frowned.

"Well, wise guy!" Louie taunted. "How about it? Give you a hundred to fifty I take you."

"No gambling," Jeff said quietly. "Wait a second."

"Sure I'll wait," Louie chuckled. He lit a cigarette. "You get out of this and you're good."

Jeff feared he wasn't going to get out of it. The trap had been well laid and well executed. He had been overconfident. His only chance was to lure Louie into a false move, and, from the look of the fellow, this would be pretty hard doing.

Jeff glanced up and saw Mr. Morris staring at him sympathetically. The fat man shook his head. Jeff shrugged his shoulders and made his play.

"So that's it!" Louis grinned, and jumped.

In that instant Jeff saw his chance. Louie had jumped the wrong way. He had placed himself in such a position that in two moves Jeff could finish him. Mr. Morris, leaning forward, saw it too. His fleshy face

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
IN THE "HORSELESS CARRIAGE" DAYS
OH-H, THE COLONEL LEFT HIS TOBACCO HERE. HE TOLD ME HE HAS IT SPECIALLY MIXED UP FOR HIMSELF. NOW WHAT ARE YOU CHUCKLING ABOUT, DADDY?
WELL, CHUBBINS – I LEARNED ABOUT MIX-UPS OF ALL SORTS YEARS AGO WHEN HORSELESS CARRIAGES WERE IN THE EXPERIMENTAL STAGE
ROBBINS, YOU MIX UP THIS NEW CHEMICAL OF MINE WITH THE GASOLINE IN YOUR AUTOMOBILE – I KNOW IT WILL INCREASE YOUR SPEED 75 PER CENT – MAN, IT WILL MAKE US RICH! I'LL LET YOU IN ON IT
ANNABELLE – YOU DON'T KNOW IT, BUT YOU'RE ABOUT TO WITNESS THE MOST SURPRISIN' THING YOU EVER SAW! YOU'LL BE AMAZED!
GIT A HOSS!
BANG
AND SO – I BLEW UP MY CAR, LOST MY GIRL AND A CHANCE AT A FORTUNE – ALL BECAUSE OF A MIX-UP. BUT PRINCE ALBERT IS NO UNTRIED EXPERIMENT. ITS COMBINED RICHNESS FLAVOR, AND MELLOWNESS ARE EVERYTHING A MAN WANTS IN HIS TOBACCO
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"STAND BACK— before my head blows up"

HEAD SPLITTING, NERVES SHOT, UNTIL . .
STAND BACK, WOMAN—RUN FOR YOUR LIFE! MY HEAD'S A VOLCANO READY TO BLOW UP
I'LL RUN ALL RIGHT—FOR BROMO-SELTZER! FASTEST RELIEF I KNOW FOR A HEADACHE LIKE THAT
SOON AFTERWARD
COME ON IN, JIM! YOU'D NEVER KNOW I WOKE UP WITH A HEADACHE, WOULD YOU? BROMO-SELTZER HELPED ME IN NO TIME—HEAD STOMACH AND NERVES!

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Makes you feel fit FASTER!

wreathed itself into a smile of pure happiness.

Slowly, calmly, Jeff made the next move. Red-Neck laughed. He jumped again. Jeff shifted another checker, and Louie, after a pause, moved a king back.

"Just a moment," Jeff said easily. "You've got to jump."

"Huh?" gasped Louie, his head stuck out. "What d'ya mean, jump?"

"With your king," Jeff told him. "You've got to jump my man."

"Got to—"

Then Louie saw. He was snared—The moment he jumped Jeff had him—could sweep the board, all but one checker, which rested harmlessly in a blocked corner.

"Why, you—" Red-Neck roared, and cursed savagely. "I'll knock your ears off!"

Leaping to his feet, he upset the board.

"Louie!" screamed the narrow-shouldered one, and grabbed at his arm in vain. Red-Neck reached out and seized Jeff by the coat lapel.

Jeff tensed himself and swung. His fist caught Louie on the cheekbone. He might as well have hit a rock. Louie lashed out, and Jeff's head bobbed back sickeningly.

The other players were up now, and in the turmoil the circular counter creaked, swayed, and crashed, the checkers flying about like the pack of cards in Alice in Wonderland. Men shouted hoarsely, and above their shouts sounded feminine shrieks. Red-Neck did not release his hold on Jeff. The two were on the ground, struggling, Red-Neck on top.

"Jeff, Jeff!" Mr. Morris yelled, and then: "Help! Police! Help! He's killing Jeff!"

Louie seemed in a fair way to do just this. One of his huge paws gripped the side of Jeff's neck—not the front, not trying to depress the Adam's apple, but just over the thick muscle that runs down below the ear, where is located a certain nerve which, under sufficient pressure, will cause death.

Louie was no Queensberry scrapper. He fought to win. Killing one's opponent was an almost certain way of effecting this, and his method was of the proven science of the rough-and-tumble.

DESPITE the horrible nausea which invaded his whole body, Jeff continued to hammer the snarling face above him as he lay on his back. He felt his fist crunch against the bridge of the nose, but the grip on his neck did not relax. The lights of the park were becoming very dim. The big one, over the place where the checker counter had stood, began to spin about insanely. The noise of people shouting and screaming came in waves. Jeff felt exactly as he had when he took gas for a tooth extraction.

Vaguely he heard a voice which was strangely familiar call: "Jeff! Jeff!" He remembered it as the voice of some one he liked. Of some one he used to play with a long time ago. Little fat fellow. Good-natured. Didn't mind getting beaten. Laughed and came back for more. That's what he should do—laugh, and get up, and fight off this black sickness that was settling over him and putting out the lights. . . .

AT the orange juice stand, Mary Fain heard Mr. Morris cry, "Jeff" and heard him yell, "He's killing Jeff!"

Mary had a glass in her hand. She was just about to fill it with orange juice for a customer, an elderly lady with a mole on her chin and a hooked nose. The lady said: "Child! You're spilling the juice all over!"

"I know it," Mary replied, and kicked the door under the counter open and ducked out. She still clung to the glass.

She ran toward the great arc light which hung over the checker games. Others were running with her. Men and girls were hastening to see the free show. Mothers dragged children along, imploring: "It's a fight! Don't fall, now—if you fall, we will miss it. A fight—hah, a fight!"

Mary pushed one of these draggers out of her way. The child stumbled. The mother lamented loudly: "Oh—ah, so now we don't see it all!"

The crowd had not yet reached the scene when Mary arrived. She had come swiftly. It seemed to her that she had not breathed, that her heart had not beaten, since she heard the cry, "He's killing Jeff!" Inside she felt cold, as though she had turned into ice—entirely lacking in sensation. She was not even panting as she thrust men aside and came to the place where Jeff lay, Louie sprawling over him.

Those who had been players surrounded the battlers. They strained forward and strained back—for Louie's skinny friend had an automatic in his hand, which swept about in a wide circle, frenzied, as were the eyes of the man who held it.

Mary stood within this ring, a wisp of a girl with a white face and an empty orange juice glass in her hand. She could not see much of Jeff, for Louie's big body almost covered him. But she saw one leg that flexed and twisted in agony. She saw a shoe with a hole in the sole. Two days ago Mary had cut a piece of cardboard for Jeff to insert in that shoe.

When the man with the gun saw Mary start forward, he yelped: "You keep back, lady! I ain't afraid to shoot!"

"All right," said Mary. She ran with little steps to Jeff. Now she could see his tortured face.

Mary stopped and, bending slightly, she pulled off one of her shoes. Holding it by the toe, she tapped the glass in her other hand with the heel. It broke around the rim. The remaining part was a wicked jagged circle, a terrible weapon of razor sharpness.

Leaning so that this instrument came lower than Louie's head, she thrust it at him, upward, at his eyes. That such a ponderous body could move so swiftly seemed almost impossible. Yet the broken glass did not reach Louie's face. He could not have seen it until the glistening edge almost touched him; but his head jerked back, his arms flung up protectingly, and with a yell that was like an animal's bellow of terror he rolled clear.

Mary followed him. She kept jabbing at his face with the terrifying weapon, holding it as she would a knife, to stab with it. There was a fierce and implacable intent in her thrusts. Louie had an arm over his face, and the glass slashed at it, ripping the coat, the shirt sleeve, and judging from his roared curse must have bit deep into the flesh beneath. His other arm sought to knock Mary from her feet, but she avoided it. Again she cut at the man with the red neck. In the white glare of the arc light she appeared a slim figure executing a wild dance of vengeance while her victim groveled in the dirt before her.

Louie's friend with the gun turned his head to see what was occurring, and was shocked into limpness at the scene. The gun wavered, lowered. His weak mouth opened comically. He uttered a frightened squeak. It was at this instant that a man at Mr. Morris's side leaped, struck accurately, and the fellow in the string necktie and pleated shirt spun and dropped, the gun slithering beneath the wrecked checker counter.

Undoubtedly Louie could have succeeded in bringing Mary down with one of those wild swings of his arm, for his fingers clutched at her desperately, and she could not have continued her dance much longer. All Louie needed was to grab an ankle as she leaped and thrust. Or he might have seized her wrist. But he was trying to stay as far from that horrible jagged circle as possible, and he kept one arm determinedly over his eyes.

BUT it was not Louie who swept Mary aside. It was Jeff. He had risen staggeringly, stood a brief second while the lights came into focus again, and sprang forward. He pushed Mary away and flung himself upon Louie. This time he didn't aim for the jaw. With all his strength he sank a terrific right into Louie's stomach. Louie groaned and the arm came down. *Then* Jeff struck for the jaw. And landed.

His second and third blows were hardly necessary. Astride Louie, he slugged at the face savagely, and the head snapped from side to side as though it were on a pivot. By that Jeff understood that the fight was ended. Louie was out. He lay quietly, blood trickling from his lips—ridiculous, defeated. Jeff got up.

"Mary," he said. "Mary. Are you hurt, dear?"

"No, Jeff," Mary replied. She was leaning on Mr. Morris's arm. Her eyes were fixed on the broken glass in her hand. She stared at it queerly.

"Give it to me, darling." Jeff

All Great Champions Have It . . .

—it's the one thing a "Would-be" lacks

by Grantland Rice

Dean of American Sports Writers

PEOPLE often ask me just what makes a champion. In my life-time I have seen literally three generations of champions in almost every major branch of sports. I have known them, watched them work, even worked with them.

What made the performances of these great athletes stand out thrillingly above the attempts of the would-be champs? Well, that is a hard question to answer, but basically three things make a champion. First, the right material to start with—then meticulous care in training, and finally and most important, that finishing touch, *correct timing.* Watch a great golfer, a great boxer, a great pitcher, and you will see that the essence of their superiority is correct timing.

The other day in Boston I saw this same idea at work in an entirely different field of endeavor. It had been my belief that in making a safety razor blade some one picked out a piece of steel, blocked out the blade and then sharpened it. But when I visited the Gillette Safety Razor factory, I discovered that even with razor blades, champions could not be made this way. For three hours I pursued a tiny piece of blade steel from the raw, cold metal until the finished product, sterilized and sealed in its sanitary waxed paper wrapper, was placed in my hand.

I tried to keep a record of the number of machines, simple and intricate, that were used. I also started out to keep a record of the number of tests employed to check every minute detail. But I soon became much too interested in watching all the various developments used, to keep on making notes.

There were machines that checked human workers and human workers that checked machines. There were machines that checked machines to see that no possible error could take place. There were machines delicate enough to check the pressure made by thin paper coming in contact with the blade's edge.

Throughout all of this, the *timing* was as perfect as the actions of any champion on a winning day. No lost motion . . . every process was coordinated to produce the desired result—the perfect blade.

Champions? Yes—when it comes to razor blades, Gillette has *the one perfect system* for turning them out. In fact, after what I saw, I can't imagine any man being satisfied with any shave but a championship shave—and that, of course, means Gillette Blades.

In view of these facts, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

spoke gently. "You might cut yourself."

He took it from her. Mr. Morris muttered: "Oh, my Lord!"

"Where," asked Jeff, gazing at the glittering object, "did you see that done? Where did you learn how to do that, Mary?"

"I think in the movies," Mary answered carefully. "I guess I saw it in the movies. Jeff!"

"What?"

"I dropped a shoe. It's around here somewhere. I don't want to lose it. This is the only good pair I have. All those people shoving around—"

Among those people were, by now, several policemen—one cop from the regular police force; the others park police. The regular took a good look at Red-Neck and his skinny pal, and then talked excitedly. He waved his hands and spluttered and gasped.

"What's the matter?" inquired Mary, and clung tighter to Jeff. "Oh, darling, he didn't hurt you bad, did he? What's that policeman going on like that for?"

She seemed unable to talk very consecutively. Mr. Morris said: "I'll find out. Wait here. Don't get in that crowd."

"We'll wait," Jeff said. "He didn't hurt me at all, Mary. I just got a kind of a sore throat."

Mr. Morris was not gone long. When he returned, Jeff and Mary were sitting on a bench a little way off.

"Jeff!" the stout man called. "Hey, Jeff—oh, you're there. Say, Jeff!" He was excited, too. "You know what? Those two men were bandits! They stuck up a gas station half an hour ago! The big one at Delevan Avenue—you know—Higby's! There was an alarm out for them! The cop said they pulled a smart trick—an awful smart trick. Came right to the park and mingled with the people. They'd have gotten away with it, too, if the big fellow hadn't stopped to play checkers with you—and if you hadn't beaten him that last game—"

"Gangsters!" Mary exclaimed. "Gangsters, like in the movies?"

"Yes, real gangsters. And the cop says the one who was wrestling with you, Jeff, is wanted for other jobs. He recognized him from a picture at headquarters."

"Gosh!" said Jeff hopefully. "Maybe there's a reward out for him."

"I dunno about that," remarked the officer from the regular force as he sauntered up, having seen the park police handcuff both prisoners. "But maybe there is."

"Wouldn't that be wonderful! It would save everything for us, Jeff." Mary clutched his arm tightly.

"A reward. Boy!" Jeff breathed. "And can we use it!"

"Things bad for you?" Mr. Morris demanded quickly.

"Yeah. Kind of. Silcox committed suicide today. He owned the park. This is the last night. No more Majestic Park. The mortgage company is going to cut it up for building lots."

"Oh, Jeff, did that nice Mr. Silcox die?" Mary lamented.

"Yeah. Shot himself. The park's finished. We're out of jobs, Mary."

"What do you mean—the park is finished—you're out of jobs?" asked Mr. Morris earnestly—suddenly—as the crowd rushed away to watch the prisoners being put in the police auto that arrived with screaming siren.

"Just that," answered Jeff. "The company that holds the park mortgage is going to foreclose and make building lots of it. Connant told me. He knows."

"Well, he doesn't know so much, at that!" declared Mr. Morris still more earnestly. "This park isn't going to close because of mortgage trouble—at least, not until the end of the season. I am president of the Union Bank and Guaranty Company which holds the mortgage on Majestic Park," he went on as Mary and Jeff stared at him wonderingly. "The real-estate development is out for the present. There's no market for building lots. Given a little break, our bank hopes to make a few dollars yet out of this park—enough to cover interest and carrying charges. And besides, if the realty concern or even the directors of my company think I'm going to be done out of my nightly checker games on account of a mortgage foreclosure, they're crazy!"

"You mean the park won't close?" asked Jeff dazedly.

"It will not! I beat you one game tonight, didn't I? I suppose you think that was a fluke. Well, young man, next time I'll bring my wife with me—I'll show her, too."

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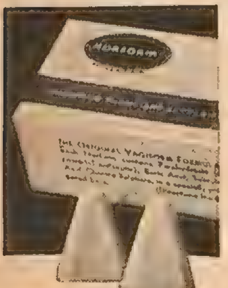

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Norforms are ready for use. There's nothing to mix, nothing to measure. You don't have to worry about an "overdose" or "burn." No apparatus is needed to apply Norforms. They are the daintiest, easiest, quickest and *safest* way to feminine hygiene.

NORFORMS have revolutionized feminine hygiene—made it simple, and free from danger. These antiseptic suppositories are very easy to use . . . much more convenient and satisfactory than the old methods of achieving inner cleanliness. They leave no embarrassing antiseptic odor around the room or about your person.

Norforms melt at internal body temperature, releasing a concentrated yet harmless antiseptic film that remains in prolonged and effective contact. This antiseptic—*anhydro para hydroxy mercuri meta cresol*—called *Parahydrecin* for short—is available in no other product for feminine hygiene. Norforms are genuinely antiseptic and positively non-injurious.

MILLIONS SOLD EVERY YEAR

Send for the Norforms booklet *"The New Way."* It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

NORFORMS *for modern feminine hygiene*

©N. P. CO. 1936 Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

Suddenly switching from checkers to Jeff, he shrewdly asked:

"What are you going to do when the season here ends?"

"Well, I was thinking—"

"Look here!" Mr. Morris was smiling now. "A young man with your head for figures—the way you use your brains in a checker game—you ought to be useful in a bank. Stop by and see me in October."

"I—I will—I—" Jeff was trying to think of something to say when Mr. Morris faded among the trees like the Cheshire cat.

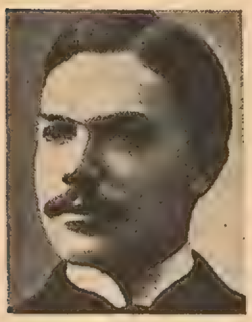
"Sweetheart," Mary sighed, "isn't it *wonderful?* Only I wish—"

"What, baby?"

"That I could find my shoe. Let's look for it, shall we?"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—His father retired in 1911, the world's most wealthy man. He was born in Cleveland in 1874, graduated from Brown University (1897), and married Abby Greene Aldrich (1901). His name is associated with religion, "black gold," and medical research. Can you name him after studying the early photograph above?

2—Why is a monandrous woman fortunate?

3—In Nicaragua the Mosquitos are what?

4—When a radio "ham" says "Eighty-eight," what is he sending?

5—Which country has twenty-six holidays a year?

6—What French philosopher, humorist, and physician died in 1553?

7—Is this sentence correct: "I wish that I was going"?

8—What are Mahabharata and Ramayana?

9—Is a Hawaiian lei used in greeting or in bidding farewell?

10—Where is a man's method of wiping dishes described in the Bible?

11—When do the Chinese celebrate their Independence Day?

12—How many New York City boys and girls (between sixteen and twenty-five) neither work nor attend school?

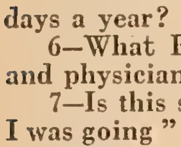
13—In France what is the T.S.F.?

14—During the Revolution what did the wife and daughter of Governor Wolcott of Connecticut do with a statue of George III?

15—In what celebrated trial did an almanac save a man's life?

16—Where is it customary to wrap tips in red paper?

17—Who was the first President to be buried at Arlington?



18—Into what groups were the first Annapolis midshipmen divided?

19—Which birds are better mousers than cats?

20—Who wrote the novel, Ten Nights in a Barroom?

(Answers will be found on page 57)

Not a hair out of Place

. . . but who wants patent-leather hair like Algy?

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Forget those sticky, greasy concoctions that give hair that shiny, patent-leather look.

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REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Secrets of New York's

The Case of the Blazing Hurricane and the Canary-Loving Firebug—A True Crime Story Complete in This Issue

by

A HEADQUARTERS OLD-TIMER

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

TOM BROPHY should have been a cop.

His father was, and his uncle in Australia—the one who lost his life putting the arm on the bad boys "down under."

He was almost a cop himself when he covered Brooklyn Police Headquarters for a New York morning newspaper. But he couldn't get over his childhood habit of running to fires. And now, after twenty-eight years, he's still running to them.

He doesn't go to them, as most firemen do, to put them out. He's not against that, of course. But his real interest in fires is to find out who started them. Chief Fire Marshal of the City of New York, that's what they call him; but what he really is is a fire detective, the best in the world.

If he hadn't been, he never would have solved the Bensonhurst arson murder and caught the killer of six.

Of course our boys were in on it too. Detective Sergeant John P. Leahy was on the job right to the finish—and lucky for Tom Brophy that he was, for it was Jack Leahy who stopped the killer with a Joe Louis to the chin just as he was reaching under the pillow for his gun.

But it was Brophy's case, and I say, give him credit.

The fire started at half past four in the morning, Monday, October 15, 1923, in the three-story frame house of Mrs. Erma Andrews, at 9417 Nineteenth Avenue in the Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn.

Mrs. Andrews was a widow who had just made over her place into a three-family apartment house. She had rented the first and second floors to two doctors and their families, including seven small children, and had moved with her own household to the top floor.

In her apartment that night there were sleeping, besides herself, her twelve-year-old daughter, Marjorie; her seventeen-year-old son, Charles; her brother-in-law, Dr. Charles Andrews; his sister, Lillian Andrews; two boarders, Pancho Fowler and George Keim; and a servant, Rosina Weishert, whose room was in the attic.

In all, there were nineteen people in the doomed house.

The Bensonhurst neighborhood is a quiet one at any hour of the day. At four thirty in the morning it was dead. The big comfortable Andrews house, set back among trees and behind a well kept hedge and lawn, was typical of the peaceful security of the entire Bensonhurst community.

Right: Fire Marshal Tom Brophy, "the world's best fire detective."

Suddenly two young men, Edward Gutman and Leon Spitzer, who slept in the front room of the house directly across the street, were wakened by the glare of flames and the crackling and splintering of burning wood. Hastily dressing, one of the boys undertook to rouse the sleeping occupants of the blazing house while the other telephoned to give the alarm.

"Fire! Fire! Get up, for God's sake!"

These cries of Edward Gutman outside the windows of the first-floor apartment were the first warnings any of the tenants had of their impending peril. The doctor on the first floor, thus roused, was able to marshal his family, consisting of a wife and three little girls, to a place of safety. The warning cries were also in time to save the family on the second floor.

If it hadn't been for the prompt action of these two young men, the families of Dr. Noyes and Dr. McNicoll might have suffered the same fate that overtook and nearly wiped out the household of Erma Andrews. But even with the boys' quick aid, it is doubtful if these eleven people on the two lower floors could have escaped but for the peculiar nature and course of the flames.

Most fires start inside the house. This one started outside, on the lower of the two wooden porches which covered the house front, and it licked its way along the balustrades and up the piazza posts from story to story until the whole front façade was in a blaze before the house itself began to burn.

The third story of the Andrews house extended out over the second-story porch. When the flames reached the shingled front of it, they did not stop, but sent their hissing tongues of death skyward until they reached the open window of the third-floor front. Then, sucked by the draft from within, the flames leaped through this opening into the sleeping apartment of the

From left to right: Marjorie Andrews and her older brother, Charles, both among the deadly firebug's victims, and Detective Sergeant Jack Leahy, who K.O.'d the killer.

Homicide Squad

The Andrews house in Bensonhurst as the firebug's revenge left it.

Six human lives—or nineteen—meant less to this fellow than his canary's!

elder of the two boarders, George Keim.

The old man died where he lay. And the blistering torrent swept past him into the long hall, and barricaded the doors of the other third-floor bedrooms with an impenetrable wall of smoke and flame.

The boy, Charles—a fine upstanding young fellow, who had on the previous Saturday won a football game for his school, the Brooklyn Polytechnic—never reached the hall. Neither did Lillian Andrews nor Pancho Fowler. But Dr. Andrews, who had been roused by the noises, was able to fight his way through the flames and escape by the back stairway.

Mrs. Andrews and her twelve-year-old daughter slept in a rear bedroom. They also had been aroused slightly in advance of the onrush of the flames through the third-story hall by the sounds from below, and by a rock which Gutman had sent crashing through their window. Mrs. Andrews rushed to see what was the matter.

"Quick! Get out!" Gutman was shouting. "The house is on fire!"

When the distracted woman turned back to warn her daughter, she found the bed empty. Marjorie, hearing the word "fire," had thought instantly of Rosina, the German servant girl, of whom she was very fond, and had slipped out into the sweltering smoke-filled hall and up the short flight of attic stairs to Rosina's room.

Mrs. Andrews rushed to the door, but it was too late. The blaze had now swept down the hall, and, as she opened the door and created still another draft, it sprang at her, scorching her face and hair and well-nigh overcoming her. Fighting desperately, she managed to close the bedroom door, hoping against hope that the little girl had escaped to the floors below.

A few seconds later the huddled groups on the lawn saw a woman leap from a third-story window into the tops of the near-by trees. It was Mrs. Andrews, the second and last person to escape.

Marjorie and Rosina were trapped between the attic floor and the roof. It is possible that they, too, might have escaped by jumping, but the servant's door, through which the child had rushed, remained open, and the torrent of flame, responding to the suction thus created, rolled up the short stairs and into the room.

There was a firehouse only two blocks away, so near that the firemen could see the flames and smell the smoke as they rushed with their engine and ladder truck into the street; but by the time they reached the burning building, the six victims—Keim, Fowler, Charles, Lillian, Marjorie, and Rosina—had already lost their lives.

Such speedy destruction, especially in the heavy, drizzling, windless atmosphere of that October morning, seemed almost unbelievable. But the firemen had no time to think of such things. Grimly, under the leadership of Battalion Chief Frank L. Owens, they went about salvaging whatever was left of household belongings and family treasures in the gutted lower floors and fighting their way through smoke and flame to the burning graveyard above.

Firemen George W. Minor and Charles Schreiber, without thought for their own lives, plunged through the blazing upper hall into the chambers of death. Three times they disappeared behind the wall of smoke, and three times they reappeared, their own faces seared by the flames, their strong arms filled with the shapeless charred remains of the schoolboy Charles, the younger boarder, Pancho Fowler, and the old gentleman, George Keim.

SIXTEEN minutes after the sounding of the alarm a chief's red car came clanging through the now gathering throngs. A square-jawed, square-shouldered lion of a man jumped to the sidewalk. His brows were heavy, his eyes sharp, his nose long and straight, his mouth firm, his step quick, his manner decisive.

"We've carried out four, marshal," reported Owens. "Are there any more?"

"Two, they say, on the top floor—a little girl and a servant."

Fire Marshal Brophy turned to the deputy who had accompanied him on his mad ride.

"Come on, Ferris," he said, and, without protection of greatcoat or helmet, plunged into the burning house.

Clasped in each other's arms, charred almost beyond recognition as human relics, he found the devoted child and her beloved Rosina. Tenderly he placed the shrunken bodies in a blanket and, with the deputy marshal's help, bore them to the lawn.

When he had laid them softly down beside the four other lifeless victims, he nodded to his aide to follow him back to the house. The two men stopped at the foot of the charred veranda steps.

"Get it, Ferris?"

"Sure—it's gas all right."

Tom Brophy's long aquiline nose is as keen as it looks. His ability to detect and classify the odor of inflammable liquids had put him more than once on the trail of arson in fires which to the unpracticed eye—and nose—had all the signs of being accidental.

With his jackknife he tore off splinters from the latticework at the base of the steps. On some of these strips he found drops of still unignited gasoline. Pushing aside the remains of the grillwork which had run along the porch between the lower floor and the ground, he crawled under the porch and felt carefully about in the moist soil. The fire, which had burned so viciously just a few feet above, had not come near enough to the ground beneath to make it warm or dry.

The gasoline had obviously been poured over the steps leading to the porch, the railing which ran along the front, and the square hollow piazza posts leading to the upper floors.

So the fire was of incendiary origin. The next step was to determine whether it had been set by a pyromaniac or a firebug. To the layman, and for that matter to the dictionary man, these terms are synonymous, but to us detectives and to fire fighters like Brophy they have come to represent very different types.

The pyromaniac is a mentally abnormal or at least unstable person who sets fires because he gets a morbid "kick" out of seeing the flames and out of the attendant excitement. Such a person often pulls in the alarm for the fire he has started, and assists in the escape of the very persons whose lives he has endangered.

A firebug, on the other hand, starts his fires for some logical if criminal purpose, usually financial gain, but sometimes revenge, intimidation, or murder. He is one of the lowest of criminals, and should be treated as such.

This carefully planned blaze certainly did *not* look like pyromania. It was clearly the work of a cold-blooded homicidal firebug. Some one of the nineteen persons sleeping in that house must have had a most murderous and insensate enemy.

Six of the nineteen were beyond questioning, but Brophy—assisted, naturally, by our boys from Headquarters—started in promptly on the surviving thirteen. The children were, of course, quickly eliminated. They were all too young to have enemies of their own or to know of the enmities of their elders; neither were they the possessors of any large sums of money, nor the heirs to any fortunes, large or small.

The two doctor tenants, Noyes and McNicoll, knew of no one who would have wished to take their lives or those of any members of their families. Physicians are sometimes objects of hatred and revenge on the part of patients and patients' relatives. Brophy went into all these possibilities carefully, but there was apparently no such menace to the life of either of these medicos.

Moreover, the course of the fire tended to eliminate the occupants of the first two floors.

THE Andrews family naturally came in for the closest scrutiny. Dr. Andrews was a dentist, and although everybody feels at times as if he would like to kill his dentist, nobody has ever been known to act upon the feeling; moreover, this particular dentist was a likable, folksy sort of man whom everybody respected. The two sisters-in-law, Erma and Lillian, bore the best of reputations in the neighborhood. Both had lost husbands of whom they were very fond, and they lived quietly together, keeping pretty much to themselves.

Little Marjorie Andrews, like the children downstairs, could have no enemies. The maid Rosina was a jolly kindhearted German woman whom no one would have wished to kill. Charles, the football star, had confined his rivalries, everybody agreed, to the playing field.

Brophy was therefore reduced to two prospects, and both dead: the boarders Pancho Fowler and George Keim.

Fowler was a distinct possibility. He had just returned from an oil-prospecting jaunt to Tampico, Mexico. His real name was Francis P. Fowler, and whether the P. stood for Pancho or he just liked the name because it reminded him of his Mexican adventure, nobody seemed to know. He had often entertained his less traveled neighbors with tales of wild doings below the border.

Yes, Pancho Fowler might well have had an enemy, some partner or ex-partner in the oil field, or some jealous Mexican husband or sweetheart who had followed the oil man to his Brooklyn hide-out. But Pancho was dead; and not even his landlady, Mrs. Andrews, knew enough about him to be of any assistance. All we could do was to telegraph to Tampico authorities and set in motion the usual routine machinery for checking up.

In the meantime Brophy turned his scrutiny on the old gentleman, Keim. Of all the adults in the house that night, George Keim seemed the least likely to have had an enemy so violent as to attempt to kill him—and in that hideous way. He was a kindly, lonely old man, who had lived in Brooklyn all his life. His business was real estate; and he had been successful enough to indulge himself occasionally in such whimsical ventures as backing a Broadway show. Ginger, a production in which he owned a slice, opened in Manhattan the evening of the day he met his death.

We found that the old man had been married twice, and that there had been trouble over property settlements when the second wife had sued for a separation; but this had apparently been smoothed out. He had only one child, a daughter, of whom he seemed very fond. In 1904 Edna Keim had married a soft-spoken Irish youth, William S. Ford, apparently with her father's blessing, for he had promptly made him a partner in his then active real-estate business.

FORD had come to America from Limerick, Ireland, three years before his marriage. He was a graduate of the University of Dublin, and had held responsible positions with large concerns—one with the New York Steamship Company—after coming to America. In the light of this record it looked as if son-in-law Ford were a high-class chap. But a good detective takes nothing for granted. It was up to Brophy to find out everything he could about Keim's family and associates. So he began to inquire carefully about the neighborhood in regard to William Ford.

Slowly, piece by piece, from a shrug of the shoulders here and a raised eyebrow there, Tom Brophy began to build up a picture of the Keim family which was at direct variance with all outward appearances. Keim and Ford had indeed been partners, and apparently satisfied ones, for almost a score of years; but the fact that they weren't partners any more was due not to the old man's gradual retirement from active business but to disagreements between father-in-law and son-in-law. Keim had charged that Ford drank too much and neglected the business. Ford had countercharged that Keim had gypped him out of $9,000 in a real-estate transaction.

This was interesting, but it didn't prove much. After all, business men who disagree seldom go out and sprinkle each other's porches with gasoline and jeopardize a score of lives in an effort to square their accounts. If, as seemed improbable, Ford had had anything to do with the Bensonhurst massacre, there must have been something more behind it than a mere business wrangle.

So Brophy continued his systematic questioning. And finally, from a woman who had heard somewhere a chance remark which linked the arson murder with a flashily dressed, not too industrious youth named Arthur Jones, he got what turned out to be a hot clue.

A master of indirection, the chief marshal did not go immediately to Jones, but contented himself with learning as much as he could about his way of life and his associates. The boy was about twenty-six years old, with a fat pasty immature face and a shock of heavy blond hair, not bad-looking in a cheap way but definitely a softy. He called himself a plumber and he lived in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn.

Brophy was especially interested to know where and with whom Jones had spent the Sunday evening preceding the fire. By discreet inquiry he found that Jones had played poker in the apartment of a close pal of his, Leonard Crozby, who turned out to be one of the most difficult and puzzling characters in this difficult and puzzling case. Crozby just wouldn't talk.

But Tom Brophy had been up against tough nuts before. Not only had he survived the political hazards of officeholding in the changing administrations at City Hall and the traffic dangers incidental to rushing at break-neck speed to thousands of fires, but he had withstood numerous assaults and stabbings from enraged firebugs and more than a few attempts of organized gangs of professional arsonists to assassinate him.

And now he kept after Crozby until he had him frothing at the mouth with significant information.

"Stay here!" he commanded, after Crozby had told him what he wanted to know. "And you boys," he added, turning to Fire Company 222, in whose house he had been conducting the examination, "you see that he does."

Captain George Busby had paraded his entire company to serve as a guard for Marshal Brophy and to execute his commands. Fire marshals and their assistants, according to a New York State law, have the right of summary arrest, with authority to swear witnesses, to subpoena both persons and documents, and to take testimony under oath. And now the firemen, sworn in as temporary police officers by Marshal Brophy, allowed as how they would attend to Leonard Crozby if he tried to escape.

Several of them reached significantly for their fire axes.

BROPHY, accompanied by Detective Sergeant Jack Leahy—don't you think I've been pretty good about keeping down the part our boys played in solving this case?—went out after Jones, got him, and brought him back to Firehouse 222, which stands at the corner of Quincy Street and Ralph Avenue, Brooklyn. Jones, unlike Crozby, was palpably scared to death; and his confidence was not increased by the sight of those axes.

The stage was set for a third-degree grilling of the severest sort. But instead of bulldozing the frightened boy, Brophy sat down beside him. In a low voice he began to talk about fires, what horrible things they were, what fiends the men were who started them, how frightful was the suffering of those who died by them.

As if to emphasize his words, the great fire gong above their heads broke suddenly into jangling earsplitting din—the dread signal that somewhere another building, perhaps another home, was burning.

The suspect cringed and stared with frightened eyes at the fire marshal.

"Some other poor devils burning up, I suppose—caught like rats in a trap."

As Tom Brophy spoke, he focused his accusing eyes on the pasty face of the boy in front of him.

"I wonder," he said quietly, "if there's a little girl—"

Jones leaped to his feet. "I can't stand it any longer!" he shrieked. "Every time I close my eyes I see flames, nothing but flames, and all the time I hear women and children, grown men too, crying as they burn!"

"All right," said Brophy, not unkindly; "let's hear what you have to tell."

Jones's story ran something like this: He and Crozby knew Keim's son-in-law. They had met him playing poker around the Nineteenth Avenue neighborhood. Ford had a car and liked to go on parties. Jones used to drive him and Crozby around town in search of excitement, usually excitement with a skirt on it. When Ford got drunk, which was frequently, he would talk about his troubles with Keim.

"The nine-thousand-dollar matter?" asked the marshal.

"Yes; and not only that. It seems that Keim and Ford had some sort of a scuffle up in Ford's place, and Mrs. Ford, she tried to interfere, and in the excitement Keim pushed her against the sewing machine. She went lame after that, and never got over it. Ford claims the old man did it on purpose, and when he gets a few drinks in him he curses Keim for making a cripple of his own daughter."

Brophy threw Leahy a significant glance.

"Go on!" was all he said to Jones.

"Well, when he was that way, he was always after Leonard and me to knock the old man off. He said we could easy do it by running over him in the car."

Leonard Crozby corroborated these statements and, as the story proceeded, all others which referred to incidents in which he was involved.

"So we kidded him along. We never liked him very

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1936 JUNE 1936

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"The Birdie," G&W's June Cooler

1 jigger G&W London Dry Gin
1 jigger Claret *Juice of 1 Lime*
1 teaspoon Powdered Sugar

Put gin, juice and sugar in tall glass, add cube of ice and carbonated water, stir, then float the jigger of Claret.

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DISTILLED FROM GRAIN . . . NINETY PROOF

well, but he had a good car, and we didn't mind using it. In fact, all we had to say to Ford, if we wanted to borrow the car, was that we were going out looking for Keim. Sometimes we'd keep it all night, and chase down to Coney or over to town with a couple of dames—but it was all right with Bill Ford, so long as we told him we'd almost caught the old man a couple of times the evening before.

"After a while he sort of laid off the idea of running the old man down, and began to talk a lot about fires. Right in the middle of something else he'd break out with, 'Well, boys, it's a great night for a fire!' He never did speak right out about burning Keim to Leonard—"

"He knew better than that," interrupted Crozby.

Jones, a stupid, lumbering chap, didn't seem to take this interruption as a reflection on him, for he went right on with his story.

"—but he did suggest that I help him set fire to the Andrews house. I laughed him off. I never really believed he wanted to kill his father-in-law. I just thought he wanted to annoy him—scare him out of his wits with the car or with a fire. Honestly, Mr. Brophy, I never would have gone near the place, if I'd known—"

"Cut out the sob stuff!" said Leahy.

The boy pulled himself together. "Come last Sunday night," he continued, "I was up at Leonard's place on State Street for a friendly game of cards, when the guy that runs the cigar store on the corner came up to say that Ford phoned and said he wanted me to go riding with him. The cards were running pretty good, and besides, I knew the fellows would be sore if I ran out on 'em when I was ahead, so I said to the cigar guy:

"'Aw, tell him to go to hell!'

"I didn't think anything more about it, but a little later an Italian named Joe Jorselli came in and said, 'Why didn't you answer Ford's call?'"

"Did you know this Jorselli?" asked Brophy.

"A little. I'd met him with Ford. He was a mechanic, and lived in Jersey. He works there for some company—I forget the name."

Leahy was already reaching for the telephone to call up Headquarters. Within five minutes we had a heavy tail out on Jorselli, but we were never able to locate him. He must have got scared after reading about the fire, and have jumped a ship, probably to Italy.

"And you went out with Jorselli?"

"He did," said Crozby. "They both went out together."

JONES nodded agreement. "Ford was sitting in the car outside," he continued, "and was feeling pretty good, so we went around and got a couple of girls and drove 'em around until Ford got tired of 'em. Then the three of us—Ford and the Italian and me—drove down to Bath Beach. On the way we stopped at a garage and had two quart-size stone jugs filled with gasoline."

"And you didn't suspect then that he intended to kill his father-in-law?" asked Brophy.

"He said we'd set fire to the stoop. That's all, marshal. I swear I didn't think he meant to do anything but scare him."

"All right. What happened next?"

"We drove to the Andrews house on Nineteenth Avenue."

"Jorselli still with you?"

"Yes, sir. It was late then—about four o'clock, I guess, and it was almost raining. When we got near the house, Ford motioned me to stop. He handed one jug to Joe and tried to hand the other to me. 'Here,' he said, 'pour this all over the front of the stoop.' I refused to leave the car. Billy swore at me something terrible, but then he got out and he and Joe walked over to the house."

Jones then told in detail how the gasoline was applied to the entire forestructure of the doomed house—just as Brophy had figured it had been—and how Ford lit a match and threw it on the steps. The stoop burst immediately into flame and the blue tongues shot upward on their errand of destruction. Thoroughly scared now, Jones gave the car the gas. As it shot forward, Ford and Jorselli came on the double-quick. Both jumped on the running board.

"Ford poked the muzzle of a revolver into my ribs," Jones continued. "'Trying to double-cross us, eh?' he shouted. 'You yellow dog! For two cents I'd drill you.' Then I drove Joe to a subway station and took Ford home."

"And what did he give you for your part of this?" asked the marshal.

"He promised me two hundred, when he got it."

"And for that you helped murder six people!"

Jones hung his head.

It wasn't far from Firehouse 222 to the Ford apartment on the second floor, right, of the building at 244 Bainbridge Street, just off Ralph Avenue. On their way Brophy and Leahy picked up the policeman on the beat; and after driving around the house and getting the lay of things, it was agreed that the marshal and the sergeant should climb up the fire escape at the rear while the uniformed man went up the front stairs and knocked on Ford's door. While Ford was occupied with answering the door, Brophy and Leahy would enter through the two windows on the fire escape.

SOMETHING went wrong with the signals, and the two invaders arrived in the apartment unannounced. Leahy found himself in an inside hall; Brophy, in what was apparently the family bedroom. Brophy had no gun but he had a flashlight, with which he swept the room. It was apparently empty. The bed had been slept in but the bedclothes were in a great pile near the footboard.

The marshal dimmed his flash and started for the door into the hall, but as he did so he thought he heard the faint squeak of a bedspring. He flashed the room again. The pile of clothes was moving slowly toward the head of the bed. Grabbing the corner of a sheet, Brophy pulled off the coverings just as a pajama-clad arm shot out for something under the pillow. It was here that good old Jack Leahy, entering from the hall and sensing the situation, delivered his knockout blow.

Ford never knew what hit him. He had to be revived, after they got the bracelets on him, for the ride to Raymond Street Jail. There was nobody else in the apartment, Mrs. Ford being away. But on the way downstairs the killer of six left word with a neighbor to be sure to feed his canary!

On the surface, the prisoner seemed a mild, harmless individual, wholly colorless, about forty-two, undersized, with deep-socketed blue eyes sheltered behind drooping inflamed lids. He smoked incessantly and said nothing.

There was no doubt in District Attorney Charles J. Dodd's mind of Ford's guilt, especially after us boys from Headquarters had gone out and dug up another man, one William R. Mills, who testified that Ford had asked him to waylay, shoot, and rob an old man; and a Miss Ida Heiberg, a clerk in a Brooklyn law office, who told how Ford had seized his father-in-law by the throat at a hearing in the real-estate dispute, and when forced to release him, had brandished a revolver, shouting:

"I'll kill you, you old —— ——!"

Under grilling which lasted through the balance of the night and until three o'clock the next day, our prisoner remained stolidly imperturbable. Confronted with Jones and Crozby, he denied everything they said, although our checkup had shown that their story was unquestionably true. He even denied that he knew any such person as Jorselli. But in his apartment Brophy and Leahy had found, in his own handwriting, a memo of a telephone call from the vanished Italian.

Judge Dodd took the case to the grand jury, and secured an indictment charging Ford with arson and first-degree murder. The killer went to trial on March 19, 1924, before Supreme Court Justice Leander B. Faber. Ford's attorney made no defense, except that Jones's testimony was that of an accomplice and was not directly corroborated. The jury, within less than an hour, brought in a

More Secrets of New York's Homicide Squad will be told by the Headquarters Old-Timer in an early issue of Liberty.

verdict of "Guilty." The usual appeals did no good—and the slayer of George Keim, Pancho Fowler, Rosina Weishert, and Lillian, Charles, and Marjorie Andrews was sentenced to die during the week beginning March 19, 1925.

Our boys investigated Crozby thoroughly both before and after the trial. They could find nothing to connect him with the crime. Although less sure of Jones's innocence, there was no evidence on which he could be held.

As for Tom Brophy, he has long since turned his attention to other important matters. He is interested right now in reducing the number of false alarms that are pulled every day in Greater New York, mostly by bad little boys and intoxicated adults. In the first six months of 1934 the daily average was fifty. Tom already has it down to twelve. His eighty-five-year-old mother, with whom he lives and who ought to know him best, says he won't be satisfied until he has it down to zero.

What do you think?

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR: This case had an extraordinary sequel—one which has been paralleled only once in the long history of Sing Sing, and then only at the very beginning of the prison's existence.

Ford was taken to the death house. He was assigned a cell in Murderers' Row. He did not escape. He did not receive a pardon. His sentence was never commuted. But he was *not* executed.

Prisoners in the death house are supposed to be under the continuous watch of a keeper. Since Bill Ford's time, they are! But in 1925 there was an interval of two minutes following each meal, while the keeper was taking his man's tray down to the kitchen, when the watch was not literally continuous.

In one such interval the killer, Ford, ripped the sheet on his bed into long strips. In a second interval he tied these strips together to make a strong linen rope with a noose at one end. In the next interval—which proved to be the last—he slipped the noose over his head, climbed up the iron bars of the cell door, fastened the rope to the top horizontal, and let himself go.

The keeper, returning, found him hanging there—dead.

He couldn't take it, I suppose. I mean the electric chair. But there will be those who'll say that he had a kind of courage, this skunk—and canary lover!

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

by OLIVER SWIFT

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A wealth of colorful practical information about the cow country, its people, customs, habits, duties, and viewpoint. For all who love the West and any one who wants to understand it.

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Recollections from the years 1896 to 1902, when the author was in his thirties. This volume also contains the text of three small books not previously published in this country.

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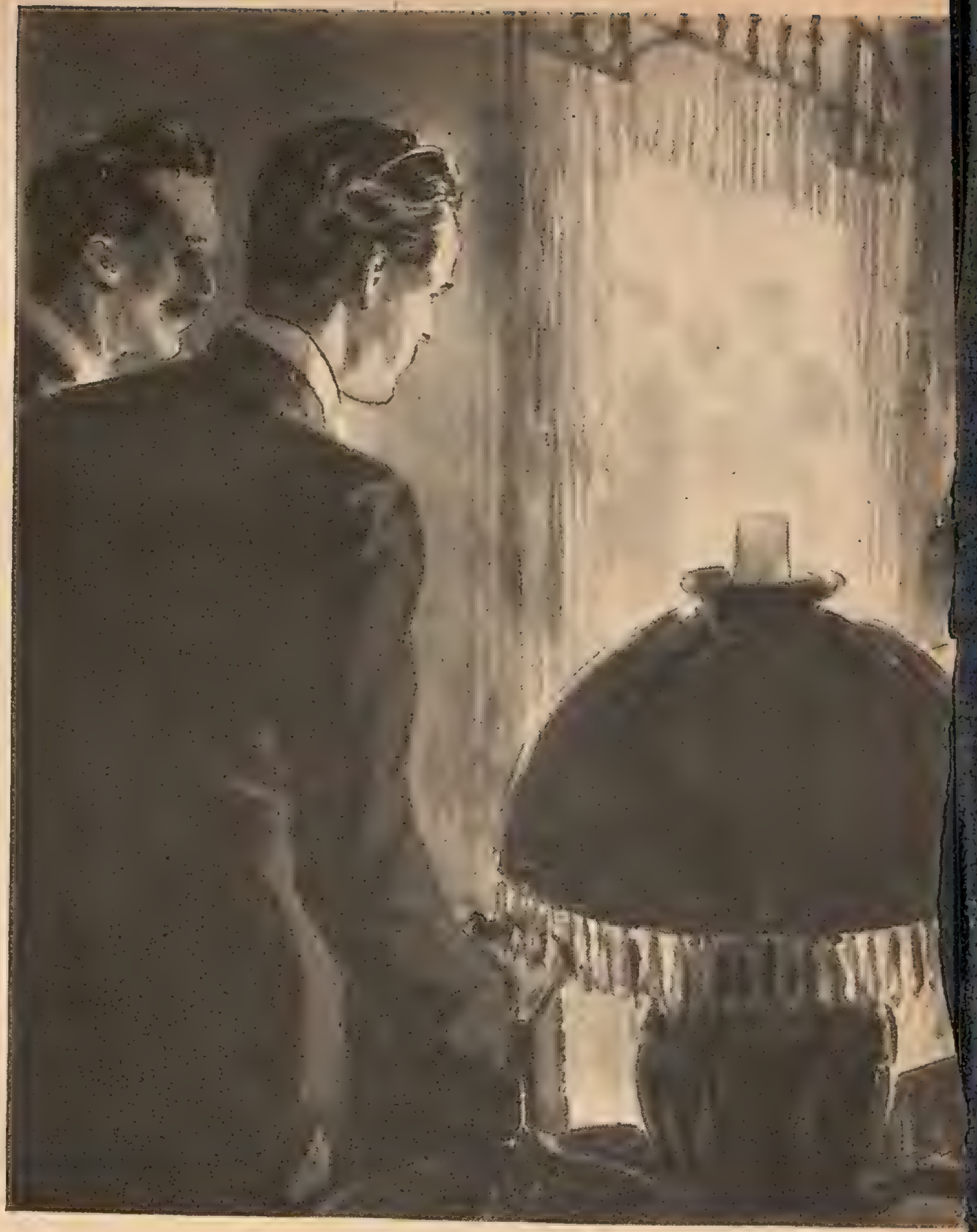


The Heart-Warming Story of a Reprieve for Love and a Farewell to Fear

by JOHN P. MARQUAND

ILLUSTRATION BY HAROLD DENISON

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

IT was Michael Murphy, the probation officer, who caused Roderick Murfee to recollect that twenty-five years had elapsed since his class had graduated from Burton University. “Riley,” said Mr. Murphy to the waiting policeman, “go wait outside. He'd rather talk to me alone.”

Officer Riley delayed a moment, however, to stare at the prisoner in dour triumph. “Are you comfortable now?” he inquired. “Wanna fight another cop?”

Roderick Murfee looked at Officer Riley's departing back and shrugged his heavy shoulders beneath his sodden coat. His battered exterior for once in his life made him confident. “Sure,” he said. “Want to try, old-timer?”

Mr. Murphy stared ponderously at the prisoner. The face of the man slouched in the chair before Mr. Murphy was not a criminal's face.

“Since when,” inquired Mr. Murphy, “did you commence this business of being a tough guy? You're a highbrow, and don't I know it!”

The prisoner had risen from his chair, and his face had grown scarlet, and all of a sudden something was quivering behind it.

“That's a lie! You don't know me.”

“Don't I?” Mr. Murphy's own voice rose. “Don't I? You sign yourself Roderick Murphy. Ain't I a Murphy myself? Your name's Murfee. You're the Roderick Murfee that used to play with the Burtons back in the 'nineties—”

The other interrupted in a strange thick voice. “I'm not,” he said. “That's another!”

“Ain't it what I was always saying,” demanded Mr. Murphy, “about a college education? It don't reely do much good. Look at you—a feller with all the trimmings, and up for assaulting an officer. You've almost gotta laugh.”

The prisoner was gripping the desk.

Mr. Murphy was pulling a book from the drawer of his desk; he was turning the pages. “And I'll say you'd of got away with it if I hadn't happened to run up against this volume. You act like you knew what it was!”

Roderick knew. It was the twenty-fifth anniversary volume of the class of 'ninety-blank, with pictures of its members, then and now, heading self-conscious autobiographies to be encountered only in such a book.

“There!” said Mr. Murphy. “Don't say that ain't you.”

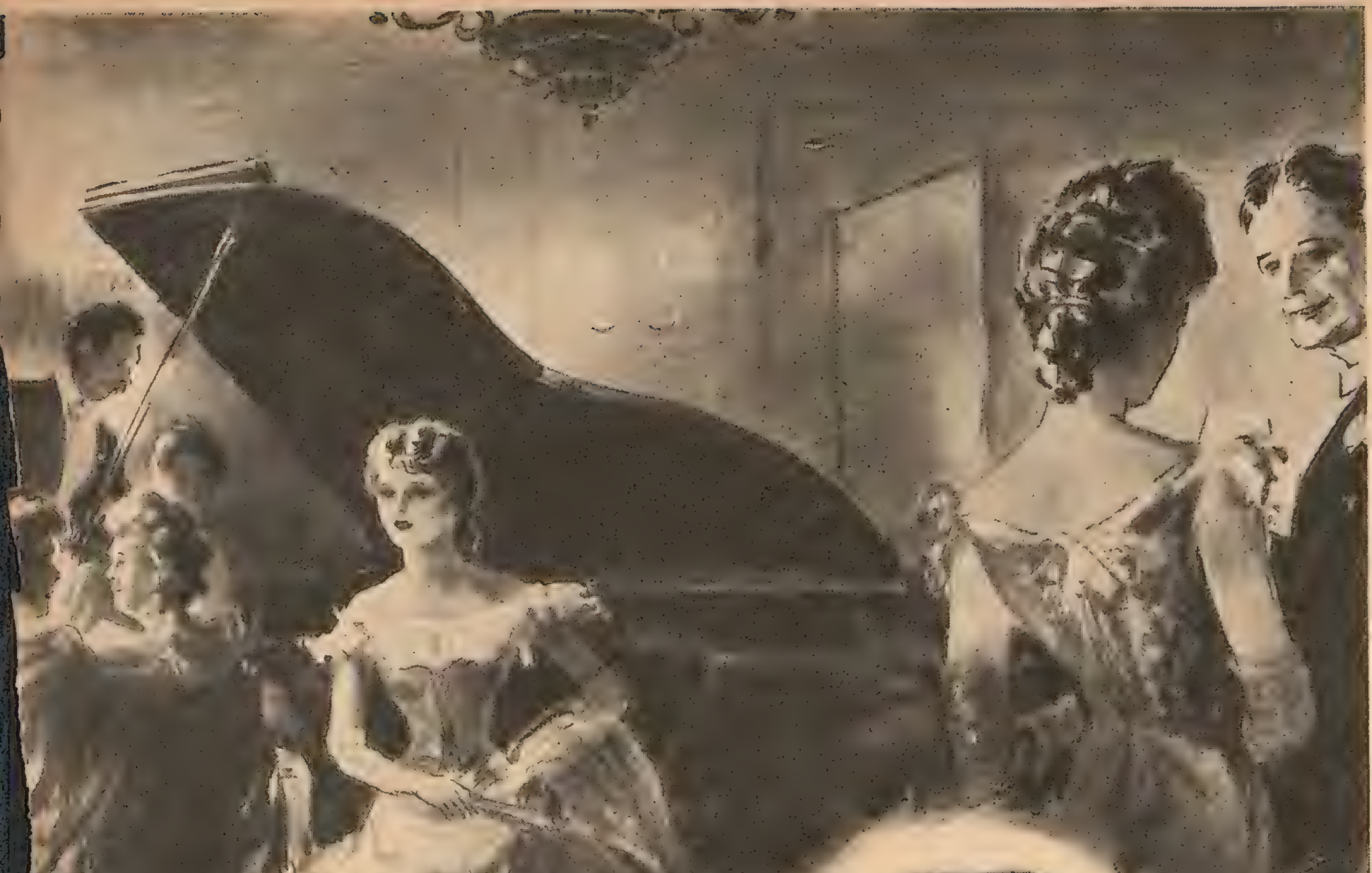
There was no use saying it was not. Before Roderick Murfee's eyes was a picture which made him curse.

He had given away one of those photographs, and perhaps—perhaps—Millicent Henry might have placed that picture upon the mantelpiece in the Henry parlor. If she had placed it there, it would obviously have meant—quite obviously—

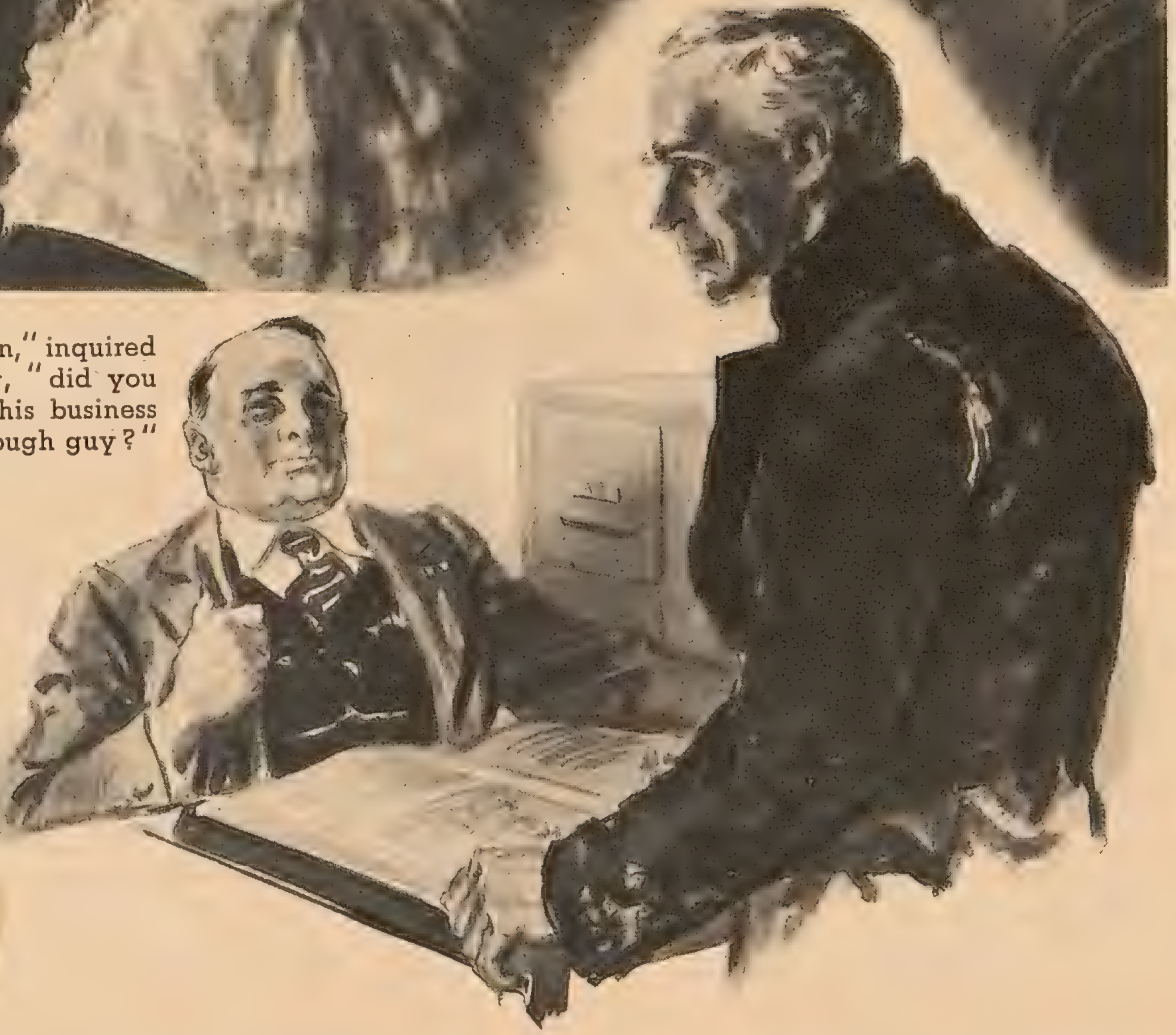
“That book,” said Mr. Murphy— “I happened to light on it out at my sister's cousin's home. It's your picture, ain't it?”

There was no use saying that it was not, and Roderick did not say it.

Other pictures were on each page above every name, and most of them were in pairs—one of a youth and one of what that youth had become, more eloquent and far truer than the words printed beneath. There was a page and three quarters all about William Drew. First came the two photographs, surprisingly alike. The decisive chin and even mouth, which Roderick remembered, were both firmer but nothing more. There was the same fetching twist and curl to the hair, perfect, but slightly



How stiff those dances seemed, when the girls wore billowy dresses.



"Since when," inquired Mr. Murphy, "did you commence this business of being a tough guy?"

vulgar and annoying. Beneath the name of William Drew came the words, in disciplined, confident ranks:

> In 1895 Millicent Henry consented to become my wife, and after more than a score of years, we both feel that in our mutual choice neither could have been more fortunate. . . . As early as 1910 I felt that I could afford a Chrombleigh motorcar, and I was right, because I have managed to drive one ever since. . . . During the war, despite my desire for active service, I consented to take a position in the Department of War Risk Insurance, this being in line with my business. . . . I feel that my service at home was of more value than anything I could have accomplished in the front-line trenches. . . . Since the war I have devoted myself in my own community to perpetuating the memory of the sacrifices of those of us engaged in that conflict. I am now Commander of our local post of the American Legion. In fact, I am still known amon the boys, affectio ately, as "Fighti Drew," presumably because of my prowess in a Legion boxing tournament some years back. . . . I am President of . . . Director of . . . Chairman of . . .

Roderick Murfee looked up. The book was shaking aimlessly in his hands, and the probation officer had tilted back his chair.

"I had a hunch it was you," he said, "first time I set eyes on you in court. I useter crawl under the fence in Cambridge to see you playing football. It's comical! But how'd it be if you was to tell me how a dude like you, with all the benefits of a college education, gets taken up for resisting an officer and disorderly conduct, and gets fifty dollars or six months from the judge?"

Roderick Murfee cleared his throat and his face still was white.

"You won't believe me," he replied, "but it's the first time it's ever happened. I haven't been around here since I don't know when. And what did I do when I came here? Nothing. I was looking in a shop window at a suit of secondhand clothes, and one of your harness bulls told me to move on, and why should I have moved on? Why—"

Mr. Murphy looked at the ceiling and placed his thumbs in the armholes of his vest. Mr. Murphy was humming a tune:

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do.
I'm half crazy just for the love of you.
It won't be a stylish marriage—I can't afford a carriage;
But you'd look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two.

"Will you stop humming that?" asked Roderick.

“You didn’t quite get me the first time,” said Mr. Murphy. “What I reely meant to ask was why haven’t you made something of yourself like you ought, with all the benefits of a college education. Say—what you been doing anyways?”

Roderick Murfee rubbed at the two-day growth of beard upon his chin. “After I left college,” he said, “I became a sparring partner for Patrick Rooney—‘Handsome’ Rooney, they used to call him when he was training to meet the middleweight champion of the world.”

“What the blazes made you do that?” demanded Mr. Murphy.

Roderick Murfee was staring at the wall. He ignored the question.

“After Pat was through, I joined the army. I did a hitch in the Philippines. I was in the Boxer trouble, and afterward I was a railroad brakeman. What’s the use? When the last war started I went to Canada and nlisted. I might have been an officer if I hadn’t turned wn the chance.”

“Turned it down!” exclaimed Mr. Murphy.

The face of the other was a curious sight. “I was afraid I might meet some of my old friends. I didn’t want to be asked questions, any more than I do now.”

“Ain’t it the truth?” remarked Mr. Murphy with a weary sigh. “It’s what I’ve always been endeavoring to show them members of the school committee. Advantages don’t help none. There’s you, once a dude, with all the advantages. But there’s one thing I don’t see—one thing.”

“Is there any reason,” Roderick Murfee inquired, “why you should see it?”

“There is,” said Mr. Murphy, “unless you want to join the outfit which cracks rocks and makes straw mats, or unless you’ve got fifty dollars in your pants.”

“Do I look,” inquired Roderick Murfee, “as though I had fifty dollars?”

“You don’t,” said Mr. Murphy, “and that’s why you’d better answer. What started you being a bum?”

“None of your damned business,” said Roderick Murfee. “Call that cop and tell him to lock me up.”

Mr. Murphy drew a heavy turnip-like watch from his vest pocket and laid it on his desk.

“Steady,” he said, “steady now. You’ll be sorry when ou cool off in the cell block. I’ll give you five minutes o think it over, friend, and then see if you don’t answer.

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do.
I’m half crazy just for the love of you—

Mr. Murphy was humming again. Roderick’s shoulers writhed beneath their wretched covering. Horrible s it sounded now, that song once had been beautiful, ith that beauty which once had endowed all things, ven a tinny bar of music.

T was at a dance in April at some one’s house in town. How stiff and distant those dances seemed, when the aslights burned in the chandeliers, when the girls wore billowy dresses, when their hair was done up in absurd ght knots!

But Millicent—her slender figure triumphed in spite bows and bustles, and her dark eyes laughed on every ing she saw. She was like a flower, a warm and brilant flower which loves the sun. Whenever Roderick looked at Millicent he had a desire to worship, which made his heart grow faint, because he had been so young, so very young.

The things he tried to say were so inadequate that he could not say them, and all that he wished to say was far too perfect for his speech.

Roderick had been standing by the wall, talking to Sam Barnes. “Why don’t you dance with her?” asked Sam. “She’s waiting for you to ask her.”

At this juncture Roderick became aware of a companion in evening clothes. It was William Drew, who had arrived most surprisingly, so it seemed to Roderick, because it was in the days before William was asked everywhere.

Every one knew Roderick then, every one who mattered, and Drew had come from somewhere—the West or somewhere.

“Roddy, you know Miss Henry. Introduce a fellow to her, will you?”

Roderick was startled, horrified in fact. “What fellow?” he said.

“Who else,” asked William Drew, “but me?”

Already that enchantment must have been working. Arm in arm, he and William Drew walked across the room toward Millicent. Roderick began to be afraid of how Millicent might react to such an imposition. Millicent seemed pleased; yes, pleased. Or, if she was not pleased, she surely was not unwilling. That something which made William what he was—Millicent too had felt it. He was making her look at him, making her like him. That was William’s way.

WILLIAM was looking at Millicent complacently, possessively.

“May I have the next dance?” asked William Drew.

That moment—that must have been the moment when Roderick began to hate him.

“I’m not sure,” she said. “I thought— Some people are so slow about asking. I thought—”

“What?” said Roderick. “What?”

Before he could speak, before he knew what to say, William had interrupted. “Oh,” he said—Roderick could hear him still. “You mean Roddy was going to ask for a dance? Well, never mind. I’ll stand bond for Roddy.”

Why should he have been so angry? He never could understand the blind flashes of rage which came over him those times when he and William and Millicent were together.

“You don’t mind, Roddy, do you?” she was asking.

“Not if you don’t,” said Roderick, and walked away. . . .

“You idiot!” Sam Barnes was speaking to him. They were walking down a quiet street. Sam was holding fast to his arm. “There was no use making a scene, you idiot! They all thought you’d been drinking.”

“He needn’t have been so—darned possessive.”

“Well, what if he was?” Sam Barnes had always been a friend of his. “I’ll bet”—Sam stopped and Roderick could see he was laughing—“I’ll bet,” said Sam, “that you won’t even dare to ask her to the ball game, Class Day Week.”

Roderick had often waited for Millicent in the parlor with its golden mantel and its velvet hangings, but never before was he seized with such a tremor of nervous uncertainty. There was no reason for it, absolutely no reason, and yet it seemed to him that Millicent also knew that something strange was on the wing that night. . . .

“It’s nice to see you, Roddy.” That was what she said. “Ever so nice, but—” And for once there was no gaiety in her glance.

“But what?” he asked.

How tense his voice had been, and there was no discernible reason for it!

“But tonight,” said Millicent, “I told you that William Drew—”

“Yes,” Roderick said, “I know he’s coming. Confound William Drew!”

“Oh!” cried Millicent. “Oh, Roddy!”

And Millicent was not annoyed. That was what he noticed first, and suddenly he saw it all. He was not the only one whom William Drew confounded by his confidence and poise. Millicent herself was under the same influence. It was not that Millicent liked William Drew the better. He was the one—not William.

“Millicent!” he was saying. “Millicent—don’t you see? I don’t care whether he’s coming tonight to call. It’s been dreadful—dreadful—since he met you. A—a curse comes over me every time that fellow’s here. I can’t think. I can’t say what I want.”

“I know,” said Millicent. “I know what you mean.”

“Do you?” said Roderick. “Well, that’s what made me—that’s why I’m the way I’ve been. Millicent, before he comes I want to ask you something.”

“What?” she asked. Her voice was hushed.

“Are you”—Roderick cleared his throat. “Millicent, are you going with any one to the baseball game on Class Day Week? Millicent—will you go with me?”

Millicent’s altered look, half of bewilderment, half of surprise, told him that she had expected an entirely different question.

"Oh!" she cried. "So that was all you wanted! Oh, Roddy! How ridiculous you are!"

From the doorway came a voice, a cool familiar voice.

"Good evening, Millicent. What, Roddy—are you here too?"

Before William Drew's piercing eyes and impregnable manner everything seemed hopeless.

"Well," William Drew was saying, "it doesn't make much difference. I'm going in a minute. I just stopped in to ask you, Millicent, to come with me to the ball game on Class Day Week. Don't say you can't. You've got to come."

Millicent looked frightened.

"Why, William!" she said. "To think of it! You're late for once. Roddy has asked me."

"Oh, Roddy!" William said. "Well, Roddy won't mind, if Roddy understands the way things are."

Roderick and Millicent stared at each other.

"He might mind," said Millicent. "Roddy, would you mind?"

Anger had seized Roderick Murfee—that same blind anger which he had known before.

"No," he said. "I don't care if you don't."

He never looked at her again. He heard William's voice behind him:

"That's that! I never knew what you saw in him anyway, and you don't either, now."

Roderick walked until he saw the lights of a saloon, from the door of which three men emerged and tacked toward him like ships against the wind. Roderick noticed vaguely that the man in the middle was the largest, and then they crashed together. The impact brought Roderick to himself. In front of him was a young man with a red and coarse complexion, with a heavy jaw and a pair of small blue eyes.

"Say," he said, "do you know who I am? I'm Patsy Rooney. Git off the sidewalk when you see me walkin' down the street."

Roderick was not familiar with the name.

"Get off the sidewalk yourself!" he said, and set his shoulder against Patrick Rooney's chest. Mr. Rooney landed on the sidewalk in a sitting posture. A cry came up from Mr. Rooney's two companions.

"Run!" they shouted. "Patsy's crazy drunk. He'll kill you."

BUT Roderick did not run. All his sorrows, all his wrongs, seemed to lie in Patrick Rooney's recumbent form.

You might have thought Patsy Rooney was a rubber ball, so quickly did he bound back from the pavement.

Roderick Murfee opened his eyes. He, and not Mr. Rooney, was on the walk in a sitting posture.

"Wasn't he strong and willin', now?" It was Mr. Rooney's voice. "See the way he come back for more! Say, if I could only find some more like him, I'd lick Jawn L. Sullivan. Say, kid, where you goin'?"

"I don't know," said Roderick Murfee, "and I don't care either."

Patrick Rooney jerked him to his feet. "Come on with me and have a drink. Some day you'll be the sparrin' partner to the champion of the world."

How long ago it seemed! Roderick Murfee sighed and looked at the quartered-oak desk. Mr. Murphy picked his watch up from the desk.

"Well," he said, "are you going to tell me anything?"

Roderick Murfee shook his head.

"Proud, aren't you?" suggested Mr. Murphy.

"Did you ever notice," said Roderick Murfee, "that the proudest people have the least to be proud about?"

One could see that Mr. Murphy was reaching a decision.

"Now, here," said Mr. Murphy. "I've told the judge to go easy. You ain't a usual bum. The judge has suspended your sentence for a week. Put on your hat, boy. Go out and earn that fifty dollars. You ain't in prison yet."

Roderick put on a battered cap at a jaunty angle and rose up, six feet two in height, fair and brown and ragged.

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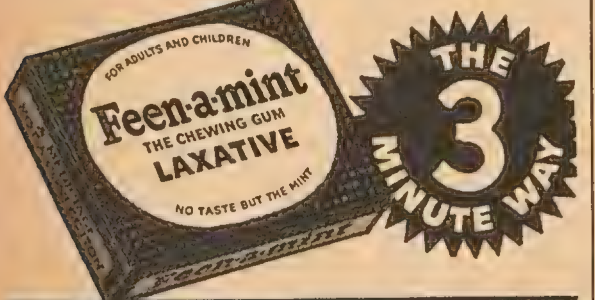

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I'M CALLED IN LOTS AND LOTS!
CLEAN WHITE SHOES MY SPECIALTY-
I BRING SURE CURE TO SPOTS!
PEE-CHEE
CLEANS WHITE SHOES RIGHT!

"I have never earned fifty dollars in a week in all my life," he said. "But thank you just the same for the week off. I'll promise to be back."

Once out in the sun again, Roderick Murfee drew a deep breath. "I was a fool to come back," he muttered. "Lord, what a fool I was!"

At the junction of several streets there was a subway kiosk surrounded by a tangle of vehicles. In a shop window was a suit of secondhand clothing, a quiet suit of tweed, brown but not too brown, cut along the modest lines of a gentleman's suit. Roderick sighed and turned away. He had been arrested for looking at that suit.

"Hey!" A coarse voice sounded close to Roderick's ear. "Hey, kid, don't you know your old pals no more?"

"Patsy!" cried Roderick. "Patsy Rooney, I'd know you anywhere!"

It was a lie. He would not have known Patsy Rooney except by his voice. From pink, Patsy Rooney's face had changed to a purplish hue; his body, once lithe and slender, was heavy with flesh. Patsy's small blue eyes, once as clear as gems, were bleared and dim.

"I ain't changed much," said Patsy Rooney hoarsely. "And my luck holds. Think of me runnin' into you, buddy. Now, that's luck. Now, what would you say"—Mr. Rooney threw a heavy arm across Roderick's shoulder—"what would you say to earnin' fifty dollars tonight? I want to find a partner for an exhibition bout."

"For a what?" Roderick stared incredulously at Patsy Rooney's corpulent figure.

"An exhibition bout," said Patsy Rooney. "I can step for three rounds still, and that's all these suckers want. It's goin' to be a big drunk—blowout, see?—with a lot of rich dudes down to the shore, and I'm part of the entertainment, see? I get a hundred. My partner gets fifty for exhibition sparrin'—clothes, carfare, everythin' free. How about it, kid?"

PATSY ROONEY was a Boston boy, and Boston was always loyal to her athletic sons, so it did not occur to Roderick to inquire what deluded group of men had called on Patsy to amuse them until the train was already slowing up before a station.

Patsy Rooney laughed at the question and nudged Roderick in the ribs. "They got the money all right," he explained. "They're Burton guys. It's what you call a reunion, see?—when all these bankers and millionaires leaves their wives and gets stewed. It's the twenty-fifth reunion of a class of Burton guys, the class of 'ninety-blank."

Roderick's face had grown ashen.

"'Ninety-blank?" he said. "Ninety-blank?"

"Hey, what's the matter?" asked Patrick Rooney. "You ain't afraid? I won't hurt you, kid!"

Roderick shook his head.

"Who arranged this thing with you?" he asked.

"Kid," said Mr. Rooney, "ain't you gettin' a bit nosy? I give lessons once to the guy who's runnin' it. His name is Drew—William Drew—a big stiff, but he's rich. Hey, are you sick or somethin'?"

"No," said Roderick, but his voice was very strange.

Once they got off the train, lots of those millionaire guys were yelling at each other on the station platform, almost like kids. They had on red overalls and white shirts and red caps. Patsy Rooney could not understand why Roderick pulled him away and pushed him hastily into a taxicab, and insisted on entering the Seashore Inn through the kitchen, with his cap pulled tight down on his eyes. No one stopped them when Patsy Rooney volubly explained their business. They were ushered up a corridor.

RODERICK'S heart was beating so that he could scarcely speak, for walking hastily toward them was William Drew, clad also in red overalls. His eyes had the same piercing quality and his head the same half-insolent, half-confident lift, but William did not know him.

"Here's your room," he said. "It's time you came. You will dress in here and have your dinner here, and be ready to go on at ten o'clock."

"Hey!" cried Patsy Rooney. "Do you mean to say we gotta stay here till ten o'clock?"

"You certainly have," said William Drew.

"And without nothin' to drink?"

"Your dinner will come right up," said William Drew.

"You big stiff!" remarked Patsy Rooney, and drew a bottle from his pocket. "I put one over on him. Want a drink, kid?"

"No," said Roderick. He was staring at the window.

"Well," said Patrick, producing a corkscrew from his pocket, "I don't mind if I do."

But Roderick did not answer. Unbeknown to Patsy Rooney, he was attending his twenty-fifth reunion.

"Say," said Patsy, "those guys are gettin' soused out there. Have a drink, kid. Well, I don't mind if I do."

Through the wood partitions of the Seashore Inn, Roderick could hear a song:

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do.
I'm half crazy just for the love of you.

"Kid," said Patsy Rooney, "the trouble with them guys down there, they don't know when they're through. I useter slap the boys down regular, but I ain't so good now—ain't so good. Have a drink, kid? Well, I don't mind if I do."

"If you take any more of that," said Roderick, "you won't be able to get through the ropes." He opened the battered suitcase filled with Patsy Rooney's light professional attire. "It's half past nine," he said. "We'd better get dressed now."

As though a gong had rung, Patsy Rooney rose from his chair, rose and swayed slightly on his heels. He swayed a second time. "That booze," said Patsy, "it ain't what it useter be." He wilted like a tallow candle toward the floor.

Roderick seized a wet towel and slapped the recumbent Patsy Rooney across the face. There were footsteps in the hall and then a pounding on the door. Roderick steadied himself and looked up from his work.

William Drew, followed by four or five curious members of his class, pressed hastily into the room. Roderick caught his breath, but William did not know him.

"So there's the prizefighter you raked up!" cried somebody. "The prizefighter! William, you big bluffer!"

The room was filling with more members of the class of 'ninety-blank, shouting facetious advice to William Drew.

William's face grew redder. "He's got to fight!" he said. "He's got to! Everybody's waiting."

Roderick Murfee looked at William cynically. His confidence was coming back, for William did not know him. Indeed, there was nobody there who knew him.

"Don't you see he can't fight?" said Roderick.

"He's got to fight!" said William Drew. "He can't disappoint us."

Roderick's laugh interrupted him—low but insolent.

"If somebody's got to fight," said Roderick, "why don't you fight, yourself?"

William Drew looked startled and not entirely pleased.

"Come on, William!" cried some one. "Don't back out! Come and give us all a treat. Come on, 'Fighting Drew'!"

In that wine-laden moment some one began to laugh. There were few things that could shake William. "You mean to say that you think I'm afraid to fight? Well, I'm not!" said William. "Put on your trunks and come out on the lawn. I'll meet you at the ring."

A HAND fell on Roderick's shoulder. It was Sam Barnes. He pressed a bill into Roderick's hand, but not even Sam Barnes knew who he was.

"Friend," said Sam, "there's ten dollars for you, and hit him hard—for Pete's sake, hit him hard!"

Outside on the lawn there were shouts. As William Drew climbed into the wooden scaffolding of the ring, the noise increased. Roderick glanced at him carefully. There was no doubt that William still looked strong, but he was soft.

Two men in red overalls were lacing gloves on Roderick's hands.

"Soak him!" one of them whispered. "For the Lord's sake, soak his head off! It's swelled up large enough so you can't miss it! All right, he's ready now!"

Roderick stepped to the center of the ring. He was face to face with William Drew. He was looking contemptuously at the eyes of William Drew. Something was leaving Roderick Murfee—leaving him forever—something of self-hatred and self-distrust. That spell which the personality of William Drew had cast upon him was leaving him. With the conventional gesture which Patsy Rooney had taught him long ago, Roderick touched the gloves of William Drew. But just as he was about to raise his hand and step away, William stopped him with a half-nod of his head.

"Listen," said William in a fierce undertone. "Listen, you. This don't mean anything to you, but it means a lot to me. I'll give you a hundred dollars if you'll let me knock you out."

Roderick Murfee laughed gently.

"TWO hundred dollars!" said William Drew. "Five hundred!"

Roderick Murfee laughed again. "Put up your hands, William!" he said. "I should have done this to you twenty-five years ago."

And Drew knew him then.

Roderick was not the same. Even when he was back in that room again and fully dressed he was not the same. He could believe in a second life. His old clothes were on him—sodden ragged clothes. The room was filled with a rich alcoholic odor. Patsy Rooney had contrived to pull himself into a sitting posture on the floor.

Roderick was staring at the three objects in his hand: a railroad ticket, a ten-dollar bill, and a fifty-dollar bill, and his hand was trembling.

There was a telephone in the corner of the room. Roderick went to it and his eyes were very bright.

"Hey!" cried Patsy Rooney, sitting up straighter. "What's that you're doin'? Callin' up a Back Bay number?"

"Never mind," said Roderick. "I've just remembered something."

Patrick Rooney sat up still straighter. Roderick's voice had changed—had assumed an inflection which Patsy had never heard.

"Yes," Roderick was saying, "Mrs. Drew. Tell her Mr. Murfee is calling, Mr. Roderick Murfee."

"Cheest!" cried Mr. Rooney, starting to his feet.

"Is that you, Millicent?" Roderick laughed gently. "You recognize my voice? Yours hasn't changed either. Millicent, will you go with me to the baseball game tomorrow? Of course William was going to take you, but William won't mind. When you tell him, William will understand. . . . What? . . . Oh, William has had an accident—nothing serious—but he would insist on boxing with a professional out here. You know the way people get on these occasions. I'll call for you at half past two. . . . Oh, thanks, but I have another engagement. And besides, perhaps William won't be feeling much like lunch tomorrow."

"Say, kid," cried Patsy Rooney, "are you cuckoo or am I cuckoo? Didn't you useter be a pal of mine? How do you get this way? Who are you? Are you kiddin' me about askin'

DO YOU JOHN AND MARY LOU, TAKE ALKA-SELTZER, TRIED AND TRUE, TO KEEP YOU WELL?
I DO!
I DO!
NO-BOD-DEE KNOWS HOW GOOD WE FEEL WE AL-KAL-IZED AF-TER THAT MEAL
SOUR STOMACH
ONE NEVER GETS A HEADACHE, SON, FROM BEING OVER WISE.
BUT IF I DO, I'M WISE ENOUGH TO ALKA-SELTZER-IZE
HEADACHE
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a dame in the Back Bay to walk out for the afternoon?"

Roderick looked at Patsy Rooney. "Do you remember," he said quietly, "when I met you I was looking in a shop window? There's a secondhand suit in it—brown tweed. It was priced at twenty dollars, and I can get a hat and shirt and shoes and flowers and pay for a taxicab." And then he added a last remark, equally beyond Patsy Rooney's vision: "What's twenty-five years anyway, except a watch in the night?" . . .

His heartbeat quickened with the same swift uncertainty when he saw her. She was dressed in gray. She was wearing the roses he had bought her—red roses. She did not look much older and her eyes carried the same old mockery.

"Roddy!" she cried. "How well you look! You've hardly changed at all!"

"For the better," said Roderick—"only for the better."

The taxicab was waiting—his taxicab. He was taking Millicent to the ball game Class Day Week.

"Roddy," said Millicent, "what are you thinking about?"

"That in some ways, at some times, life is very complete," said Roderick Murfee, smiling.

"Is it?" said Millicent.

"Yes," said Roderick. He looked at Millicent and Millicent looked at him.

"I wish," she said, "you would tell William where you get your clothes."

"Even if I told William, he probably would never get them there," he answered.

"He would. I'd make him. Roddy, how young you look!"

He did look young. His face was lean and tanned; his eyes were bright and steady.

Their talk was like a page from an old book, dealing with names and things which he nearly had forgotten. Before his eyes were sights that he nearly had forgotten: arched gateways and brick buildings; a crowd upon the streets beneath that warm and kindly sun; colored flags and feathers.

"WE can't go no further, sir," said the taxi driver, opening the door. "They're havin' a parade—like they always do."

As though it meant nothing, Roderick handed him a bill.

"Thank you, sir," the taxi driver said.

For a moment Roderick could not see the buildings—everything was a little blurred. Some one had called him "sir" again. He squared his shoulders and looked about him curiously. The classes were gathering to march to the baseball field. All the ages of man were on that street. The whole of life was there in garish colors, and every one who was in it was paying a tribute to something which had gone by, just as Roderick Murfee was paying a tribute.

"Look!" said Millicent. "There's the class of 'ninety-blank! Wouldn't you rather march with them? I can get to the field alone."

"Thanks," said Roderick, "but I had rather go with you."

Tall and straight, Roderick walked beside her. She had placed her hand upon his arm, and he drew a breath sharply because he knew she was going to ask him about a hundred things.

"Roddy," said Millicent—her hand grasped his arm a little tighter—"would you tell me something?"

"If I can," he answered.

"Why was it"—she looked away from him and then quickly back. "We might as well be frank—we are old enough to be frank, aren't we? Why did you go away that night?"

SHE had cared for him. Why was it that he felt no contrition, no regret, but instead a triumph in that discovery, which brought him nearer to laughter than to tears?

"Because I thought that William was a better man," he said.

"Why, Roddy!" cried Millicent. "Don't you think so now?"

"No," said Roderick. "I was a fool. All boys are fools."

"And some men too," said Millicent and began to laugh. "But, Roddy, where have you been? What have you been doing?"

"Trying to find myself," said Roderick. "Isn't every one?"

"Oh," cried Millicent, "there's some one trying to speak to you, Roddy—the funniest-looking man."

Involuntarily Roderick stopped, and the man stopped also. It was Mr. Murphy, the probation officer.

"Good Lord!" murmured Roderick. "I had forgotten."

"Why, Roddy," said Millicent in a low voice, "why is he staring at you like that? Roddy, do you know him?"

"Yes," said Roderick. "He's Nemesis. Would you care to meet him? One doesn't meet Nemesis every day."

With a steady hand Roderick raised his hat.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Murphy," he said. "Mrs. Drew, may I present Mr. Murphy—Mr. Michael Murphy? What, you're in a hurry? Then I'll see you the first of the week.

"Queer-looking," said Roderick, "but he's a friend."

"Roddy, I could almost think you'd come—well, out of the clouds," Millicent said. "You're just the same as you used to be, only nicer."

"It's worth coming out of the clouds," said Roderick, "to hear you say that. Worth coming out and worth going back to them again."

"But, Roddy," said Millicent, "you'll be here for a long time, now you've come. There's so much I want to talk to you about. So many people will want to see you."

When Roderick answered there was no malice in his voice—no sadness.

"For six days," he said. "Then I'll have to go back again."

"But where?" said Millicent. "Back where?"

"To the clouds," said Roderick, and Millicent saw that he was laughing.

THE END

We Grown Quadruplets Sympathize with the Quintuplets

This whimsical salute across the years rounds out a double celebration. Last week's Liberty article about the Dionnes signalized their birthday, May 28. On June 4, exactly one week later, the authors of this article have a birthday too—and, being grown up, they don't have to be written about. They do the writing themselves.

READING TIME
4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

by

ROBERTA
MONA
LEOTA
MARY

KEYS

WE sympathize with the Dionne quintuplets. We know what they'll have to go through. Now that we are reaching twenty-one, we unburden ourselves to them. They will probably gurgle and forget it.

All our lives people have always been asking us whether we're sorry or glad to be quadruplets. The answer is, we don't really know—never having been anything else. Offhand, we are glad things turned out as they did. We have no regrets.

But as quadruplets we have been subject—and will be even more, we realize—to annoyances, demands, and inconveniences that our fellow students on the Baylor University campus have never undergone. With the quins it will be, alas! even worse.

Part of the public's interest, as shown, is all right, of course. When we were little girls, we remember, tourists passing through Hollis, Oklahoma, would stop at our house to look us over. Mother was not inhospitable to strangers. So she would yell, " Babies! " and we would come a-running to line up sweetly and smile at the travelers, some of whom would take our pictures.

But, on the other hand, there have always been the aggressive curiosity seekers, who have plied us with the same old questions—about how it feels to be famous, what we intend to do about it, and so on. Time has taught us to smile and be silent.

Mistaken identity has particularly worried Mona and Roberta, the two of us who look most alike. Yet, what with four sets of identical clothes, before college days we were the bane of our boy friends, many of whom had to guess when they came to call on one of us and found all four lined up and smiling. Very few of the boys in high school called the shot. It was trial and error until our different traits were learned.

But this has not been a major problem so far. It has cost none of us a boy friend. Courtship, however, carries its drawbacks. It breaks up the group—and then, the neighbors are so attentive: " I see where Jack So-and-So is keeping company with one of the Keys quads." The news travels fast on the campus, too.

One of the most serious handicaps is the loss of recognized individuality. We are treated too often as one and the same four-carbon-copy member of society. The truth is, we are all different. Mary is quiet, happy-go-lucky. Leota is talkative. Mona is serious. Roberta is mildly taken up with study. And yet people are always asking, " What are the Keys girls like? "—as if we were all like the same thing!

Ever since Adam, women have been worried by well meaning men who have a passion for pedestal sitters. We don't like to sit on pedestals. Four on a pedestal, and it gets awfully crowded. By that we mean that there are those who not only show us an unmerited admiration but demand of us a sheltered life with an unvaried tempo.

Still, it isn't all that gloomy. Take the subject of marriage. Almost every day brings a message from a male heart that yearns. The swains write from battleships, lumber camps, ranches, farms, colleges, air corps, CCC camps. Mary gets most of the marriage offers; she has a popular name, and she is always smiling in the pictures.

Correspondence rains on us, both through the regular mail routes and by Uncle Sam's carrier pigeons. Some of it is intelligent; most of it is amusing; all of it is read. But only part of it can be acknowledged. Life on the Baylor campus doesn't leave us too many hours for writing notes.

The poor Dionne babies! What a time they will have, looking over their mail!

Clever advertising specialists make a beaten path to our door, seeking endorsements. We don't give out any. When we had finished high school a score of colleges and universities offered all four of us varied inducements to enter. We chose Baylor, largely because we felt that here we would not be exploited. We are glad we did.

Early in life we appeared at the State Fair in Oklahoma, under the management of Dad. We were initiated early into personal appearances, what with hitting the deck at three months. We learned to be little troupers, and none of us regrets the annual junket when we would peep down at the throngs and sell them photographs. For nine years we visited the fair.

Since then offers have, of course, come regularly. But we have turned a deaf ear to them.

What is most worth while in all this glass-house living is the wisdom picked up. College we have found—with one more year to go—the most effective means of learning relationships. So we let out a loud Texas yippee for college, and we hope that the quins will go. They will find it a bit difficult at first, and may have to bash in a few heads. But it is worth it.

Meanwhile, if the Dionne babies really are interested, we give them, by way of salute, a two-word memory text:

" Be yourself! "

THE END

LIBERTY'S *Amateur* WRITERS PAGE

CONDUCTED by MAJOR BOWES

MAJOR BOWES

GREETINGS, amateur writers and artists.

Don't be discouraged if your contribution has not yet found a place on this page. Keep trying. An idea which you might think worthless may be the one to bring a check for five dollars to your door, and may even be responsible for one of the page prizes. Get it on paper, in the best form at your command, and send it in.

As for the stories and drawings which have already been mailed to us, they may still have a chance. Magazines take several weeks in preparation, and it may easily be six weeks or two months before you will have final word on your efforts.

Remember, too, the more you write, the more expert you may become. A professional writer is not a "one-story" person. He produces continually. He does not depend upon one whirl of the wheel of fortune. He keeps it spinning.

Major Edward Bowes.

"Out of the mouth of babes" . . . A great-grandmother, Mrs. Kate Fillow of New York City, quotes a precocious three-year-old:

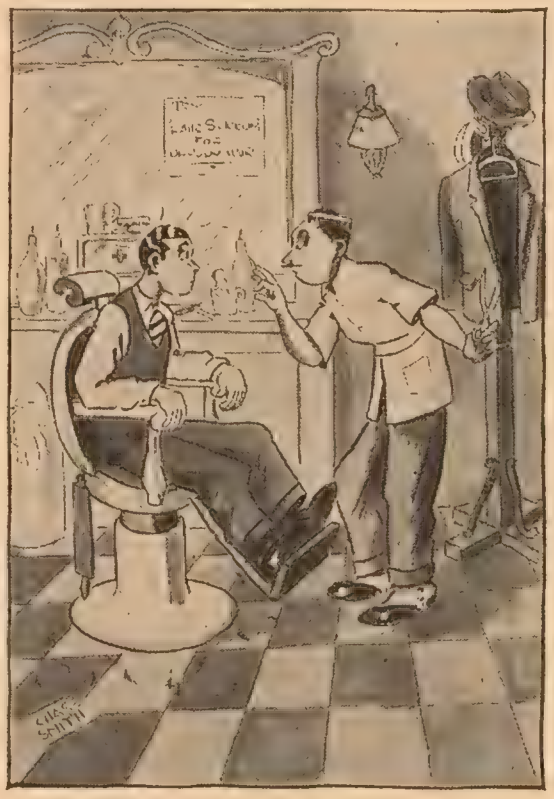
The other morning my little great-grandson, not yet three years of age, was fussing about taking his breakfast, when his patient and gentle nurse said to him kindly, "Come, Billy, drink your orange juice, then you will grow up to be big, healthy, and wealthy." Turning toward her with a withering look, he answered, "Yesterday it was string beans."

"I'm nineteen years old and, despite my ambitions, am a clerk in a five-and-ten-cent store. In fact (despite my high ambitions, also) I am glad to be working at all," writes Catharine Novinger of Hagerstown, Maryland, who not only writes philosophy but practices it.

Some folks' only definition of "tact" is something you hit on the head with a hammer.

This is from Charlie Smith, Santa Monica, California, who has been studying the art of drawing gag cartoons.

I am leaving it to you readers to decide what you think of Charlie's work.



"Do you wish a haircut, sir, or merely a change of oil?"

There is no finer or more pliable ingredient to successful short-story writing than human interest. Amy B. Swartz of St. Petersburg, Florida, demonstrates that in her short narrative.

ACCOUNT CLOSED OUT

The teller eyed the diminishing line before his windows with relief. The day's intake would soon be over. Then his eyes fell on the little old lady at the end of the line and consternation filled his heart. Neat black dress, shabby but brushed, worn gloves, bag clutched tightly in her hands, she patiently waited her turn. What could he do? Each week she had brought her small savings to lay by for the day when she would be even older, less well, and more in need.

Abruptly he walked to the back of his cage as she approached the window. Impossible to say anything. But—wait—wasn't there some way?

A scowl on his face, he hurried back to the window.

"What do you mean coming here so late with a small deposit? Don't you think we ever want to get through?"

The roughness instead of his usual smiling courtesy brought a flush to the old face.

"I'm sorry—"

"That doesn't help any. Do you think we want to be bothered with your few dollars at this time of day?"

Indignation began to well up within her.

"You do not need to bother—I can go away."

"I should think you would. Small accounts like yours are too much trouble anyway."

"I'll take the whole account"—the lips trembled with the effort to keep her voice firm.

He hastily arranged the transaction while she waited, angry and bewildered, till, in possession of all her worldly wealth, she walked with faltering steps from the bank building, in her heart a dull ache. He had always behaved almost like a son to her.

The next day the bank failed.

Here's a chance for the wives to have some fun. Evelyn Christel of Cleveland, Ohio, offers her

LAMENT OF A WIFE

When a man's got a pain, he's about to die;
He'll sit around, and moan and cry,
"Call the doctor! Can't you see I'm sick?"
When the doctor comes, he spreads it thick.

If he cuts his finger, or gets a cold,
Or a little sty, he'll scowl and scold.
Nothing you do is ever right—
Till you reach the stage of taking flight.

He demands attention and also pity.
You gotta be kind and you gotta be witty.
Ah, raising a baby is nothing to
Nursing a man with a touch of flu!

Elizabeth M. Baker of Austin, Texas, submits a list of Shots at Random. Here are three of her outstanding aims:

If her eyes glitter, it may be love and it may be astigmatism.

Discretion is the better part of buying.

The three ages of man are: Illusion, Delusion, and Allusion.

A self-educated young man of thirty-two who has been ill all his life sends a short story. It is filled with human interest and is very true to life. Good luck, Harry White Smith, Carberry, Manitoba!

THE PRODIGAL

As the express train whistled for the angle crossing two and one half miles west of Treesbury, Manitoba, a hunched figure crouching on the tender just back of the coal pile stirred, opened his eyes, and watched the familiar scenes flash by. In something less than five minutes the train would stop.

By the time it started again he would be on his way across the fields toward his father's farm, there to learn the answer to the question that had been hammering through his brain for two days and a night—during the thousand-mile dash for home, when only the merciful mildness of an early spring prairie thaw had saved him from freezing. Over and over again the words had repeated themselves in his ears, until even the clickety-clack, clickety-clack of the wheels on the rails had taken up the refrain:

"What'll they say? What'll they say?"

Five years had passed since, an ambitious lad, hungry for life, he had run away from the old farm.

Like a stupid kid, he had plunged into the stormy sea of life, and the sea had swallowed him, leaving not so much as a ripple on the surface to mark the spot where he had sunk. Life. He had wanted to see life. He had seen it all right—if existing in a relief camp is life, if riding the rods is life, if begging from door to door for a handout is life. He had come to himself at long last in a Vancouver flophouse. Desperate for a sight of the old place, he had reached the limit of his pride, and had turned toward home.

But—what would they say to him? . . .

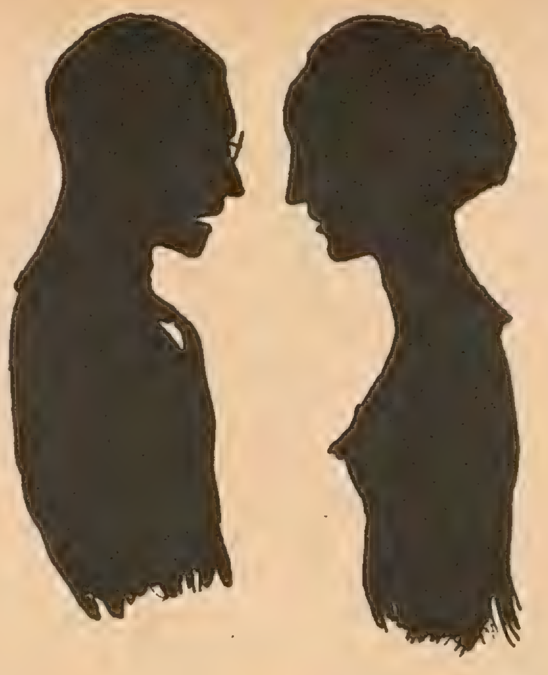
Bathed, shaved, a hot dinner under his belt, the past years faded like the tattered shreds of a nightmare. They had been so good about it all, so genuinely glad to see him.

His father's voice broke in upon his thoughts: "You're just in time to help me clean the seed wheat, son. Together we'll save the old home yet."

In the living room he could hear his mother talking on the telephone, joy in every accent of her voice:

"And, what do you think? Bill's home!"

A few strokes of the brush and Ernest L. Burges of Detroit, Michigan, produces a cartoon-silhouette—with a subtle title.



"Wilbur, why do you resist Fate?"

Strictly Oriental and very humorous, this offering from Mrs. J. J. Albert of Paris, Illinois.

AN EPISODE OF FOREIGN TRAVEL

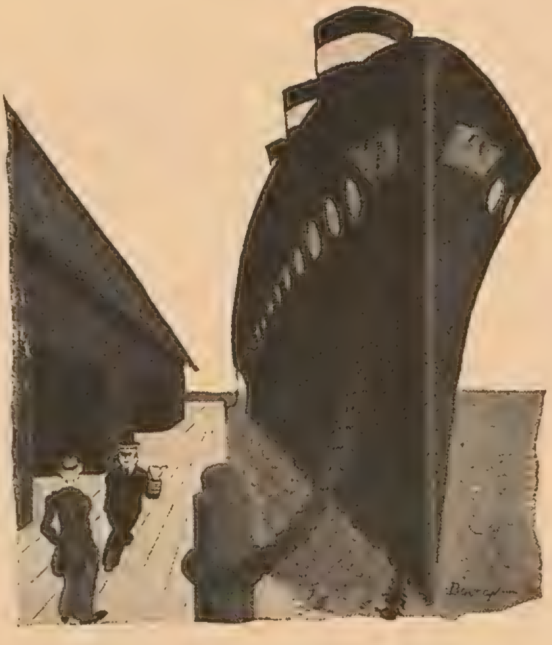
In Shanghai two years ago I was greatly annoyed by the informality of the Chinese room boys in the hotel. They had passkeys and walked into my room several times a day without a knock or single sound of warning. Finally, in sputtering protest, I exclaimed:

"You must *not* come into my room without knocking! I will not *have* it! Why, I might even be taking a bath!"

Without looking at me, the slippered and sleepy-eyed Celestial answered in a monotone:

"Oh, no, missy! Look through keyhole."

A good sketch, a good caption, and a good chance to win a prize. Lester F. Bolton of New Bedford, Massachusetts, is the contributor.



"Say, my man, will you watch my boat while I'm gone?"

Vivian Grigsby of Wilmette, Illinois, submits three brief statements—the results, she states, of the "hash sessions which invariably follow dates."

There are two sides to every keyhole.

All work and no play makes Jack a Phi Beta Kappa.

People who live in glass houses shouldn't.

HONORABLE MENTION

Honorable mention for this week is awarded to M. Pridham, Sierra Madre, Calif., for his cartoon; to Mrs. H. M. Hopper, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. G. P. Howard, San Leandro, Calif.; Storm Jamison, Hot Springs, Ark.; K. H. Tarzian, Fresno, Calif.; Irmgard K. Hull, Jamestown, R. I.; Mrs. Alice Norton, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Paul Xavier, Farmingdale, N. Y.; and Mrs. G. N. McColley, Orange, N. J., for short stories; to Zerlene Schreiber, Houston, Texas; MacLean Kennedy, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. Florence B. Weeks, Avon, N. Y.; and Marion P. Daniels, Unionville, Mo., for poems; to Pearl Hall, Acworth, Ga.; and Harry O'Connor, San Francisco, Calif., for snapshots; and to Mrs. J. V. Toole, Geneva, Fla., for her bright sayings.

PRIZE WINNERS, APRIL 25

Drawings win first and second places on the April 25 page. Voters made it possible for René Kaufman, New York City, to win $25 for two cartoons, and Clyde Chambers, Ogden, Utah, $10 for his poster study of Major Bowes. Third prizes of $5 each go to Dorothy McKenzie, Topeka, Kan., for her story, Christmas Tree; Helen Travis Hackett, Drexel Hill, Pa., for her poem to Will Rogers; and Gerald M. Porter, Austin, Texas, for his quatrain, The Naked Truth.

RULES

Contestants: Only bona fide amateurs are eligible to submit material. Amateurs can send in short stories, verses, quips, epigrams, jingles, bright sayings, jokes, snapshots, drawings, cartoons—anything.

Send material to:

LIBERTY'S AMATEUR WRITERS PAGE
Major Edward Bowes, Editor,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Plagiarism: Copying is called plagiarism, plagiarism is literary theft. Any one submitt plagiarized article through the mails and recei and accepting remuneration therefor is guilty the federal offense of using the mails to defrau

Liberty's Amateur Contest begins anew eac week, with similar prizes and awards.

Prizes: Each amateur whose work appears on these pages will receive $5.

Keep Carbon Copies: Liberty will not return rejected material, nor can the editors enter into correspondence regarding contributions.

Liberty acquires rights of all kinds in all material published on these pages.

VOTERS!

Additional Awards by Readers' Votes: A first prize of $25 will be paid for the contribution on this page which receives the greatest number of votes; $10 will be paid for the item with the next highest total of votes; and $5 each for the contributions receiving the three next highest totals. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. To be counted, your ballot must be postmarked on or before the date on the cover of this issue.

Send votes by note or post card to Liberty's Amateur Page, Major Edward Bowes, Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Dark MASQUERADE

A STARTLING DISCOVERY AND A NEW, GRIM PERIL HEIGHTEN THE SUSPENSE IN A VIVID, ADVENTUROUS NOVEL OF LOVE AND CRIME AND REDEMPTION. HAVE YOU GUESSED WHO WROTE IT?

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

HAMILTON BURTON, a famous New York City criminal lawyer, finds himself in a trying dilemma when he meets and falls in love with lovely young Betty Allison, a society girl. His intimates know him to be an unscrupulous shyster and the legal head of an underworld mob, but his polished manners and glib tongue have successfully convinced Betty that he is a champion of the poor and downtrodden, and, above all, a gentleman. In order to make this a lasting impression, a necessity if he is to realize his life's ambition—to move in the social circle—" Ham " is forced to remove the two McCabe brothers who know too much about his sinister connections in crime. He frames Larry McCabe by killing Heinie Schwartz with Larry's gun and planting the damning evidence on the innocent owner. Larry is convicted and sentenced to die. Burton had maneuvered the other brother, Robert " Butch " McCabe into a twenty-year sentence on a grand larceny charge. In prison, Butch swears revenge and plots an escape.

Meantime Betty's friendship with Jimmy Cronin, a personable young photographer, reaches its romantic climax at a party held at Jimmy's place on the eve of Betty's return to school in Switzerland. Betty becomes furious at Jimmy's refusal of her suggestion that they elope that night, and departs with Dexter Putnam, a lifelong admirer. En route home she accepts Dexter's proposal; but at her hotel they find Mrs. Allison suffering from a broken ankle and unable to sail with Betty.

This sudden change of plans, and the fact that Burton, who has secretly arranged passage on the same ship, has also made arrangements with the steamship company to have two nuns chaperon Betty on the trip, completely annul her elopement with Dexter. At sailing time Betty is waving good-by to the heartsick Dexter when she notices him staring, horror-stricken, at some one behind her. She turns quickly.

PART FOUR — HOSTAGE

IT was Jimmy.

She turned quickly away from him, hoping she had betrayed nothing of the happiness the sight of him gave her.

" Good-by, Dexter! " she screamed. " Good-by, my darling! "

Jimmy tapped her gently on the shoulder.

" The poor chap can't hear you," he said, " and you're ruining your lovely voice."

She smiled into Jimmy's eyes.

" What are you doing here? " she couldn't help asking.

" Taking you up on your challenge. ' Marry me right now,' you said. ' This minute.' I'm marrying you now."

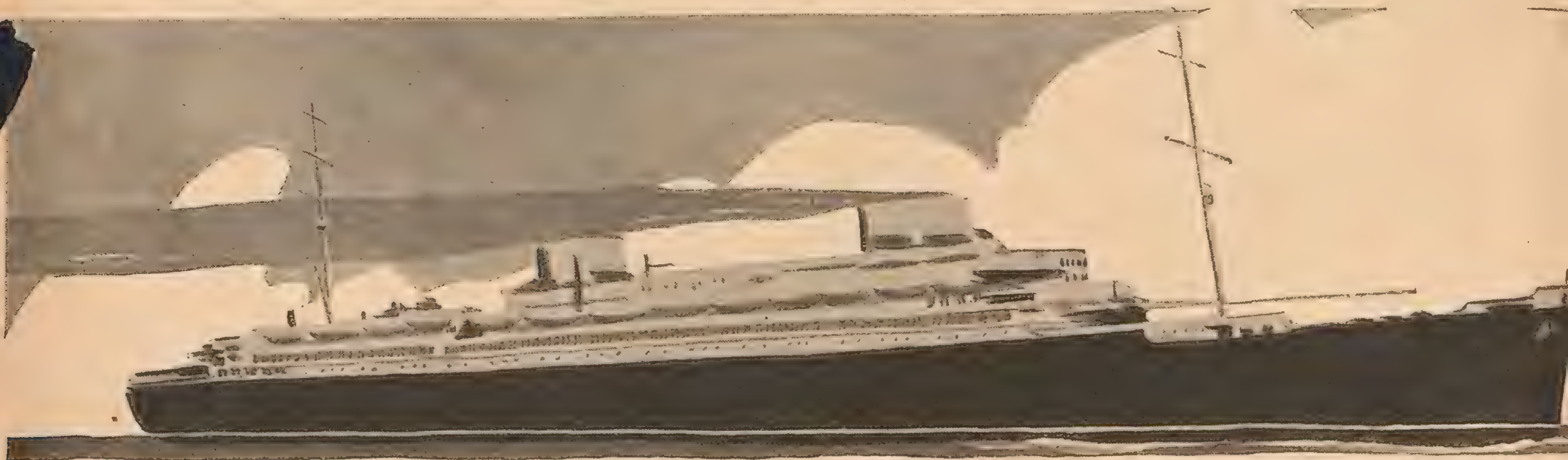
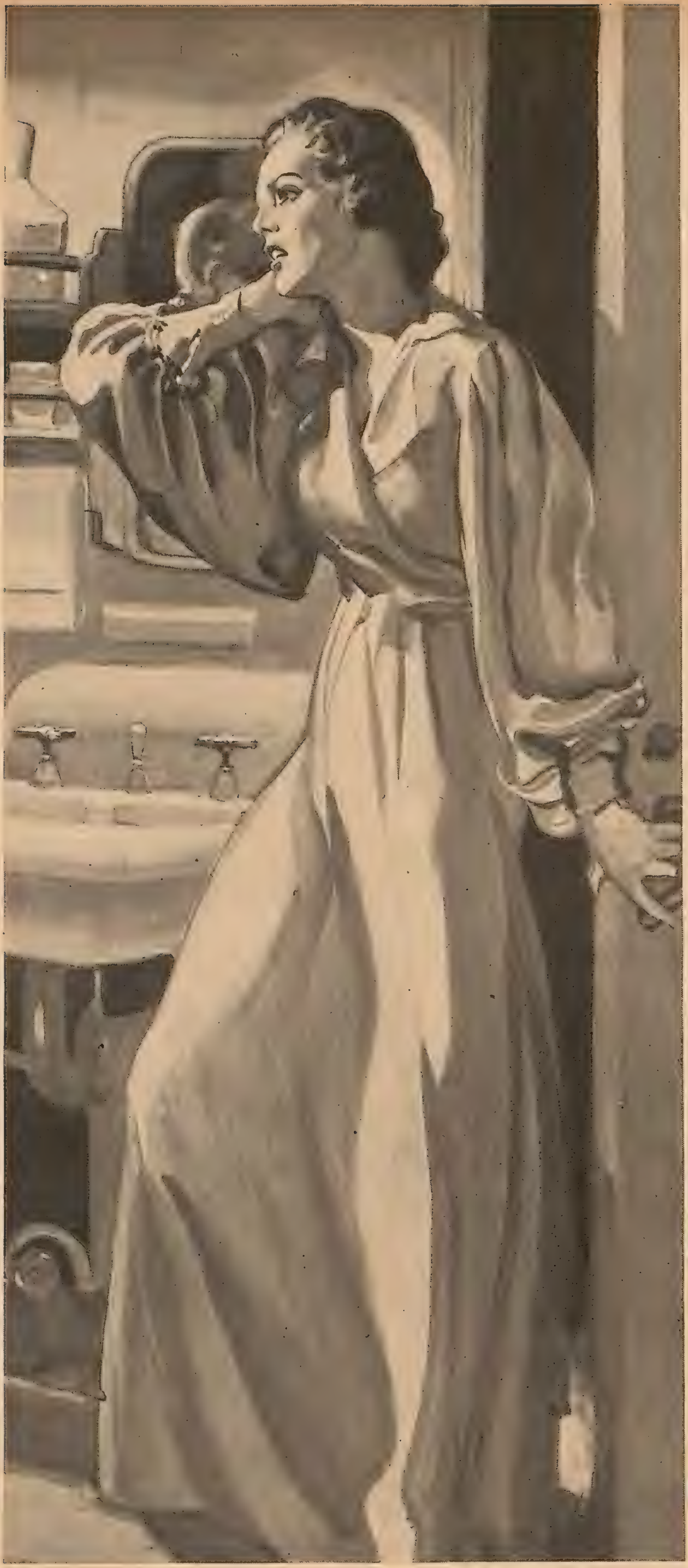


ILLUSTRATION BY EDGAR McGRAW



Betty's grin quickly changed into a look of horror. She opened her mouth to scream.

"You are?"

"I've sold everything I own, except my best camera. All I've got in the world now are the clothes in which you see me, two clean shirts, one suit of pajamas, a razor, a toothbrush, a camera, a little film, my passport, my steamer ticket, and a couple of hundred bucks."

"Jimmy, you're crazy!" she cried. "You've quit your job too?"

"So long as they print magazines that want artistic pictures I've got a job," he said. "I'll make a good living for you with my camera, and I love you, by the way. Did you know that?"

"You looked like that the first time I ever saw you," she remembered, "staring at me, and the wind blowing your hair like sparks. But—there are too many people looking."

"Come on up on the hurricane deck."

It was dark there.

Jimmy gathered her into his arms.

"I can't live another hour without making you Mrs. Cronin. Mrs. Cronin! Betty, when will you marry me?"

She threw his own words back at him:

"When I'm damned good and ready, Jimmy. Not until then."

He laughed with her, hugged her to him.

"You're sweet, Jimmy," she said. "Give me a little time. We've got four days on this boat."

"Four days? I can't wait four days. Meet me at ten o'clock tomorrow morning by the old swimming pool, Betty Allison, and have the answer."

She laughed, and he took her into his arms again.

"I ache for you. I'm mad about you."

He crushed her savagely to him. He kissed her passionately, furiously. For a moment Betty knew such ecstasy, and felt such thrilling promise of unknown bliss to follow that she felt weak, trapped, all but lost. Fright flooded her, made her desperate, gave her strength to struggle.

Jimmy let her go suddenly. He had hurt her, he felt, hurt and frightened her.

"Oh, Betty, I—I—"

She was standing straight in front of him. She did not answer. Without a word she turned. She ran. He didn't follow. He couldn't. He trembled as though he were ill. He cursed himself for his roughness, for the crude primitive emotions that had surged through him and mastered him.

"Damn clumsy lout," he said. "She'll never look at you again!"

He made his way slowly below.

Betty, when she had gained the sanctity of her stateroom and the protection of Sister Angelica, locked and bolted the door. Sister Angelica was slumbering quietly, one hand still clutching her rosary. Betty turned out the light burning near the silver crucifix, undressed in the dark, and slipped into bed.

She couldn't sleep. She kept thinking of that mad moment on the hurricane deck, loving it, detesting it. She kept remembering the warmth of Jimmy's body. And every once in a while she thought of Burton and wondered why he hadn't come to see her off.

JIMMY CRONIN leaped out of bed with the first moment of consciousness. He rubbed his eyes and looked at his wrist watch. Seven o'clock. Three whole hours to kill before he saw Betty.

He took a leisurely shower, shaved himself, and went into the dining room for breakfast.

He wandered about the deck. Time had never passed so slowly in his life.

Where is her room? he wondered.

The purser would know. He inquired. It was Suite 123, forward, on C deck.

Jimmy walked slowly past the suite but heard no one walking around inside.

He went down to the promenade deck again, and almost collided with a man coming out of the Palm Room.

"By all that's holy!" he said. "So you can't let her alone!"

Hamilton Burton recognized Jimmy at the same time, and his reaction was as unpleasant as Jimmy's.

They looked at each other for a moment.

"Why do you run after that girl?" Burton asked. "You can't even buy her a pot to put my flowers in."

"Why do you run after her? Poor old man! You won't see much of her on this trip, Ham. She and I are going to be very busy."

Burton smiled. "You talk like a boy," he observed. "You think that all a girl wants out of life is swimming and dancing and tennis. She's used to luxuries, fine clothes, costly hotel and steamer suites, expensive schools, traveling, playing—"

Jimmy grinned derisively.

He glanced at his watch. Eight twenty-five. "I can't stop and chat with you all morning, much as I'd like to. So long, old rheumatism. I'll see you around."

It was half past eight when he returned to his room.

At half past nine he put on a bathing suit, his bathrobe, and ran down to the swimming pool. He half expected Betty might be there, waiting. But she wasn't.

Eleven o'clock came, eleven thirty, eleven forty-five. Jimmy went back to his cabin. He went slowly.

"I've lost her," he kept saying. "I've lost her, sure." . . .

When Betty woke she had been dreaming she was in a hammock in the gardens at Spottiswoode and Jimmy was rocking her.

She wondered what time it was. She had a date for ten o'clock. With Jimmy. She remembered Jimmy's kisses. She must hurry. It must be late.

She sprang from her bed and ran to her overnight bag. She took out a negligee so Sister Angelica might not be shocked at her sheer nightie if she should suddenly come in. Sister must be up on deck somewhere. She whipped the ribbon of the negligee around her, tied it in a bow, put her feet into mules, and started for the bathroom. As she pulled open the door she heard some one cough.

"It's me, sister!" she cried.

Her face was fixed in a please-excuse-it grin—but it quickly changed into a look of horror. She stood in the doorway, staring.

The little nun was standing in front of the mirror—shaving!

Her hood was off.

Sister Angelica was a man, a very desperate-looking man!

Betty opened her mouth to scream. A lather-spattered hand smacked against her mouth, smacked forcibly and with terrible strength. The other hand dropped a razor, caught her shoulder and held it.

"Listen, sister!" she heard the man saying. "The door is locked. You can't get out. And if you scream I'll cut your throat."

It was a dreadful masculine voice that meant exactly what it said. It went on:

"I'm a convict. I escaped from Sing Sing last night, three hours before this boat sailed. So I'm Sister Angelica. There never was a Sister Borromeo. Get it? That was a plant—because nuns always travel in pairs. Sister Borromeo had to get sick at the last minute. You understand? There was only one passport. I got it. See?"

Betty nodded her head.

"You was wished on me," the man went on. "But nothing's going to happen to you—if you're a good little girl. I got other things besides dames on my mind. Now, will you keep quiet if I take my mitts off of you?"

Betty nodded her head again. The man stepped back, and suddenly there was a shiny black gun in his right hand. It must have been hidden in a secret pocket in the folds of the habit.

Betty's first feeling was one of sheer relief in being able to spit out soapsuds and to breathe naturally again. Her second was anger at this outrage.

"Do you think you can get away with anything like this? You're crazy!"

"Don't get excited, sister. And I ain't as crazy as you think. Now, get this: I'm going to keep you right by my side for the rest of this trip, see? You're not going to squeal. You're not going to tell anybody about me. Don't try it, sister. It ain't healthy. It took brains to pull this beat. Brains and money and a lot of guys working together. I got plenty friends who'd just as soon croak a stool pigeon as not. You ain't going to be no stool pigeon. You got a mother, see? At the Bellcliff. Yeah, I know all about her. You wouldn't like to have her bumped off, would you?"

Betty could do no more than shake her head from side to side. She had heard of men like this, but had never dreamed, in her worst nightmares, of meeting one of them.

"If you'll play ball with me until we get to France, you'll never see me again. Well, what do you say?"

"What can I say?"

THE man smiled and turned around. He began to lather his face again. His back was turned, but Betty could see he was watching her in the mirror. He finished shaving. He did it with his left hand. His right, Betty imagined, still clutched that little black gun. He washed his face. He turned around, observing that Betty hadn't moved. He walked with her into the sitting room.

"You're a good kid," he said in Sister Angelica's voice. "Stay that way. Don't make no mistakes."

"What—what shall I call you?"

"Just call me sister!" he said in a falsetto voice that was neither his own nor Sister Angelica's. He grinned.

Some one began to hammer on the door.

"Hey, Betty, wake up!" Jimmy Cronin called.

The little black gun was aimed at the door.

"It's a friend of mine," Betty whispered.

"O.K. I'll handle him. Say something to him."

"Wait, Jimmy," Betty called.

"Good. Now get in the bathroom."

He didn't lock her in. He didn't close the door entirely. He purposely left it ajar. She watched him put on the white shield, the black hood, watched him adjust the veil. She watched him open the door, saw Jimmy start in, then step back respectfully.

"Oh!" she heard Jimmy say. "I didn't know, sister."

One of Angelica's hands played with the rosary that hung from his belt. The other, the right, was hidden in the folds of his black habit.

"I'm Miss Allison's chaperon. Miss Allison doesn't wish to see any man."

"But, sister—"

Angelica shut the door in his face, hard.

Jimmy beat on it again.

Betty rushed out of the bathroom.

"Please," she begged, "just a moment, sister."

Sister Angelica still held his gun but his thin lips smiled.

"All right, kid. You can see him, but I'll be right behind you. See?"

BETTY ran to the door and opened it, looked into Jimmy's stricken face.

"Betty, don't be sore about last night," Jimmy pleaded. "I just lost my head. I was mad, Betty. I love you so."

She tried to signal danger with her eyes. But he couldn't read them. She didn't dare move her lips to warn him. Angelica was watching.

"I don't want to see you again, Jimmy," she said.

She closed the door as Angelica had closed it—hard.

"You played mighty smart, sending that guy away," Sister Angelica said after Jimmy had disappeared. "I ain't forgetting it. Now go and get dressed. And leave the bathroom door open an inch, sister," he ordered. "I ain't no peeping Tom; but I want to hear you moving around. And don't try no Houdini on me out the window. See?"

She dressed quickly and made up her face carefully.

Breakfast was smoking on the table when she came out of the bathroom, and the convict was locking the door on the stewardess. A picture of her mother was smiling at her from the dresser.

"I went through your stuff to make sure you didn't have a gat," the convict explained, seeing her look at the picture. "That your old lady? She's a peach. Wish I had an old lady like that. Sit down and eat, sister."

Betty sat down. He poured coffee for her.

"Sister," he said, after they had finished, "this isn't going to be any more picnic for me than it is for you. But it's a case of got to—I got to take it. You got to take it. See?"

"Yes. You've got things all your way now. You needn't be afraid of me. There's only one thing I want."

"The boy friend?"

Betty nodded.

"That depends. Who is he? What's he do?"

"His name's Jimmy Cronin. He's a photographer. We—we were going to be married today. Now—now—"

"Geez, that's too bad, sister. I didn't have no idea. But we'll have to skip him. This is an emoigency. It can't be helped. I can't have no camera guys around, not till I get off this tub. You and this Jimmy can get together again after I—well, after I do my job."

He studied her face for a moment.

"Well, how about it, sister? You going to play ball with me?"

"Yes, I'll play ball. I'd gladly see you back behind the bars, where you belong. But until I do—you and your water pistol give me no choice."

"'Atagirl! Now come on upstairs with Sister Angelica and we'll get some sun."

They took a turn around the deck. This escaped convict was the pious humble nun, and nothing else. His walk was sedate, unobtrusive, correct.

They passed by the bar on the promenade deck. Jimmy was sitting at a table. He was alone. He was drinking. He looked up, saw Betty, held up his highball glass to her and waved it vaguely.

Betty turned savagely to the masquerader.

"Oh, damn you!" she said.

"Cut the coises, sister," he warned her as he led her on. "Glom one of these waiters and get us some deck chairs. I'll pay you later."

So, in a few minutes, they were half sitting, half reclining side by side in the sun and the salt wind, their legs swathed in blankets. The camouflaged convict held an open prayer book in his hands. His lips were moving as though in silent prayer.

Betty turned her eyes away from the glare of the sea and the mockery of the convict's lips.

Jimmy would never forgive her. How could she explain? Jimmy would be very drunk in a little while. What would he do?

SHE saw a man that reminded her of Burton. She sighed. Burton! He hadn't come to see her off. He hadn't radioed. He had absolutely ignored her. That man walked like Burton. He swung his arms like Burton. He came nearer. Why—why—he was Burton!

"Betty, you've got to forgive me," he said, taking up her hand and kissing it.

"Ham Burton, of all the men in the world! Forgive you? Why?"

She knew the answer, but she wanted to hear it.

"Because I suddenly decided, not to see you off, as I promised, but to come with you. I'm hoping this voyage will change my entire life."

He glanced meaningly at the nun beside her.

"Oh," Betty said. "Mr. Burton, this is Sister Angelica."

Burton bowed deeply.

"I'm honored, sister," he said. "You're on a pilgrimage to Lourdes, I understand. It was kind of you to let Miss Allison share your stateroom. Her mother was so worried. Betty's first trip alone. But she

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THE
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was glad to know *you* were looking after her little girl."

Sister Angelica merely bowed.

"Would you like to walk up and down the deck a few times, Miss Allison?" Burton asked.

Betty looked at the nun for permission. The nun shook her head.

Burton's eyes were on Betty. He sat down on the chair beside her. There was something strained in Betty's attitude. She kept answering all his sallies with "Yes" or "No," or "Well, well!" or "That's very interesting, Ham."

He looked across her at the nun. She seemed to be asleep. He took a gold pencil from his vest pocket. He found a card. He wrote hastily and slipped the card into Betty's fingers.

"Can't you duck?" she read.

Betty shook her head forlornly. She handed back the card.

Could she have dinner with him? She answered she could not. Could she dance with him tonight? She'd like to but she couldn't. The movies, then? No.

"But, Betty"—Burton was at last exasperated.

He looked meaningly at the sleeping nun, arose stiffly, and walked away.

Betty turned angrily when Burton had gone.

"Oh, you'll pay for this," she said. "And how you'll pay!"

The convict merely laughed.

Betty stared at him for a moment, frightened by that laugh. It was so freighted with malice.

She turned from him with a little shiver. Ham had left a magazine on his chair. She picked it up, a magazine called True Detective Mysteries. It fell open to a page Ham had evidently been reading. His picture was there, and Larry McCabe's and Robert "Butch" McCabe's and Heinie Schwartz's.

She whirled around in her chair.

"So you are Robert "Butch" McCabe!" she said.

The nun sat up and his right hand darted into a fold in the billowing habit.

"Another crack like that out here," he said, "and I'll shoot you dead as dog meat."

For the rest of that day Betty had no company save that of her convict captor. In the evening they attended the movies together and afterward they sat for a moment or two in the great salon.

Burton, in evening dress, ventured near for a moment but only for a moment. Jimmy, a bit unsteady on his feet, came close by. But he didn't stop.

"Nine thirty," the nun said at length. "That's always lights out for me. Come on, Betty."

In their room, he locked and bolted the door, locked the bedroom door, turned on the lights. His back was toward her.

"Go ahead and peel off, sister," he said. "Let me know when I can turn around."

Betty, trembling with fear and shame and anger, hastily yanked the blankets from her bed, folded them swiftly, grabbed up a pillow, and hurried to the bathroom. She took out the key. She closed the door back of her and locked it.

SHE threw the blankets and the pillow into the bathtub and began to undress. Her fingers trembled so much they were awkward. She broke into helpless sobbing.

She let her dress lie where it fell. She stepped out of it, took off her shoes, turned out the lights, and got into the tub, arranging the blankets beneath her and above her as comfortably as she could. But there was no comfort to be had. The tub was too short. And it was hard. And it was cold. And the shower fixture above her leaked!

"I don't care," she told herself. "I'll stay here all night if it kills me—and—and I hope it does!"

She began to cry again, and, crying, went into a sound, if unrefreshing, sleep.

The sound of Butch's voice awoke her.

"If you want to eat, come and get it."

She got out of the tub with difficulty. She began to sneeze. Her clothing was cold to the touch.

She unlocked the door.

"I'm sick," she announced dismally, slumping into the nearest chair, coughing and sneezing.

Butch poured out a cup of hot coffee, threw in three lumps of sugar, and brought it to her.

"Swallow this while it's hot, sister," he bade her.

The cup rattled against the saucer as she held it. Suddenly she burst into tears.

Butch looked at her awkwardly.

"Cut it, cut it," he said, not at all harshly.

At that Betty only wept the more.

Butch picked her up and placed her gently on her bed. He covered her with his own dry blankets.

"Geez, sister," he said, "you shouldn't have done that. I told you I was a right guy; that you were safe with me."

He touched his hand to her forehead.

"Geez," he said, "you have got a fever. You're burning up."

He rang for the steward. He ordered everything he could think of—"aspirin, mustard plasters, smelling salts—and maybe, steward, a little brandy would do her some good. As a general rule I'm opposed to alcohol of any kind. But this is an—this is different. And—oh, yes—a bottle of citrate of magnesia, too, steward."

As the day wore on, Betty started to recover. She even laughed before luncheon.

BUTCH, at her request, unwrapped the gifts her friends had brought to the boat—boxes of candy, baskets of fruit and raisins and nuts, a jewel box with a solitaire diamond ring in it and a note—"Wear this always, darling, and remember Dexter."

"How odd!" Betty said. "Why didn't he put it on my finger? I mean, why didn't he try to? I never heard of any one's giving a girl a diamond ring in such a way. Did you?"

"That was the little four-eyed guy, wasn't it? Dexter? The guy that wanted to kiss you good-by. He got cold feet when I give him the eye. Yeah. He was scared. He threw the box on your bed. I put it away for you."

When dinnertime came—and a box of orchids from Hamilton Burton with a little card expressing his sincerest sympathy—Betty and her convict chaperon were on tolerably good terms.

He told her many things about prison life, about prison theatricals.

"I got some talent," he admitted. "You can see that. But I got experience, too. I got started in reform school. Then, while I was doing a stretch on Welfare Island I got some real swell parts to play. All dames. I never played anything but dames. I'm a natural. Geez, if I'd of stayed in Sing Sing, I'd of been the star in the Christmas play. I'd be Rosie in Abie's Irish Rose. Sister, that part's got everything. It was tough to give that up."

"Why did you escape?" she asked.

Instantly his eyes flamed. His jaw stuck out. His mouth took an ugly shape.

"Listen, sister," he said. "I don't like people who get nosy. I'll attend to my affairs. You do the same."

"I only meant—since you so wanted to play Rosie—I didn't mean—"

Butch's forbidding face gradually relaxed.

"All right," he said. "I'm sorry I got cross. I'm a lousy chaperon. But God knows I didn't ask for the job. And now, since you got poisonal with me, let me get a little poisonal with you. Let me tip you off. This Dexter guy is a washout. I never saw a completer bust in my life—and I've seen many. This Irish guy's all right. He's getting drunk like a man. I got a lot o' respect for him. But this other guy—him and his lousy orchids—"

"Mr. Burton? He's the greatest criminal lawyer in the world. Why, I thought all you—"

"All us jailbirds? You ain't hurting me none, calling me that. I am, ain't I? But you got him wrong, calling him a criminal lawyer. He's a lawyer criminal."

At nine thirty he yawned.

"Time for lights out," he said. "You all right?"

"I'm fine."

"Then go to sleep, sister."

He put out the lights, and she heard him go about the business of getting to bed.

" Don't get no foolish notions in the night, sister," she heard him say softly. " I got the key with me, and I sleep light. Good night."

" Good night."

Betty felt entirely well in the morning. She ate breakfast with an appetite. Butch was amazed at the change in her.

" I guess I'm some nurse, huh? " he said.

" You're fine," she said. " Can't we go up and get some air? "

" Sure thing. Wait'll I shave."

As they walked toward the deck chairs, Betty saw Jimmy Cronin and Hamilton Burton come face to face a hundred feet or so away.

SHE saw them halt, look at each other, exchange a few words, bow stiffly, and walk away. Burton went that way. Jimmy came this way. If he saw her he pretended not to. He wasn't so drunk as he'd been last night, Betty saw. Yet he wasn't sober.

" Neither one of them came near me all day yesterday," she said, when they were seated, " though Ham did send flowers."

" I didn't want them bothering you," Angelica explained. " I bribed the steward to keep them away."

Burton, going that way, and Jimmy this, found themselves face to face again in front of the deck chairs occupied by Betty and her nun. They could do nothing less than nod and say good morning.

A few miserable moments followed. Betty was disagreeable to Jimmy purposely, hoping he would go. He was torturing her cruelly with his sick eyes.

" I don't think I'm wanted here," he said abruptly. " Good-by! "

He walked away, into the bar.

But Burton had a tougher hide. He sat down in the chair at Betty's left.

" I had the deck steward move me here last night," he said.

Betty didn't answer.

A steward approached, distributing papers to the passengers in the chairs.

" Ah, the ship's news bulletins," Burton said. He took three papers from the steward, and passed the top two to Betty and the nun. Betty put a paper in the nun's black lap. The nun put a hand on it, to keep the wind from blowing it away; but he was too absorbed in his silent prayers to read it.

Betty read without interest until she came to an item, halfway down the first column on the front page, which told of the escape of a notorious convict from Sing Sing Penitentiary, one Robert " Butch " McCabe. The method he used in escaping had not been discovered, but the greatest man hunt in recent years had been organized, and it was believed the daring criminal would be behind the bars within twenty-four hours. City and state police had joined with G-men in a wide-flung network. McCabe, whose brother Larry was in the death house awaiting execution, had been sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. He had been a model prisoner during his short stay at Sing Sing. Police and private detectives were guarding the home of Judge Max Sludsky, who had sentenced him.

She turned quickly to Burton.

" Did you see this? Butch McCabe's escaped."

" Yes," Burton answered, his head still bent over the paper. " Yes, I read it. And I'm not surprised."

Sister Angelica, looking through his veil at the paper, said no word.

" I could tell them why he escaped," Burton went on. He was astonished at Betty's quick " Why? Please tell me."

" He blames me because his brother is going to burn for killing Heinie Schwartz."

" Oh, no! " Betty cried.

Instinctively she turned to Sister Angelica, seized a black-robed wrist, began " You wouldn't—" and caught herself in time.

" You wouldn't mind my discussing Mr. Burton's clients, would you, sister? I'm very interested in them. You see—I—I saw McCabe's brother sentenced. I—I knew his mother. She's a dear. I'm so sorry for her. You really wouldn't mind? "

Sister Angelica shook his head. He twisted his body, with a rattling of beads, that he might listen to what Burton had to say.

" You think he's looking for you? " Betty asked.

" Sure," Burton said, " but don't let it worry you, Betty. He's a psychopathic case, Butch McCabe, a dangerous lunatic. He'd kill me in a minute, on the slightest provocation, if he could find me. But—"

HE laughed again and rose, the paper falling from his hand. " I'm glad I'm on this ship where he can't get at me."

He bowed to Betty and the nun.

" See you later, Betty, sister," he said. Betty stole a look at Angelica as Burton walked away. Angelica was telling his beads and staring, expressionless, out to sea.

" Butch! " Betty whispered.

Not a muscle moved in Butch's partly covered face. He got up slowly.

" You'd better come with me," he said.

They went in silence to the cabin. Butch locked the door. It was time to do something to this girl. She knew too much.

He turned, to find her facing him, her face aflame.

" You're on this boat to kill Ham Burton," she said. " That's why you escaped, isn't it? But you're not going to do it. You hear? You're not going to do it! "

What will the desperate McCabe do to prevent Betty from exposing his daring plot of revenge? Does Burton sense some danger? Next week's installment brings a new climax, new complications, and more startling revelations. Don't miss it!

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Every Position,
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TO THE Ladies!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

BRIDES gallop in. "I'm getting married this noon!" they scream. "Tonight my husband and I are sailing on a round-the-world cruise. I've only got three hours to buy my entire trousseau. Help, Mrs. Odlum! Help!"

HORTENSE McQUARRIE ODLUM

Hortense McQuarrie Odlum goes to the rescue. She helps. That's her business. She is the president-manager of a big New York specialty shop for women. To accommodate sail-away brides, Mrs. Odlum has a woman who travels continually, finding out what clothes an American girl may need anywhere from Siberia to Timbuktu.

"Wedding gowns are difficult," Mrs. Odlum told me, "because they must satisfy the bride's mother and grandmother as well as the bride. The bride's mother is nearly always the hardest to please."

Young wives also come to Hortense Odlum for help when their husbands don't like their clothes. As a rule she advises them to cater to their man's taste. It saves trouble at home, she says, and an untroubled woman looks good in almost anything.

Mrs. Odlum is unique as a lady executive, inasmuch as she had no professional training for her job. Her husband, financially interested, was reorganizing the store she now directs. "I've been a shopper all my life," she said to him. "Why can't I run a store for women shoppers?" He said, "Maybe you can. Let's see you do it." She could—and she did.

● I know a man who can't convince his wife that she is still beautiful enough for him. They have been married twenty years. The peculiar circumstances of their marriage must be held responsible, I suppose, for her lifelong preoccupation with her looks.

Twenty years ago he was engaged to her older sister. A week before the intended wedding, his present wife came home from boarding school. She had developed into a perfect beauty all of a sudden, the way young girls sometimes do. He fell head over heels in love with her the moment he saw her. The older sister realized this and stepped aside--not altogether unselfishly, for she had been more than half in love with another man and really was glad of the chance to marry him instead.

Both couples have been happily mated ever since. But for years now the younger sister has been worrying about the day when her husband will see her begin to fade. "He fell in love with my beauty," she says. "He won't love me if I lose my looks."

The poor man wishes she'd stop talking like that. "I don't enjoy growing old," he says, "any more than she does."

In my humble opinion, she had better change her tune.

● A sweeter disposition will be mine this summer. I'll be easier to get on with, kinder to children and dumb animals. Why? Because some genius has invented a white shoe cleaning fluid that doesn't rub off. It won't even rub off on the blue-linen slip covers with which I adorn my furniture in the summertime. I love my blue slip covers. In the past I have almost hated many a friend whose clean white shoes left my chairs and couches looking like something the ash-man forgot to cart away.

I think women ought to celebrate the invention of every new product that helps us keep our tempers and be more agreeable around the house. Perhaps our husbands should appreciate such things even more than we.

● Two young architects, friends of mine, both bachelors, are trying to figure out mathematically how much more closet space should be built into a house for the wife than for the husband. One architect says twice as much. The other says one third. What do you say?

● In Vermont I met a handsome old lady whose complexion is the envy of younger women. Her skin is always smooth, soft, and firm. I asked her what she does to keep it that way. She told me. Twice a week, she said, she gives her face a thick coating of plain salt mixed with milk. She leaves it on until it dries; then she washes it off with lukewarm water.

You can bet I ran right home and tried it. I've been doing the "cure" for a month. Not long enough, I know, to estimate the benefit conclusively. But I know it makes my skin feel ever so fresh and smooth.

● For an authentic story of Broadway by a Broadway columnist, read Louis Sobol's novel, Six Lost Women. (Published by Claude Kendall & Willoughby Sharp.)

● A favorite dish in South America is *baked* corned beef. Try it the next time you have a good-sized piece left over from your boiled dinner.

Trim your beef to form a neat joint. For a 3-pound piece, mix 1 cup brown sugar with ¾ tablespoon chili powder and enough water to make a paste. Spread paste over beef. On top put 1 cucumber, seeded and chopped. Bake 25 minutes in moderate oven. Serve with a bowl of plain rice and boiled beans (black ones if you can get them) mixed together.

Ol' Man River Works His Magic Again

Edna Ferber's Perennial Panorama of the Mississippi Is Glamorously Revived; Adventures Grave and Gay Befall an English Beauty and a Couple of Cutups

4 Stars—Extraordinary
3 Stars—Excellent
2 Stars—Good
1 Star—Poor
0 Star—Very Poor

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME
8 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

A delightful treat in Show Boat—Paul Robeson singing Old Man River.

★ ★ ★ ★ SHOW BOAT

THE PLAYERS: Irene Dunne, Allan Jones, Charles Winninger, Paul Robeson, Helen Westley, Helen Morgan, Queenie Smith, Sammy White, Donald Cook, Hattie McDaniel, Sunnie O'Day, Francis X. Mahoney, Charles Middleton, Patricia Barry. Directed by James Whale. Story by Edna Ferber.

NOW almost an American classic, the melodious Show Boat has been revived with such sympathetic care by Universal that even those who know every twist of the Edna Ferber story should succumb once more to its nostalgic charm.

Superbly mounted and given performances so uniformly right that there are neither lapses nor scene stealing, this pageant flows with irresistible smoothness. And since James Whale's sensitive direction has missed none of the opportunities in Oscar Hammerstein, Jr.'s, screen play, Show Boat comes as a delightfully sentimental musical romance.

Persuasive entertainment throughout, the film has, of course, its high spots. Paul Robeson's grand rendition of Old Man River is perhaps the highest. Close to that is the lachrymose Helen Morgan's touching performance and singing. While the comic antics of Charles Winninger, Sammy White, Queenie Smith, Helen Westley, and Hattie McDaniel combine to set a lively background. In splendid voice, Allan Jones is properly romantic as the water-front lover and gambler and his portrayal has just the needed theatric dash.

The most gratifying surprise of the picture, though, is its star, Irene Dunne. Catching every shade in a role that spans a lifetime, she imbues the part with her usual warm intelligence. But one is hardly prepared for her gay comedy flare—a flare she has kept, up to now, hidden from the screen.

Heightened by the Kern melodies that aid rather than interrupt the story, Show Boat is enthusiastically recommended as a beautifully photographed tale, as entertaining as the day it was first staged.

VITAL STATISTICS: With all its ramifications, Show Boat has probably cleared more money than any other novel. It ran seventeen months during 1927-28 on Broadway, a year in London, eight months on the road, eight months in a New York revival. Is a stock staple; has earned two radio chevrons, and flopped only when Universal sank a million in it in '29 for a silent version. This one cost another million. . . . Three decades of American life, from elegant '80s to naughty 1920s, were syntheticked on Cal. soil. Show-boat barge cotton palace was found at Plum Point, Tennessee, sawed in three, then freighted to Los Angeles River, which was dredged out and pumped full of city water to play role of Father of Waters. . . . From 30,000 film exposures of real Miss'ippi local color 58 sets were designed. . . . Costumes were created in cameo drawing by English Doris Zinkeisen, busy muraling the Queen Mary. Cast scrambled for them as keepsakes, annoying studio dress designers no end. . . . 75,000 feet were shot showing Captain Andy Charles Winninger docking show boat at Booneville—2,288th performance of his career. . . . After river shots were finished, show boat was sawed to pieces again, hoisted ashore for other shots. . . . Paul Robeson had to croon into a mike instead of blazing away with his usual stentorian chest tones. Otherwise he'd have come out like a lion roar. Paul lives in Harlem, is Phi Beta Kappa, a lawyer, All-America footballer, natural voiced and talented. . . . Three months taken to film everything. Three weeks were needed to cut the 300,000 assembled feet down to playing length. . . . Allan Jones was picked from 57 possibilities to play Ravenal. . . . Hammerstein II and Kern confected three new songs for this. . . . Irene Dunne, a river gal herself, they tell me, dropped her usual regality overboard, and acted pretty hoydenish in a blonde wig. Did sand dances, cakewalks, stomps, enjoyed the blackface.

★ ★ ½ THE CASE AGAINST MRS. AMES

THE PLAYERS: Madeleine Carroll, George Brent, Beulah Bondi, Alan Mowbray, Alan Baxter, Esther Dale, Arthur Treacher, Guy Bates Post, Ed Brophy, Scotty Beckett, Richard Carle, Brenda Fowler, Mayo Methot. Directed by William Seiter. Story by Arthur Somers Roche.

AN articulate, frequently absorbing courtroom drama, The Case Against Mrs. Ames is built around an unusual and interesting situation. Admirably translated to the screen by scenarists Towne and Baker, the Arthur Somers Roche story has Madeleine Carroll suspected of murdering her husband. Demanding that a suspicious attorney try to prove her guilt, she hopes his sleuthing will uncover the real killer.

Played for its emotional rather than vigorous aspects, the film is somewhat leisurely paced and limited, for the most part, to a courtroom setting. Despite these handicaps, however, The Case Against Mrs. Ames is a provocative and often moving study of a woman's fight against shadowy enemies. And it discloses Miss Carroll, the blonde English importation, as an actress of fluent ability and cool beauty.

Shrewdly directed by William Seiter, and with George Brent, as the querulous attorney, giving his best per-

HERE ARE THE WINNERS

Liberty's $2,000 International Geography Game

FIRST PRIZE, $500

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Long Beach, Calif.

SECOND PRIZE, $200

Mrs. Agnes L. Aebischer
Rutland, Vt.

THIRD PRIZE, $100

Amanda Fitzlan Wade
Gloucester, Mass.

TWENTY $10 PRIZES

Eleanora Barrie, New York, N. Y.; Allan Carlson, Highland Park, Ill.; Dorothy M. Clark, Portsmouth, Ohio; G. L. Darland, Pueblo, Colo.; William G. Edmondson, Jr., Chicago, Ill.; Harriett Faber, Toledo, Ohio; H. J. Hippocrates, Farmingdale, N. J.; Paul Hofbauer, Orange, N. J.; Anton Jurik, Kenosha, Wis.; Arthur J. Lynch, Syracuse, N. Y.; Philip I. Mansfield, Washington, D. C.; Hugh E. Martin, Fort Leavenworth, Kan.; H. H. Powell, Tulsa, Okla.; Henry Sheldon, Chicago, Ill.; Eva Stanton, Marion, Ind.; Mrs. Bessie Toles, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Audrey Walls, Kilgore, Tex.; Frances Walters, Tyler, Tex.; Mrs. O. S. Wernke, Lakewood, Ohio; John Cotter Wynne, New York, N. Y.

200 PRIZES, $5

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(To be continued in an early issue.)

formance, this probing piece builds to a tense climax that will appeal especially to women. Beulah Bondi is the restrained menace, and Alan Baxter and Ed Brophy, as brash newspapermen, lighten the somber affair with spots of comedy.

VITAL STATISTICS: Madeleine Carroll, the reigning queen of British films, has been here before. Imported two years ago by Fox, she was flopped in a feeble imitation of Cavalcade and crept back to London film royalty unwept, unsung, unnoticed. Lost herself in hits like The 39 Steps. Wanger, friend of the forgotten star, reimported her. Has signed her for ten pictures. Carroll is married to Captain Astley, formerly of the Household Guards. Miss Carroll was born in West Bromwich, near Birmingham. Whenever she feels swell-headed she runs a print of a flop she made, her second picture. . . . Story was the last work of the late Arthur Somers Roche.

★ ★ ½ SONS O' GUNS

THE PLAYERS: Joe E. Brown, Joan Blondell, Beverly Roberts, Eric Blore, Wini Shaw, Craig Reynolds, Joseph King, Robert Barrat, G. P. Huntley, Jr., Frank Mitchell, Bert Roach. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. From the play by Fred Thompson and Jack Donahue.

FOR his newest picture, Joe E. Brown has taken the old Jack Donahue stage hit and dressed it up with even older gags. Yet, because no one ever takes it seriously, the film bounces along in a pleasant manner and its broad humor is not without a certain crude appeal.

In Sons o' Guns the cavern-mouthed Mr. Brown is seen as a musical-comedy star who gets in the army by mistake and becomes a hero by accident. While fumbling his way through shell-strewn France he meets a babee of the bistros, played, accent and all, by Joan Blondell.

Joan, with Wini Shaw and Beverly Roberts, juggles the love interest, and Eric Blore and G. P. Huntley, Jr., help pry the laughs. Sons o' Guns is often quite amusing. In fact, it's much funnier than it has any right to be.

VITAL STATISTICS: After one more custard romance Joe E. Brown will wash up with Warners. Has been with them seven successful years. Will switch to RKO release. Joe's been injured somehow in every film, getting inch bayonet cut in back in this one when studio soldier slipped. Joe's writing humorous sport pieces on the side; can be depended on to put on funny impromptu fight on Hollywood fight nights. Joe can speak some Cantonese; must be sat on in story conferences, his more serious side always cropping up and threatening to hamlet up the humor. . . . Joan Blondell has a middle initial E, but nobody seems to know what it means or care very much. Joan does a backflip herein for first time in her life. . . . Beverly Roberts, Brooklyn gal who made good in London, Paris, and New Yawk before Hollywood, is counted for stardom. . . . Wini Lei Momi Shaw, Hawaiian-English torchstress, was born in S. F., is terribly sweet, intelligent. Pappy was royal entertainer in King Kalakua's court when Hawaii was a virgin kingdom. . . . Joseph King is a vet Indian fighter—of the cinema silent Injun wars. . . . Craig Reynolds's realie is Hugh Enfield; he's descended from inventor of Enfield rifle. . . . Lloyd Bacon, son of Frank Lightnin' Bacon, has a new green-and-pink spring ensemble. . . . G. P. Huntley, Jr., plays one chappie after another. . . . Eric Blore, big tea-and-crumpets man, sat in wartime observation balloons (peepers) and studied parts he'd play in later military entertainments—if he was shot down.

★ ★ NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE

THE PLAYERS: Charley Chase, Rosina Lawrence, Darla Hood, Margaret Irving, George Meeker, Tom Dugan, Charles Levison, Nick Copeland, George Chandler. Directed by Alan Hale and Harold Law. Story by Charles Parrott and Harold Law.

CHARLEY CHASE'S very first feature-length comedy, Neighborhood House, is a gentle lampooning of movie bank nights. Though not even producers hope that fans will go out of their way to see it, the amiable little satire neatly attains its ambition—to supply casual fun on a double bill.

Chase is seen as a typical member of that great army known as white-collar workers. Weighted down with family and in-laws, the humble hero of this piece encounters homely problems that might be faced by almost any one any day. Because the story never gets out of proportion, the picture is easy to take.

An always capable comedian, Chase is given cheerful support by Charles Levison, George Chandler, and Rosina Lawrence, all of whom help to make this an agreeable time-killer.

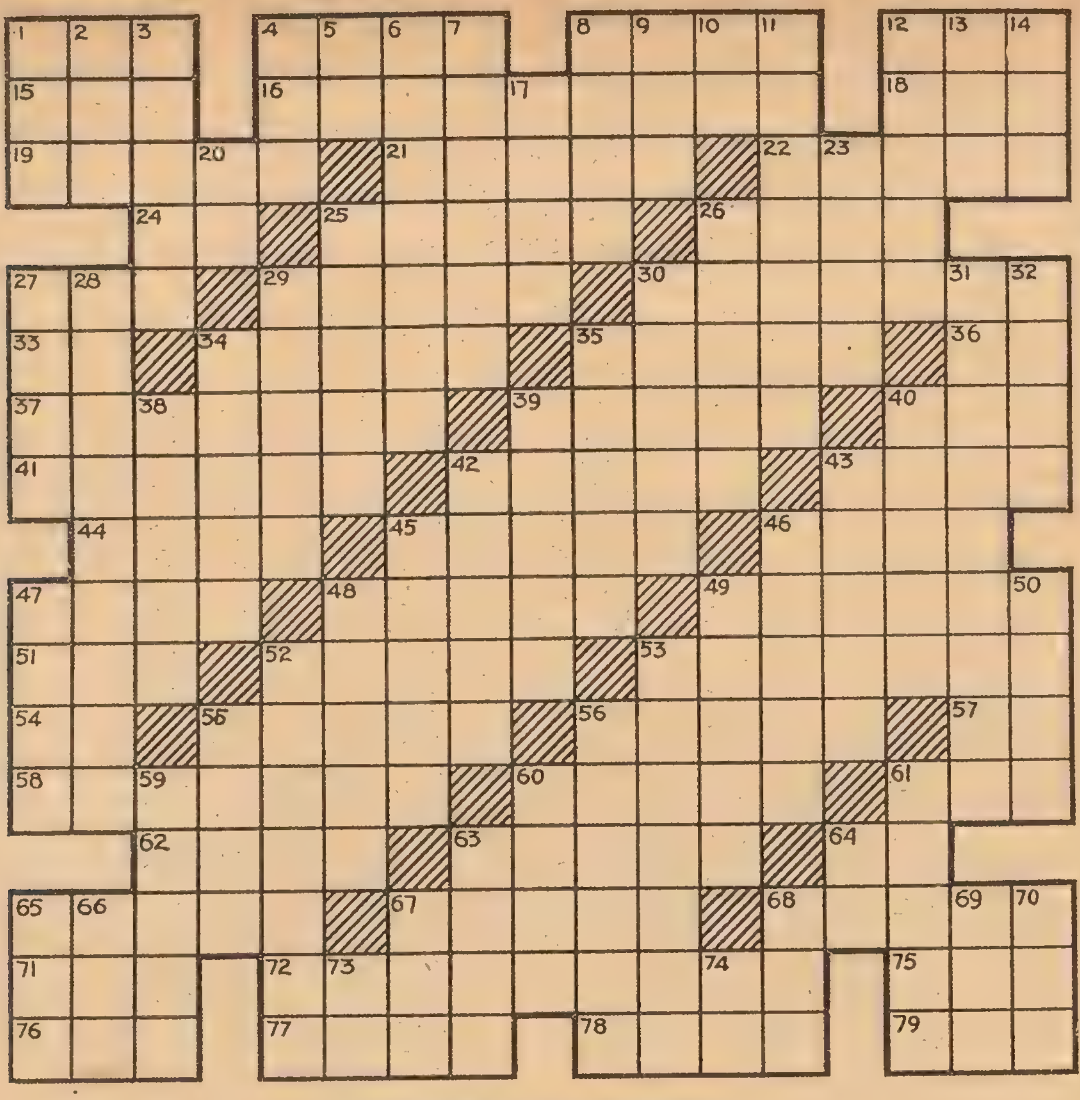
VITAL STATISTICS: As a reward for his eleven years of patient uniform success as a slapstick bunker bean, Charley Chase graduates into the feature-lengther. He will vie with Lloyd and Chaplin, and deserves a break. Born Charles Parrott in Baltimore, he weathered the mental hazards of public school till the fourth grade, then assaulted commerce, vainly at first. At fourteen he sang illustrated tear-jerking ballades in small Balto nickelodeons, then picked up hoofing, became vodvil song-and-dance man. Hoofed it to California, faced first camera in 1912, then moved slender effects to Mack Sennett intellectual purlieus, earning his five a day as an extra till he gradded to Sennett comedy stock company. Found a megaphone in his hands one day, showed a gift for timing a cow's tongue passing over the back of Fatty Arbuckle's neck, and became a director till 1925. Sennett went, Roach succeeded, and the ham in Chase rose to the top. (In between he'd flopped on his own, directing his brother James P. in self-finances.) He became an actor, showed a flair for clever quick story fitted with a pretty gal and a lot of pepped-up ancient Sennett phenagling, and he was a hit. Chase became his name when he stabbed blindly in phone book for lucky stage name, and curiously his movie chases are always excellent. He writes his own stories, sweats gags in conferences with six staff toughies, directs himself, cuts and edits the finished product. Is happily married, has two dotters, Polly Parrott appearing with him from time to time. Rides hossback, flies, hunts, fishes, plays any musical instrument, and can do considerable bill robinsoning. I'm told his clear tenor is the joy of his friends. He saves his money; is very quiet around Hollywood. Remembers days when, if a comedy came out too long, they'd cut it in two, shoot a different end and beginning for one half, release original one as two pictures.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Country Doctor, These Three, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Captain Blood, Mutiny on the Bounty.

★★★—Under Two Flags, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, The Great Ziegfeld, Let's Sing Again, Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Sutter's Gold, Captain January, Petticoat Fever, Too Many Parents, Everybody's Old Man, Screen Snapshots, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Love Before Breakfast, Three Little Wolves, Follow the Fleet, The Prisoner of Shark Island, Gentle Julia, Wife Versus Secretary, Modern Times, It Had to Happen, The Voice of Bugle Ann, Next Time We Love, The Milky Way, Anything Goes, Rose Marie, The Petrified Forest, Magnificent Obsession, Ceiling Zero, Professional Soldier, The King of Burlesque, Chatterbox, The Bride Comes Home, If You Could Only Cook, Whipsaw, Another Face, Last of the Pagans, A Tale of Two Cities, I Dream Too Much, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Littlest Rebel, Mary Burns Fugitive, Crime and Punishment, So Red the Rose, Annie Oakley, Rendezvous.

CROSSWORDS



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Answer to last week's puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 Vehicle
4 Gone by
8 Arrived
12 A joker
15 Indian
16 Distributes
18 Wing
19 Lukewarm
21 Asunder
22 A queue (plural)
24 One indefinitely
25 Correct
26 Weapons
27 Wages for work
29 Ant (dial.)
30 Make level
33 Above
34 Infants
35 Stare earnestly
36 Pronoun
37 Pierced
39 Demented
40 Man's name shortened
41 Auditor
42 Edible part of a ruminant's stomach
43 Arabian commander
44 Old
45 A dice game
46 Kind of fly
47 Measures of area
48 Yours
49 Small
51 Title of respect
52 Part of a harness
53 Mortuary chapel
54 Into
55 Go up
56 Reserved
57 A state (abbr.)
58 A kind of talc
60 Very stupid
61 An equine
62 Assumed part
63 River in France
64 Either
65 Beast of burden
67 Holy person
68 To set in surrounding matter
71 Past
72 Erasers
75 Old English money of account
76 Scarify
77 Extinct
78 Periods
79 A color

VERTICAL

1 Gash
2 Devoured
3 Remunerate
4 Cushion
5 An element (symbol)
6 Shut noisily
7 Sun helmets
8 To cleanse and disentangle
9 A Siamese coin
10 I
11 Narrow arm of the sea at a river's end
12 Region of the body
13 Entire
14 Aeriform fluid
17 Professional jargon
20 Within
23 Stake at poker
25 Yellowish resin
26 Render glossy
27 Shove
28 Seeming
29 Having ears
30 Slaps
31 Excites animosity
32 Never (abbr.)
34 Denudes
35 Grasp
38 Avid
39 Wading bird
40 With full force
42 An instant
43 Ingress
45 Pursue
46 Equips
47 A continent
48 Hackneyed
49 Aspect
50 Old Greek city
52 Quivered
53 A contract
55 A kind of plant
56 Cower
59 Protective covering
60 Piece of money
61 Bower
63 Praise
64 Syllable used in religious rites
65 Piece of machinery
66 Turkish commander
67 Mineral spring
68 A feminine suffix
69 Sooner than
70 Parent
73 An element (symbol)
74 Egyptian deity

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

This story will interest many Men and Women

NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down...out of sorts...tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven...that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

I had been listening to the S.S.S. Radio Program and began to wonder if my trouble was not lowered strength in my blood... I started a course of S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...at the end of ten days I noticed a change...I followed directions faithfully...a tablespoonful before each meal.

The color began to come back to my skin...I felt better...I did not tire easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S....which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this Treatment...it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.

Much more could be said...a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road to feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep...steady nerves...a good complexion...and renewed strength.

There is no guess work in the S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...decades of popular acceptance and enthusiastic words of praise by users themselves speak even louder than the scientific appraisal of the progressively improved S.S.S. product which has caused millions to say to their friends—

SSS TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again

© S.S.S. Co.

WITHOUT

Now, with Mounting Thrills and Swift Surprises, This Startling Tale of War in 1937 Sweeps to Its Dramatic Final Curtain

by MAJOR GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT and EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

AS we flew eastward through the night, over the Rockies, Hayward came to me and handed me a memorandum.

"I picked that up when we stopped at Salt Lake," he said. "Orders are for you to read it. Your comments will be required tomorrow. You're supposed to know all about this war. What are you, the Brain Trust?"

"Just another sap," I muttered.

I could read Timms's phraseology in every line. To boil it down, it set forth our situation something like this:

The Japanese were in possession of the entire Pacific slope. The Cascade and Sierra Nevada mountain ranges, broken only by the gap of the equally impassable Mojave Desert, were a tremendous natural fortress barrier for them.

In front of them lay vast stretches of desert and wasteland, a natural glacis to the fortress, which the American armies must traverse to reach the Japanese in their fortified mountain passes.

The railroads crossing this desert were far apart, and were perpendicular to the mountain line. An army once committed to an advance along any one of them could not change the direction of its advance without going back as far as Pocatello or Salt Lake City. Roads were few and of indifferent quality. Behind the mountains, the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad ran parallel to the ranges, affording the Japanese every opportunity to shift their troops as might be necessary to meet any American threat. The highways on the Japanese side were excellent and numerous.

Any American attack must become known to the Japanese long before it could make itself dangerous, due to the necessity for concentrating troops and supplies. The Japanese aircraft could patrol the few railway lines with ease, destroying bridges and culverts and watching the American movements. Any attacking force which reached the mountains could be met in overwhelming strength at the crucial point.

The Americans must transport their supplies laboriously through this inhospitable glacis country, while the rich valleys of the Pacific slope could feed and maintain the Japanese armies indefinitely.

Moreover, the Americans were faced by an enemy so superior in combatant types of aircraft, in heavy artillery, in tanks, that it would take years of effort to restore the balance. And it would take many months even to organize and train an army capable of making the attempt to drive out the foe.

The Japanese flanks were secure, resting on neutral Canada and neutral Mexico. Even if the last-named should be unable to protect her neutrality, the Japanese right might readily be extended to the Gulf of California, while their naval superiority would render the Gulf itself an impassable obstacle.

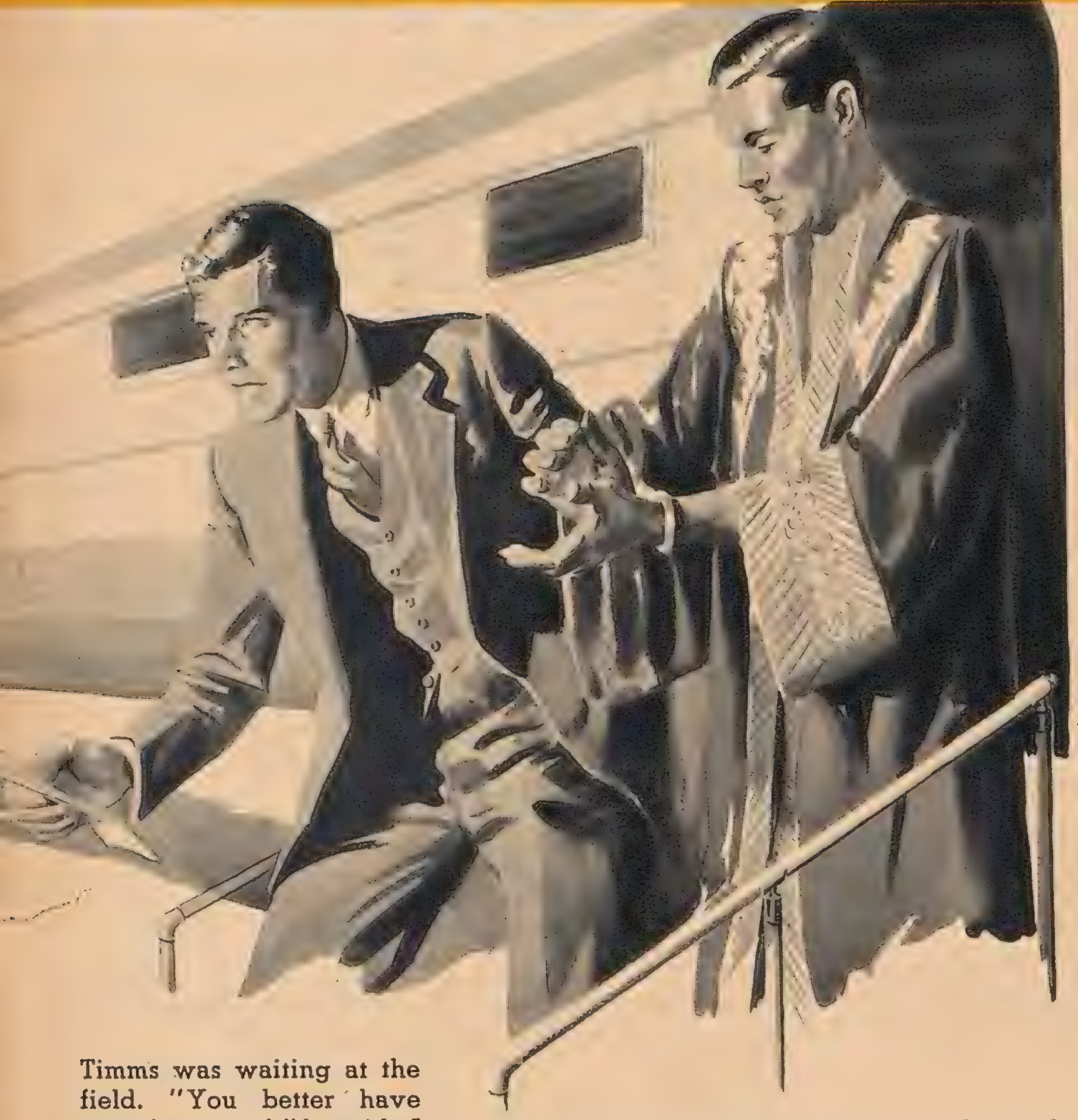
The military problem might therefore be deemed almost incapable of a solution favorable to America. The two hundred thousand Japanese troops then in the country could be reinforced, within eight weeks, by an equal number—as soon as the transports could make another trip—and their maritime communications were protected by a superior fleet and provided with an advanced base securely established at Hawaii. Guam, of course, deprived of modern defenses by the Washington treaties of 1921 and with its marine garrison reduced to a mere skeleton, had fallen after a brave but futile defense.

From such information as was available, it appeared that the garrison of Oahu was still holding out in its lofty position; but the Japanese were busily at work repairing Pearl Harbor. The docks and buildings of the West Coast navy yards had been blown up before being abandoned; but the Japanese base at Magdalena

WARNING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

CHARLES BRYSON



Timms was waiting at the field. "You better have something good," he said. I introduced my prisoner and handed over the papers.

Bay had, in peacetime, been well developed by Japanese firms who had obtained concessions there for various commercial purposes and had secretly constructed piers, machine shops, and two dry docks in that remote and inaccessible locality.

The Japanese communications, therefore, appeared quite secure.

I shivered as I read. . . .

It was pure joy to see Washington rising up to greet me in the dawn. I felt like a boy coming home from some frightful prison.

Timms was waiting at the field, with two marine lieutenants wearing side arms. He looked old and feeble. There were dark pouches under his fierce old eyes.

"You better have something good," he said. "Your wire kept me up all night."

I introduced my prisoner and handed over the papers I had taken from him. I explained them.

"Holy hell!" Timms said. "That's different. That's all right. Been sleeping too damn much, anyway. We'll go right to the White House."

The President made me tell my story in great detail while a Japanese expert in the State Department translated the papers. I told him everything.

"Curious," the President said. "I've thought exactly as Kato prayed. There was no reason for this war. Expansion—the acute necessity of gaining new colonies to care for a constantly growing surplus of population? No, that doesn't explain it. It isn't enough. Racial antagonism wouldn't explain it, had there been any. Japan and the United States saw much to admire in each other. We were friends, not enemies in any sense. But nations who feared and hated Japan and the United States because of our might, our wealth, our trade, contrived subtly to work upon the credulity and ambition of an unscrupulous and powerful Japanese politician, Prince Kakagawa, and force this issue."

He went to a window and drew aside the curtain. He looked out at the sunlit Washington Monument.

"Can it be that the end is near?" he asked.

We had lunch at the White House, and Timms invited me to dine with him that evening at the Mayflower.

"I should be delighted, Mr. Secretary," I said, "but I had hoped to be on my way back to Los Angeles by this evening. You see, when I left, my friends were fighting; and Miss Lamar—"

"It would be most dangerous for you to return," the President interrupted.

"But, Mr. President," I couldn't help saying, "that girl means everything to me!"

"We have other men in Los Angeles, as you know," Timms said. "I've already wired them to protect her. That's all we can do. Your going back might result disastrously, not only to you but to her as well."

I walked to my hotel after luncheon, threw myself on the bed, and went sound to sleep. A telephone ring aroused me, and I grabbed up the instrument.

"Your baggage has arrived," a voice said. "Shall I send it up?"

"Yes," I said.

I didn't know anything about baggage. I'd brought none with me. But the puzzle was solved when the bellboy entered my rooms. He had my bags—those I'd left at San Diego, those that had been claimed by Marian Lamar. She'd brought them to Washington. Her maid had sent them to me.

I looked at my watch. It was after six. I began to dress. Timms came in just as I got into a white uniform.

"Well," he said happily, "bells are ringing for battle now in the Tower of Peace and Victory at Ottawa. Australian cruisers are looking for Japanese warships and convoys. The British fleet is hurrying to join McDugel. And we're sending three divisions by rail to join the Canadian forces and march into the State of Washington as soon as they can. It looks like the beginning of the end."

"Yes, sir," I said. I was sulky.

"The navy," he said, "the first line of defense, failed because of civilian interference with its command. Behind it there was nothing, no second line of any kind. Our line crumbled at the first offense, and we had no backfield worth a damn, so Japan went through us for a touchdown."

"Yes, sir."

"Now Japan has fumbled on our one-yard line. We've got the ball; and we've got to run it back the length of the field. It's up to the navy to do it." He glared at me. "And what kind of lieutenant commander is it that puts on a lieutenant's uniform?"

"Lieutenant commander?" I said.

"Temporarily," he said. "Something else later, I hope. Anyway, a lieutenant commander of the navy ought to be with the fleet."

His frosty eyes twinkled.

"There's a plane at Anacostia waiting for you," he said. "It'll be there after dinner, so we needn't hurry. It'll take you to Culebra. You'll report to Admiral Robbins for duty on his staff. Your experience will be useful to him. Your orders will be waiting for you at Anacostia. And I hope you'll have an appetite for dinner. I was quite ashamed of you at lunch because you ate so little."

"It's a way we have in Los Angeles," I said.

He eyed me critically.

"You did get a bit thin," he admitted; "but you'll get your bellyful of action now."

Action! With four battleships? Or was the British navy on the way to help us?

He shook his head as though he'd read my thoughts.

"We won't need Johnny Bull," he said.

That puzzled me even more.

We went down to dinner, and over the cocktails I remembered I had Jubilee's money. I gave it to Timms. He said his agents would find Mrs. Michael Jubal Early Delevan, colored, easily enough in New Orleans. Should he tell her she was a widow?

"Oh, no," I said. "Jubilee wasn't killed, just slightly wounded. Tell her he's resting—resting in a prone position."

Timms accompanied me to Anacostia after dinner, and just before I got on the plane he handed me the correct insignia of my new rank.

ANOTHER dawn was coming when the plane nosed downward above the isolated little island of Culebra; and I rubbed my eyes at what I saw, thinking I still slept.

There, in the splendid landlocked harbor, were the battleships of the Atlantic fleet, with Admiral Robbins's flag fluttering at the main truck of the Illinois; and with them were five enormous dreadnoughts I'd never seen before, a dozen or more cruisers, and so many destroyers, submarines, mine layers, auxiliaries, plane carriers, and other craft I couldn't count them all! And from every ship there fluttered the Stars and Stripes.

Later a flag lieutenant on the Illinois explained it.

"See that big fellow over there?" he asked.

We had climbed to the Illinois superstructure.

"That's the U. S. S. Wyoming," he said.

"What do you mean, you grinning idiot?" I said. "There's no Wyoming on the navy list."

"Oh, yeah?" he answered. "Well, that's the Wyoming. A few days ago she was the Chilean Almirante Latorre. The two next her are the Indiana and the Massachusetts, lately the Argentine Rivadavia and the Moreno. The pair with the single tripods are the Iowa and Kansas, formerly the Brazilian São Paulo and Minas Geraes."

"Timms bought them!" I shouted. "He didn't take them out of a hat."

"Sure," the lieutenant said. "You remember reading about a conference the South American nations held at São Paulo? Well, at that conference our Latin friends decided they'd rather have us for a neighbor than Japan. I think Timms had something to do with their conclusions. Peru has a couple of cruisers and two or three destroyers on the West Coast waiting to be picked up by our Pacific fleet. You see, we mobilized here because it's so isolated."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Don't talk so fast. You said Pacific fleet?"

"Pacific fleet," he repeated. "The Virginia. The Missouri. The Saratoga. The Astoria."

"The ships that sailed out of San Francisco Bay!" I cried.

Jimmy Grant

"Correct. Simms sent them to sea with orders to avoid the Japs and make for an island in the Marquesas—French territory, of course, but the French can be blind when they want to be. At the islands they were met by four fuel ships chartered by our agents at Callao and Iquique. They took on oil and supplies and put into a nice little port on the coast of Ecuador, a long way from railroads and telegraph and cable stations. They're there now. They'll be with us after we go through the Canal."

"If only the Japanese squadron doesn't get wind of our ships in Ecuador and bring their battle fleet down on them before we're ready," I said, "we'll go through the Canal and give them hell!"

"The Japanese fleet and the Panama cruisers," the lieutenant said, "are being damned well watched. And you know who's watching them? Australia!"

The monotonous days went by, and there was no news of Mike or Marian or Sung Wo. But news of another kind reached us daily by radio.

On the morning of July 25 Australian and New Zealand forces suddenly fell upon Midway Island and other Japanese insular bases and captured them—while four Australasian cruisers overhauled the Japanese cruiser Yahagi, convoying a dozen troopships to California, and demanded immediate surrender.

The Japanese commander opened fire on the Adelaide. He went down in flames. Six transports were sunk with colors flying. The others were brought into Midway Island as prizes.

The loss of the troop convoy caused a storm in the land of Nippon. The ocean line of communication with New Japan, the people cried, must be kept open at all costs. It was for Japan now to learn what frantic public opinion can do to naval strategy. The battle cruisers put out to sea. An Australian aviator, high in the blue, watched them go. He sent a wire from Mazatlan that night. Timms had the news within a few hours. He communicated with Robbins.

We started immediately for the Canal.

NEWS came from British Columbia, too. There were eight American and two Canadian divisions there, plus a Canadian cavalry division. General Haruta, commanding the Japanese Second Army, had called upon the Third Army in Central California for help. The allies had reached the Nooksack River. They had driven in the Japanese outposts, pushed on toward Bellingham. Beyond that city was the first principal Japanese defensive position, guarding the passes around Lake Whatcom, where the mountains come right down to Puget Sound. There was fighting at Chuckanut Creek, along whose banks ran the only practicable highway through the Japanese line.

Every day news flashed from the northern front.

Haruta was doing his best; but slowly, slowly, the Americans and Canadians were flanking him, driving him back. Thousands of Japanese were being killed each day and each night. And thousands of Canadian and American boys were dying—the frightful price of victory. . . .

Marian Lamar

We were lying off Colon one August morning when Sung Wo came aboard. It sounds bald and feeble and unimportant to put it that way, doesn't it? Yet seeing that little Chinese on the Illinois was, to me, one of the great thrills of the war.

The radio in the wardroom was speaking, and a crowd of officers were listening. A voice in New York was describing the Battle of the Saxon Bridge Road.

The voice went on and on. A young ensign couldn't stand it.

"God!" he cried. "Must we fight the damn war by radio? What are we waiting for? Why are we standing here? Why don't we get going?"

"Keep your suspenders buttoned," an older officer counseled. "Timms knows what he's doing."

"But all the rest of the fleet's gone through the locks," said the boy. "And we're standing here!"

"Oh, that," the other said. "We're just waiting for the Chinese official observer to come aboard."

I laughed at that seeming absurdity with the others, and gave attention again to the radio.

We were still listening when Admiral Robbins came into the room with Sung Wo.

We all sprang to our feet, seeing the admiral. A big wide man he was. Until he moved, I didn't see Sung Wo behind him.

"Gentlemen," the admiral said, "this is Colonel Sung Wo of the Chinese Nationalist Army, a distinguished guest sent to us by Secretary Timms."

Then he moved aside, and the little Chinese came toward me. I leaped toward him.

"Sung Wo!" I cried. "Are they all right?"

He smiled at me, politely ignoring my rude lack of greeting, my boorish gripping of his shoulders.

"Marian," I said, before he had a chance to answer me —"is she all right?"

"I think so, Dan Browne," he said quietly.

MY friends started to leave the room, and I waited, in a fever of impatience, until they left. Only the admiral remained.

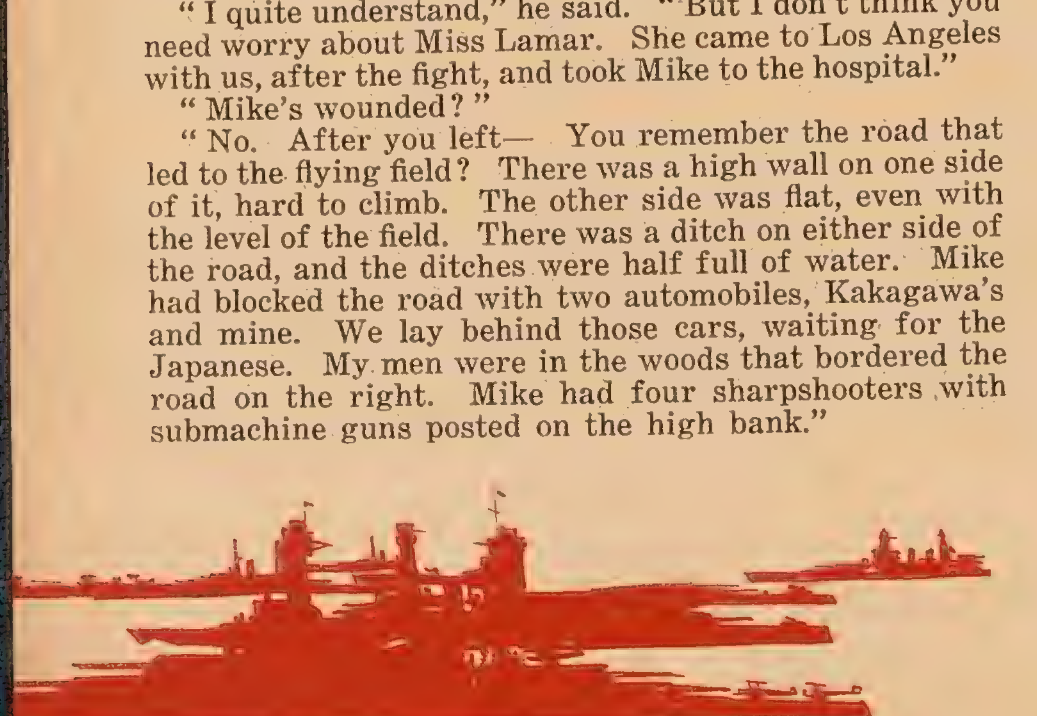
"Colonel Sung's come a long way, Mr. Grant," he said. "And if his tongue's as dry as mine you'll have to oil it."

"Damn," I said, ashamed. I poured a drink and apologized to Sung Wo for my seeming lack of warmth.

"I quite understand," he said. "But I don't think you need worry about Miss Lamar. She came to Los Angeles with us, after the fight, and took Mike to the hospital."

"Mike's wounded?"

"No. After you left— You remember the road that led to the flying field? There was a high wall on one side of it, hard to climb. The other side was flat, even with the level of the field. There was a ditch on either side of the road, and the ditches were half full of water. Mike had blocked the road with two automobiles, Kakagawa's and mine. We lay behind those cars, waiting for the Japanese. My men were in the woods that bordered the road on the right. Mike had four sharpshooters with submachine guns posted on the high bank."



Sung Wo sipped his drink and looked out through a porthole.

"We're moving," he observed. "It will not be long now. The Japanese were very strong," he went on. "There were at least two hundred of them. We fought it out in the dark for a while. But that wasn't any good. We couldn't see what we were shooting at, and we were afraid they'd turn our left flank. There was only one thing to do. Mike did it."

"What was that?" the admiral and I asked together.

"He crept forward twenty or thirty yards," Sung Wo said, "and fired a shot into the gasoline tank of Kakagawa's car. Then he lit a match and threw it into the spilled gasoline."

He sipped his drink.

"All the time," the admiral asked, "he was under fire?"

"All the time, sir. Under constant fire. He ignited the gasoline, and ran. But he couldn't run very fast on account of his bad leg. He managed to reach the ditch on the left of the road before the gas fumes exploded. Both cars went up in flames. Gasoline spattered all around. Liquid fire. It was terrible."

"Mike was burned!" I said.

SUNG WO shook his head.

"No," he said. "Both gasoline tanks exploded. The flames went up to the sky. We had a clear view of the Japanese. We cut them down. We got into their cars and escaped before their comrades, who had been making an encircling movement through the trees, could stop us."

"You left Mike there?"

"Oh, no. It was he gave the order to get in the cars and run. He supervised the loading of the cars. We had to leave thirty men behind us, killed and badly wounded. No, Dan Browne, we didn't leave Mike behind. He rode with us into the outskirts of Los Angeles."

"Then what's the matter with him?" I demanded.

"Pneumonia," Sung Wo said. "He lay in the water of that ditch, as I told you. Extremely cold water. It is very grave. He has one chance in two of pulling through. Miss Lamar, as I said, had him taken to the hospital."

"Then she's all right—Miss Lamar?"

"I haven't seen her since then," Sung Wo answered. "That was a week ago. She just—disappeared."

"You were attending Mike?"

"I didn't dare," Sung Wo said. "The Japanese were looking everywhere for me. By posing as a Japanese officer—and letting that sergeant major see my face clearly—I destroyed my usefulness to China and the United States as an agent in Los Angeles. It was for this reason Secretary Timms recalled me. I was quite fortunate to escape alive and uninjured. All Chinese laundries, restaurants, and stores in Los Angeles have been destroyed or burned. All Chinese citizens are being hunted, mutilated, shot!"

I poured out another drink and offered a toast:

"To our gallant allies, the Chinese!"

We drank it standing, the admiral and I, and broke our glasses on the floor. Sung Wo was touched. He lifted his glass.

"Always friends, our two peoples," he said. He gulped his drink and pitched the glass through the porthole.

Out on the berth deck we could hear the loud-speakers repeating the raucous call of the boatswain's mates:

"All hands—up anchor!"

We were on our way—and ahead lay the great adventure.

The Japanese squadron of observation had already been cleared from our path by the Pacific fleet; we found that fleet waiting for us in Panama Bay—and with it Australian and New Zealand cruisers. How we cheered their white ensigns!

Northward we steamed; then—

On the evening of August 12 came the first news of contact with the enemy. The cruiser Quincy had encountered a Japanese light cruiser and two destroyers, and in a sharp action had accounted for all three. They must be part of the Japanese "screen"—their fleet was near. Eagerly we pressed on.

On the morning of the 15th I was in the flagship's chartroom—Robbins had shifted his flag to the Virginia—when a message came in from one of the Saratoga's scouting planes—the long-awaited message:

"Enemy battle fleet sighted—"

"Sixty miles away yet," the admiral remarked, working out the position given by the plane. "We'll be in range of 'em in ninety minutes, if they don't run."

They didn't run. They came on. Their bombers did us some damage, but our pursuit was too much for them. "Thirty thousand yards," wailed a loud-speaker connected with the director tower. The northern horizon was dark with the smoke of the enemy fleet. They meant to fight.

At twenty-five thousand yards the Japanese suddenly opened fire, at the same time turning to starboard. Admiral Robbins ordered his long column to change direction eight points to port, each ship firing as she made the turn. The continued thunder of great guns must have given the Japanese admiral a sickening shock as eleven enormous dreadnoughts came one after the other into clamorous action. The fire of some of the 12-inch guns fell short; none of these could range beyond 24,500 yards. But the Virginia and the ships of the First Division all were within their maximum range. Our airplanes reported hits on the Mutsu and Hiuga. The courses of the two columns were still converging.

Now the Japanese again turned away, and great clouds of smoke poured from their funnels as they worked up to full speed.

"Second Battle Division pursue enemy!" ordered the Virginia's radio.

Out of the column pulled the fast Wyoming, Indiana, and Massachusetts. They overtook the fleeing foe, they fought and held him—as had Beatty at Jutland—until the main battle fleet could close the range again. And Robbins, luckier than Jellicoe, had plenty of daylight left in which to finish the work.

Again the Japanese turned away from the merciless hail of shells as, one after another, the ships of the main column came into action. Feebler and feebler grew their fire.

The Indiana and Massachusetts came quartering across the rear of the Japanese column, blasting the wretched Hiuga. Flames shot up from her, high above the summit of her control tower. Her guns fell silent. The gigantic Mutsu was no longer working a single turret.

The admiral spoke to the signal officer: "Cease firing!"

The thunder of the great guns died away. The Pacific was no longer a Japanese lake.

That night we held high revel in the wardroom. We had won one victory, and the radio had brought us news of another—of the final victory of the American and Canadian forces in the valley of the Samish, the surrender of two Japanese divisions, the hara-kiri of General Haruta.

"This is the end," Sung Wo said.

And so thought America. The land went wild with joy.

BUT General Yamahara, in Los Angeles, was not yet done.

What he could not conquer he would destroy.

He broadcast by radio a terrible threat—a threat that with his still superior air force he would rain explosive and incendiary bombs and gas on Chicago, St. Louis, Winnipeg, Vancouver—on every city and town within the range of his planes—unless we at once withdrew our troops and left Japan in undisturbed possession of the Pacific slope. As for the Pacific Coast states themselves, Yamahara said, he had registered an oath on the altar of his gods that he would lay them utterly waste with fire and sword ere he permitted the armies of America and Canada to win them from his grasp.

We lay at anchor in Magdalena Bay, patching up our shell-battered ships, waiting for orders.

At last we had news. Bill Hayward came slanting down out of a brightening morning, direct from Washington with orders for the admiral.

"It was the most wonderful moment of my life, gentlemen," he told us in the wardroom, after the admiral was through with him. "I'd been called in to a cabinet meeting—me, Bill Hayward, a lousy captain of air corps. I was going to carry dispatches to the West Coast. They wanted to be sure I got 'em right—that I could give the orders by word of mouth if anything happened to the papers. Not one of the old boys looked as though he had slept a wink all night.

"'You are agreed, then, gentlemen?' said the President. 'No surrender to threats? We carry on?' They all nodded. And then the door banged open and in jumped a naval officer, a message in his hand, grinning from ear to ear. 'Admiral Timms!' he howled, and up hopped Timms, upsetting his chair. 'Carver! What is it?' he chokes out. He read the message, and I've never seen a face light up as his old sea-battered mug did then. 'Mr. President,' he sang out, 'it's all over. We've won! We've got Japan—like that!' and he crumpled the message in his fist and slammed it on the table."

"But what was it?" shouted a dozen voices.

"Just this, my bold lads," grinned Hayward. "Timms had pulled another fast one—Timms and McDugel and the British Admiralty and the Aussies. You know, Japan is just about denuded of first-line troops; they've sent 'em all overseas. At home they're defenseless. Escorted by McDugel's ships and the British China squadron, our Philippine division and Australian and British troops landed in Japan day before yesterday! They've taken Nagasaki and Sasebo; they've established an air base; they can set the Japanese Empire in flames from one end to the other! If Yamahara tries any funny business, his country will be blotted out. That's what he's being told—just about this very minute!"

On deck, the men were cheering themselves hoarse as the news spread about the ship. In the wardroom was pandemonium. This was victory indeed!

. . . . .

THERE is little more to tell.

Radio orders trickled through—news, private messages. But none for me, save one to the effect that by a special act of Congress I had been promoted to the rank of captain and granted the Congressional Medal of Honor. That didn't seem to matter—when I could hear nothing of Mike or of Marian.

Not until the peace treaty was signed did we haul up anchor. Then we steamed, not for San Pedro but for San Francisco. The President was waiting there, on a yacht, to review the victorious fleet.

We went in through the Golden Gate with our guns all but hidden by red-white-and-blue bunting that fluttered in the winds. And the men who had fought with those guns half-naked were all in spotless white. The place of honor, at the head of the column, was given the Australian flagship, the cruiser Australia. We followed.

Through my glasses I could see thousands of people on the shore and the docks, thousands of flags flying.

A smart little motorboat flying the flag of the Secretary of the Navy pulled away from the President's yacht and came to our ship. Visitors came up the gangway. Timms. A marine lieutenant with a patch over his eye. Mike! A colored man. A girl in fluttery chiffon. I rushed below.

I hugged Mike like a brother.

There was Jubilee, one huge grin. And there, coming toward me, was Marian Lamar. We just stood looking at each other. Then I took her hands, and held them.

We went topside after a time, and found Sung Wo. We stood on the bridge, near the admiral and Secretary Timms, and watched the parade of gray war monsters that followed us, and just smiled and laughed at nothing.

I saw that Mike, too, wore the Congressional Medal of Honor. I felt oddly ashamed that the Congress of my country should rate me the equal of Mike. Yet it was the highest honor in the gift of the Republic. It was the best they could do for him.

The Australia was nearing the President's yacht. From her superstructure crashed out the first gun of the salute. At the same moment the American ensign was broken out at her fore-truck and her band played The Star-Spangled Banner.

Marian's hand slipped into mine.

"The war—is over, Jimmy," I heard her whisper.

I nodded. I couldn't speak.

"And yet—somehow—I'm afraid," she went on in her low voice, her words punctuated by the sharp sequence of the Australia's salute. "When I see all these warships—when I hear those guns—I'm afraid for the future. Suppose another war should take you from me."

I shook my head. My heart was racing. "America has learned her lesson. We'll never give anybody a chance again—we'll be prepared."

"I hope so—oh, I hope so! It's been such a fearfully costly lesson, Jimmy. But if we've learned it, we Americans—"

"We?" I looked down at her now. Her eyes met mine.

"'Thy people shall be my people,'" she whispered.

For an instant my arm was round her, holding her tight. Then the Virginia's saluting battery took up the triumphant clamor. From below the band burst into the soul-stirring strains of the national anthem.

Perforce I stiffened to attention; my hand snapped to my visor. My eyes, too, were full of tears as I lifted them to where, far above me, there floated in the sunshine—floated free, in victory and in honor—the Stars and Stripes, the ensign of my redeemed country.

And all the stars were there—none was missing, none crushed under a conqueror's heel.

The band crashed on. I had borne my part in the battle—I had helped, even a little. I was proud—and happy.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 25

1—John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

2—Because she possesses but one husband at a time.

3—Hybrid humans of Indian and African blood.

4—Love and kisses.

5—Russia.

6—François Rabelais.

7—No. The correct form is: "I wish that I were going."

8—The two great epics of India.

9—Both.

10—2 Kings 21: 13—". . . and I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it, and turning it upside down."

11—October 11.

12—According to estimates, 390,000.

13—Radio. The initials T.S.F. stand for *télégraphie sans fil* (telegraphy without wire).

14—They made 42,000 bullets of the leaden statue.

15—During the trial for murder of William B. Armstrong, at Beardstown, Illinois, when an "eyewitness" testified that bright moonlight enabled him to identify Armstrong. Abraham Lincoln proved by the almanac no moon was visible the night of the crime.

16—In China.

17—William Howard Taft, buried at the National Cemetery on March 11, 1930.

18—"Youngsters," just appointed, between thirteen and sixteen years of age; and "oldsters," from twenty-one to twenty-six, recalled from sea duty to the school.

19—Owls and many hawks.

20—T. S. Arthur

STOP. LOOK. READ!

BLOW-OUTS
Like This Kill or Injure Thousands Every Year!

HOW EXCLUSIVE GOODRICH INVENTION PROTECTS YOU FROM BLOW-OUTS!

THE purpose of this picture is to make you realize how vitally important tires are to motoring safety. Don't make the mistake of ignoring the danger of blow-outs. At today's high speeds blistering heat is generated *inside* the tire. Unknown to you, rubber and fabric begin to separate. A blister forms—and grows and GROWS! Sooner or later, and without warning—BANG! A terrifying BLOW-OUT! You can't steer! You can't stop! You're in the hands of Fate.

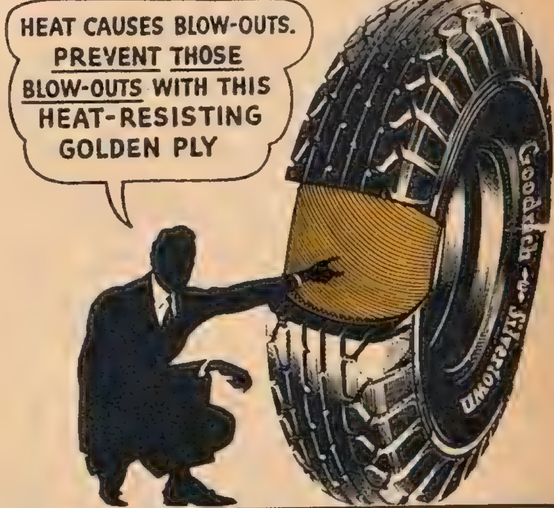
Don't gamble

Years ago Goodrich engineers foresaw the need for a safer tire—for a tire that would stand up under the higher speeds that were coming. It wasn't easy work. They tested, tested—improved, improved. Twenty-four hours a day they kept at it. Until finally they struck something revolutionary in tire construction. They perfected the Life-Saver Golden Ply, a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist internal tire heat.

By resisting this heat, this amazing Golden Ply, found *only* in Goodrich Safety Silvertowns, keeps rubber and fabric from separating. It keeps dangerous heat blisters from forming. And when you prevent the blister, you prevent the high-speed blow-out.

That blister, that blow-out in the making may be *inside* your tire right now. Quit gambling. Play safe by equipping your car with a set of Goodrich Golden Ply Silvertowns. That's the way to make every drive you take this summer a real *pleasure* trip—that's the way to get *full* value for your tire dollars.

In addition to real blow-out protection you'll enjoy the months of extra, trouble-free mileage and the greater riding comfort that these life-saving Goodrich tires provide. Yet just imagine! Silvertowns cost no more than other standard tires—*not one cent!* See your Goodrich dealer today.


HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS. PREVENT THOSE BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS HEAT-RESISTING GOLDEN PLY
Goodrich Silvertown

FREE! A million more motorists pledged to safe driving is the Goodrich goal for 1936. Cooperate with us. Join the Silvertown Safety League at your Goodrich dealer. He'll get for you—free—a handsome emblem to protect you if your tail light fails.

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

HAVE YOU SENT IN YOUR ENTRY?

LIBERTY WILL PAY

$2,000

FOR PICTURES OF

BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN

From Somerville, Mass., came this picture which won a prize in Liberty's first Home Life Snapshot Contest. If it had not been sent in it could not have been awarded a prize. Be sure you file your entry!

223 BIG CASH AWARDS

$500 FIRST PRIZE

HAVE you sent in your entry yet? Don't wait until the closing date is right upon you. If you do not have exactly the picture you want, snap one! Snapshots are just as apt to win in this contest as more formal pictures. Quality of photography is not the prime requisite. It is the pictorial appeal and the personality of the child revealed by the entry that will count with the judges. With that in mind, get busy and select an entry. Who knows but the first prize of $500 will eventually be awarded to a youngster who is right now in the room with you, or under your family roof? It may be your son or daughter, your sister or brother. Don't cancel their chances to win by failing to send in a picture accompanied by the official registration coupon. That's all that's required. Do it now.

THE RULES

1. Liberty is seeking the pictures of beautiful children. Every child—babies and young children, boys and girls who have not passed their tenth birthday—is eligible except children of employees of Liberty and their families.

2. It is not necessary to take new pictures for this contest. However, each entry must be of recent taking and must show the subject as he or she appears at this time.

3. To be considered for a prize, each picture must be accompanied by an official registration coupon properly filled out.

4. Pictures will be judged on the basis of personality and pictorial appeal. The editors of Liberty will be the judges. By entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

5. To the child whose picture rates highest, in the opinion of the judges, Liberty will pay a first prize of $500. Other awards will be: second prize, $200; third prize, $100; twenty prizes, each $10; 200 prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Address all entries to BEAUTIFUL CHILD EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be received on or before August 5, 1936, the closing date of this contest. Send entries flat by first-class mail.

7. By entering you give Liberty the right to publish the picture for the purposes of this contest. All prize-winning pictures will become the property of the publishers for reproduction wherever desired. No picture will be returned nor will we be responsible for pictures lost in the mails.

THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

OFFICIAL REGISTRATION COUPON

BEAUTIFUL CHILD CONTEST

Fill out and paste this coupon on the back of the picture you enter. In the case of small snapshots paste the picture on the back of this coupon.

Please enter this photograph of my child, in compliance with all of the rules, in Liberty's Beautiful Child Contest. Permission is hereby given to reproduce this picture for the purposes of this contest.

Child's name ....

Date of birth ....

Boy or girl ....

Height ....

Weight ....

Color of hair ....

Color of eyes ....

Mother's maiden name ....

Father's name ....

Father's occupation ....

Home address ....

City ....

State ....

Signed ....

(Signature of parent or guardian)

Sender's name ....

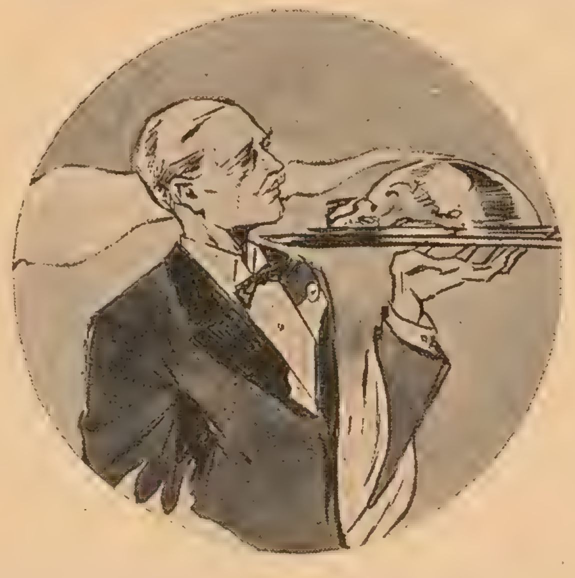
Sender's address ....

Razzberries for Two

Liberty's Short Short

by STUART PALMER

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 28 SECONDS



YOU may have lived in New York City all your life without ever noticing the modest sign PETIT PARIS, much less turning in that little basement door hidden away on the wrong end of Fifty-sixth Street. All the same, Ward McAllister used to be very fond of their snails, and Diamond Jim Brady often came way uptown to partake of bouillabaisse on a Friday night.

The menu is still the same, and it is offered by the same waiters. The waiters, naturally, are very old and some of them are very queer. Paul is generally supposed to be the queerest of all. He is a thin dried-up monkey of a man.

Ronnie Gailbreath—last of the Riverside Drive-Southampton-Palm Beach Gailbreaths—came into the Petit Paris the other night just as the dinner rush was easing up, about eight thirty. With him was a slim-hipped blonde with big violet eyes and a nice smile.

When they were seated, Maxie, the headwaiter, saw Paul blithely approach with two glasses of tinkling ice water. Then suddenly the young man jumped up, spoke in Paul's ear, and then shook him fervently by the hand.

Maxie caught Paul's arm as the old waiter headed for the kitchen. "Blotto?"

Paul shook his head. "He's worse. He just told me to bring the best and most expensive dinner I could think of. He wants me to choose it and the wines. He says it is his big night. He says he is going to ask her to marry him when I bring coffee."

Maxie's eyebrows went up. They stared at each other. "He says her name is Lucille!" Paul added.

Lucille was the best-looking woman in the room. Probably she was the best-looking woman west of Madison Avenue. She spoke in a soft voice, the sort of voice that people call "refined." She sipped her cocktail, pushed her soupspoon away from her instead of pulling it. But Paul knew. Maxie knew, too. Tenth Avenue stood out on her. She was a model or a chorus girl or she sold perfume. She was out of her depth with a Gailbreath.

Her eyes never left Ronnie's face. But Paul couldn't be fooled. He knew Ronnie Gailbreath would soon inherit what was left of the Gailbreath fortune—very little—and what was left of the Gailbreath name and the Gailbreath honor, which was considerable.

Paul started back toward the kitchen to mix the salad, mumbling a little. Maxie watched him, a little worried, but everything went smoothly. There was chicken cooked in pepper and wine; there was a salad of fresh dry endive plunged into olive oil and lemon and coddled egg and Worcestershire and grated Parmesan; there was broccoli with Paul's own inimitable hollandaise.

"It would be like that old fool to tap the girl on the shoulder and tell her something for her own good," Maxie said to himself. But Paul continued as the perfect waiter.

By the time Paul cleared away the salad plates the restaurant was nearly empty. Ronnie Gailbreath was holding hands with the blonde Lucille now, and staring at her with fiercely adoring eyes. "You'd think he could *see* what she really is!" Paul whispered hoarsely to Maxie as he dumped the dishes on a service stand.

He could remember Ronnie's mother—a plump and placid lady with lovely blue-white hair, who had never soiled her hands or raised her voice in all her life. "There was a lady!" Paul said to himself. "There was breeding!"

Paul brooded on the thought while he made coffee and started the complicated arrangements for crepes Suzette. When he looked at the young man in immaculate dinner clothes, he thought of another era, of rich, gracious, full-blooded times.

Suddenly it occurred to Paul that to him, and to him alone, was offered a heaven-sent opportunity to strike a last magnificent blow for a lost cause. The parallel lines of Tenth and Park avenues would never meet, not while he could think and act.

It was suddenly clear-cut in his mind. . . .

He chose a time when Maxie was totaling a check for some departing customers, and then, as he deftly served crepes Suzette from a steaming wagon, Paul stumbled. From the plate in his hand two thin pancakes, wet with boiling brandy, went sailing into the lap of the beautiful Lucille.

There was a moment of dreadful silence, during which Paul held his breath. He knew she would curse, he knew she would scream—but he hoped she wouldn't throw glassware.

He braced himself for the storm, shut his eyes—but it didn't come.

Lucille had leaped to her feet and was sponging at the front of her gown with a napkin. "It'll clean!" she sang out cheerily. But Ronnie Gailbreath interrupted.

"Damn it, you doddering old idiot!" he roared. "I'll have your job for this! Of all the stupid, incompetent, lousy—"

"Ronnie!" said the girl quickly.

He wasn't listening. "You'll pay for cleaning that dress!" he was shouting at Paul. "And I ought to bounce one off your jaw, you—" Ronnie Gailbreath was a little drunk and more than a little excited. The words that Long Island learns along the sideboards of Meadow Brook are the same words, in the same order, as truck drivers pick up along Tenth Avenue. He used some of them.

Lucille looked at him. "*Ronnie!*"

HE stopped, stared at her. Paul, mumbling apologies, also stared.

"When you stand on your feet all day waiting on customers you'll know enough not to howl at a man for making a mistake," she snapped in a low but very definite voice. "Now please be quiet, or I'm going home!"

"Yeah?" said Ronnie. "But—"

Lucille got up, took her cloak, and made for the door. Ronnie flushed red, stared at the table for a moment, and then tossed a ten-dollar bill to Paul and hurried after her.

Paul drew a deep breath, shook his head. Then he saw Maxie coming toward him, slowly, implacably, frowning.

"She will probably forgive him and marry him," Maxie said, "in spite of—of this!"

"Yes," Paul agreed, his voice almost cheerful.

"On that day the Petit Paris will be happy to send the young couple a very wonderful and expensive wreath of orchids—"

"Yes?" said Paul.

"—which you will pay for," Maxie finished.

"Yes," agreed Paul in a small voice, slowly gathering up the dishes.

THE END

Vox Pop

WHY You Can Be a Bishop for Forty Dollars

San Francisco, Calif.—Year after year I have noticed that every screwy idea, cult, religion, and invention coming out of Los Angeles has been attributed to California as its source, and have made no protest until now. However, creating bishops for forty dollars (April 25 Liberty) makes me get out the old typewriter and howl.

The majority of the residents of San Francisco are native sons and daughters, and those that are not openly admit that they wish they were. Now, when a prominent magazine publishes the various crazy things that happen out here, they merely state that it happened in California. What I say is, won't you *please* say "Southern California"?

LOS ANGELES
Pahl

We San Franciscans do not want *any part* of Los Angeles *any time,* and if they would split this state we would be much better off. They boast about their climate down there, when, as a matter of fact, in the summer you need an ice cake on your back and in the winter you need a rowboat.

So, if you will please name the various localities instead of calling everything California, I am sure it would be appreciated by all *true* (not Iowan) Californians.—*G. N. M.*

Los Angeles, Calif.—Having observed the publication of a number of articles, and one in April 25 Liberty (You Can Be a Bishop for Forty Dollars), pertaining to how several of the church organizations of California were conducting their activities, some of which being particularly directed at and somewhat opposed to the character of our church, it would only seem proper to reply.

Our church organization is incorporated in and under the laws of the State of California, with its parent church located in the city of Los Angeles, the "occult center of the world." California has always been known as a liberal state socially, and the fundamental principles of its laws are based upon equality and equity. The capital-stock corporations and the nonprofit corporations are separately classified, and quoting from the last-mentioned division, it specifically states: "Members admitted after incorporation have all the rights and privileges, and are subject to the same responsibilities, as members of the association prior thereto."

This naturally implies that there is complete equality among its membership, and therefore they should share and share alike in the credits. So, inasmuch as our church was classified among such and subject to the same law, it was only proper that when giving the degree of minister, to which it is empowered by its articles of incorporation, it should endow the member or minister with the complete cloak of its power, which it has done from its beginning in 1930.

The law also states that marriages may be performed legally by a justice of the peace, captain of a seagoing vessel, judge of the courts, etc., and a minister of the gospel; but it does not say that the minister shall be one of any particular denomination or creed or that he must have taken a four-year course in some ministerial seminary.

When we constructed the bylaws of our organization, we went one step farther in the protection of its members or ministers, in that all ministers are members of Church No. 1, at Los Angeles, California, and, by placing all the responsibility of indebtedness upon the parent body, relieved the ministers of any future uneasiness of possible burden, should failure occur. The parent body is composed of the original incorporators.

As for advanced degrees such as Doctor of Divinity or second degree, and bishop or third degree, they are only honorary credits of our own denomination, to carry out the office of teachers (doctors) and national missionaries, respectively. These three degrees are taken in their numerical order, to prepare for the office of archbishop or trustee of the parent body, in proportion to the activity the member has manifested in the church and its upbuilding. There are few corporations that will deliberately open their entire books and accounts to the public as we have always done.—*Charles E. Kelso, Secretary and Founder, S. P. S. C.*

Denver, Colo.—May I rise to say that the great State of California is a piker in at least one respect, namely: In Denver, Colorado, a man or woman can be made a bishop, D. D., Litt. D., Ph. D., etc., and all at the same time and on the same document and at no cost except notary and recorder fees. Can you beat that?—*Glenn Moore.*

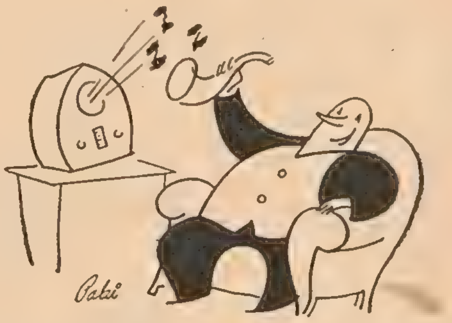
OUR CRYSTAL BALL AND THE RED SOX

Boston, Mass.—If it's blind luck Liberty uses in selecting sports articles, it's positively phenomenal; and if it's expert opinion or some psychic sense, it's a nominal fee—for us sports fans, anyway. Last year for a nickel you gave us, weeks in advance, the winners of the big fights. In this year's March 14 issue, Jimmy Powers, in his Buying a World's Championship Team, gave us the real low-down on the Boston Red Sox. Will they win the pennant? Just look at them go!

Rub that rabbit's foot again or look into that crystal ball and give us the winning football teams for this fall. Then we can all retire on the winnings. —*Eddie Lambert.*

PREFERS CATS' CROONING

Orangeburg, S. C.—After reading Theressa L. Hartley's letter in May 2 Vox Pop, I feel constrained to say a word in defense of Noel Ward. Those women radio singers give me a pain, too. Singing indeed! Screeching would be a more appropriate word. I appreciate that brand of so-called singing so much that I shut off the radio and listen to the cats crooning on the back-yard fence.



The only guy around this neck of the woods who enjoys listening to the darlings over the radio is stone-deaf.—*Alfred C. Greening.*

DO NEW YORKERS WRITE LETTERS?

New York, N. Y.—It seems queer that in such a densely populated city as New York, where Liberty is (presumably) much read, there should be so few contributors to Vox Pop. All contributions—or most of them—come from cities other than New York. Doesn't it stand to reason that in such a large city at least some New Yorkers would write in? Yet week after week I search in vain for a New York contributor.

I am inclined to believe that Vox Pop is a lot of hooey.—*Mae Kash.*

[Mae is not altogether accurate. If she will look us over for the last six months she will find many of our best contributors hail from New York City —besides herself. However, we have often wondered at our fans, geographically speaking.

California seems to be the "writingest" state of all. Then come Indiana and Texas, with Illinois on their heels. Outside of Boston, New England doesn't send us many letters; while the South is loquacious and silent in alternate periods. How come?

Needless to say, we favor no locality in our selection of letters, and our only regret is that we can't print more. Brevity on the part of our correspondents would help a crowded situation. "How few words can I say it in?" ought to be our watchword.—Vox Pop Editor.]

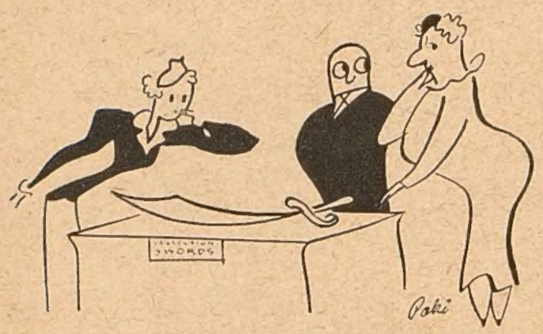
The north part of the Middle West speaks English most correctly simply because the word is pronounced exactly as the dictionary says.

Schoolteachers, when teaching pupils correct English, might watch their *r*'s a little closer, as this letter of the alphabet seems to suffer more than any other one.—*James P. Wyatt.*

AMERICANS PREFER SWORDS

CHATHAM, N. J.—During the recent Hobby Show at Madison, New Jersey, I was in charge of the arms exhibit, and thereby discovered an extremely interesting fact. Both the exhibitors and the merry mob who came for to look, to see, and to ask endless questions, were all old-line Americans.

On one end of a long table was a fine display of muzzle-loading Pennsylvania-made " Kentucky " squirrel rifles dating from 1750 to 1850, one of which was taken apart to show the method of construction and assembly. On the opposite end of the same table was a collection of swords ancient and modern. And—" believe it or not "—the visitors were far more interested in the long knives from Europe than the long rifles that made American history.



In answering questions I never failed to favor those fine old " rifle guns " that harried the redcoats during 1776 *et seq.*, and upset the apple cart at the Battle of New Orleans, the shindy that made smoothbore military muskets obsolete.

Yet a representative American crowd was 80 per cent in favor of the swords, all of them Old World weapons. Four questions on fencing to one on shooting. There must be an explanation, but I cannot supply it.—*Roy S. Tinney.*

$250 AWARD TO $20-A-WEEK MAN

LIBERTY, IND.—In my twenty-three years of life I have had some pleasant moments, but Liberty's recent welcome letter has broken the record.

I am a factory employee here in our small community at $20 a week, so you can see I appreciate your $250 award (President's Mystery Story Contest) as much as the other winners.

Nevertheless, congratulations to them all, and I wish to thank you and your staff for your splendid judgment. —*Virgil J. Clark.*

FED UP ON DRAWLS, ACCENTS, BURRS

CHICAGO, ILL.—If there is one thing I am plenty fed up on, it is these Southern drawls, English accents, and Western burrs, both in your stories and from Vox Poppers below the Mason-Dixon line coming to the rescue of their lazy method of speech.

TINKER'S DAMS AND ECONOMICS

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Just what sort of pull does it take to get a letter in Vox Pop?

I have read Macfadden's editorials to see if, eventually, he might not present an idea worth thinking about.

In his answer to LaGuardia (April 25 Liberty) the only statement that amounts to a tinker's dam is that which says there has been no overproduction—that our economic troubles are due to underconsumption. *Right!*

In the past Mr. Macfadden has howled about taxes. Neither he nor any one else, seemingly, worries over the super-tax imposed on every citizen through interest, whether he be a direct borrower or not.

Why should money, a means of exchange, be taxed before the people, to whom the money *always* belongs, can get the use of it?

Henry Ford has said: " Make money a means of exchange, instead of a commodity, and all the factories of the world, working day and night, will not be able to satisfy the wants of the people."

There's more economic truth in that than in all the writings of Macfadden and his fellows of the Old Guard.

Confiscation of banks? Hell, no! Buy a majority of the stocks, liquidate them, reduce the interest rate over a period of years to a mere carrying charge, banks to be operated as is the Post Office Department.

You won't print this, but you might try digesting a worth-while idea for a change.—*Frank Anderson.*

CLEVELAND MAYOR OF BUFFALO

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Your answer number 15 in Twenty Questions, May 2 Liberty, is incorrect. Grover Cleveland was Mayor of Buffalo, not of New York City, as you, of course, know.—*Dr. George H. Calkins.*

[We want to thank innumerable followers of Twenty Questions for sending us a similar correction. But we wish to add that it was an unintentional misprint. The original copy read: " Which President . . . was mayor of *a* New York city? " That little *a* got lost in the composing room somehow and caused all the trouble. We have to watch our *a*'s as well as our *p*'s and *q*'s, it appears.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

IS THIS NICE?

BALTIMORE, MD.—Of all the darn things ever published in Liberty, the paragraph on Governor Nice of Maryland, by Princess Kropotkin, in April 25 Liberty, certainly takes the cake. The champion fibber of the world could not have fibbed more than the honorable Governor. The lady in the courtroom telling him he had no sense (to quote his own words to the princess) wasn't far from wrong.

The fact that he prides himself in having put the finances of the State of Maryland into order proves to every one that the woman in the courtroom was right, because it is a well known fact that the finances of the state are in a greater muddle now than they have ever been during the 302 years of its existence. —*A Maryland Republican Who Knows.*

ARGUE LIKE KIDS

WILLITS, CALIF.—Blah! you and your Vox Pop. There isn't any more sense to that than there is to Junior Vanderbilt's writings—and boy, they're plenty bad.

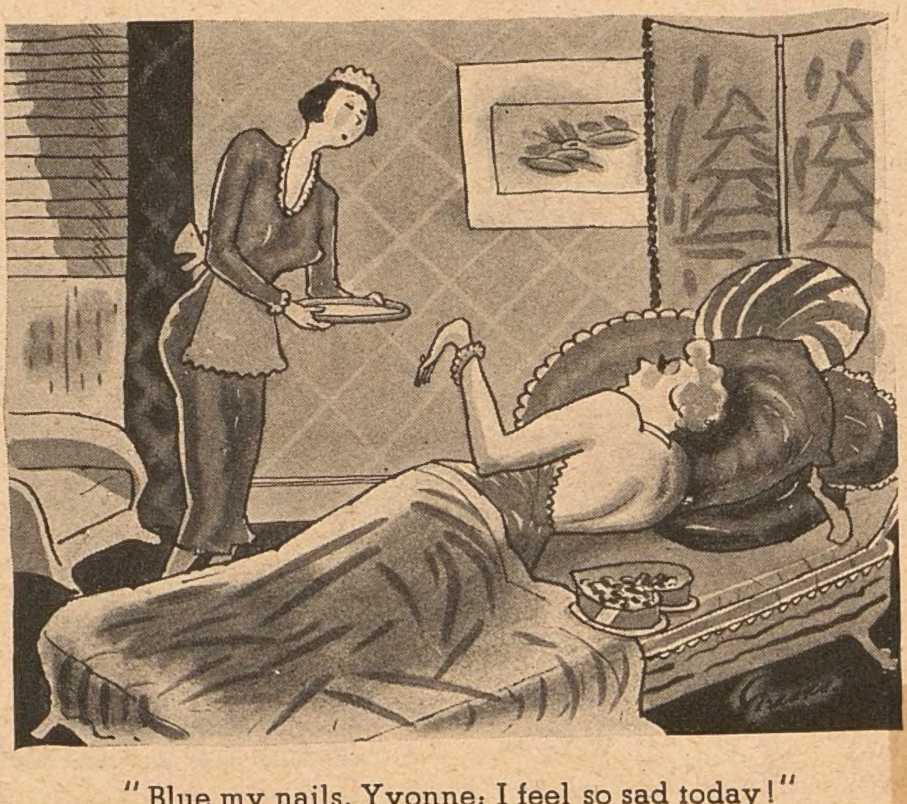
Why don't those naughty, nasty people that write in to your little Voxie Poxie address the letter to themselves and forget to mail it?

They argue like a bunch of grammar-school kids in a marble game, and what does it get them? Nothing! So that's why I am requesting the pages to be jerked out. You can't tell—it may start a war.—*Joe E. Akins.*

DETROIT, MICH. — Our family likes the Vox Pop department because it's somewhat like a family fight where no one gets hurt.

The exchange of ideas keeps you awake while you are reading, and often you see in print that which you have never dared to send out, and it relieves you to the same extent that the doctor's verdict did when you thought you had a cancer coming just left of your nose.

It's a lot of fun to see and hear other people fight, and especially so when you realize that they are being paid [?] for it.—*Nellie P. Coffin.*



" Blue my nails, Yvonne; I feel so sad today! "

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. -- Pedestrians blinked incredulously at a city street sprinkler going about its work in the rain.

Said the driver, Al Elliott, when questioned by an irate city official:

"Why should I drive in and lose half a day's pay? I was told to sprinkle the streets—and I did. Is it my fault if it rains?"

PORTLAND, ORE.—Miss Graziella Boucher, Zoo curator, was asked by a visitor to the eagles' cage why she didn't acquire specimens of the Roosevelt Blue Eagle.

"I hear they are practically extinct," said the visitor; "but I should think you would get a pair and try to breed them in captivity."

GREEN RIVER, WYO.—When Jack Boomer, Green River big-game hunter, appeared at the courthouse to claim a wolf bounty, he got a big surprise.

The animal he had shot and skinned was the sheriff's pet police dog.

PARIS, FRANCE—A bicycle rider who collided with a hen and broke his arm sued the hen's owner for damages.

He lost the suit when the defense attorney proved the hen had been on the right side of the road.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Two Negro women applied for old-age pensions. One was seventy, the other seventy-five. The woman who was seventy insisted she was the mother of the one who was seventy-five. "I was married young," she explained.

OLD AGE PENSION

•

LUCKY OMENS

To see all the stars clear on the first night of a marriage engagement presages a happy consummation within a year. It is a good sign in business following any contract, agreement, or venture.

To see the stars in the morning after the sun is up indicates an increase in family or fortune.

—Roy L. McCardell.

•

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

Where there is smoke there mustn't be fire.

—The CCC.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY SAM BROWN

NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY

A WHITE WOMAN AMONG CANNIBALS

by BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

If you are a regular reader of Liberty, our entrancing South Sea stories by Beatrice Grimshaw have undoubtedly delighted you. And no wonder. For Beatrice Grimshaw lives among the scenes she describes. For thirty years she has made her home in the islands. Next week in Liberty she begins an absorbing description of her personal experiences there. Head-hunters and man-eaters march through her exciting saga, as well as laughing, languorous, friendly folks. Look for A WHITE WOMAN AMONG CANNIBALS in Liberty next week.

ALSO—BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION by Jay Franklin—HOW I SHALL BEAT MAX SCHMELING by Joe Louis—NOBLE RENEGADE by Arthur Tuckerman—DEATH ON THE 8.06 by Philip Wylie—WHY I WAS FORCED TO DROP THE NEW DEAL by Bernarr Macfadden—I LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN by Valma Clark—SECRETS OF NEW YORK'S HOMICIDE SQUAD—DARK MASQUERADE—other fact, fiction, and features

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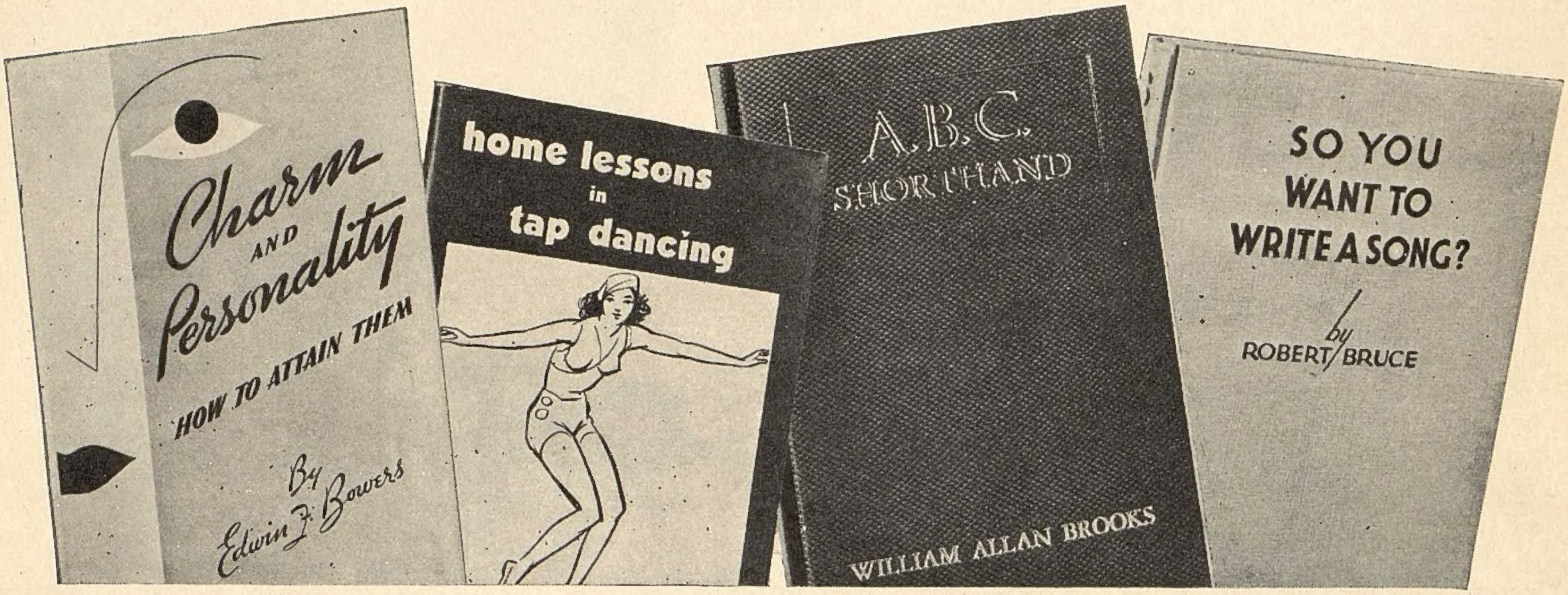
MAY HELP YOU TO SUCCEED



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